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ORAOI DRAKI

Phyllis Kiesel.

Sacramento Jr. College.

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May Rhodes
871 39th ave
S. F.

Bayview 2210

THE
FAERIE QUEEN

The Legend of

SIR GUYON

OR

Of Temperaunce

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THE FAERIE QUEENE
(The Second Booke)
Edited by
GEORGE R. POTTER
and
JAMES CLINE

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

THE SECOND BOOKE

Contayning,

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON

OR

Of Temperaunce

By EDMUND SPENSER

With Notes and Comments By
George R. Potter and James Cline

NEW YORK and LONDON
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THE

FAERIE QUEENE

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PREFACE

Many students of Spenser, lacking time or inclination to read the whole of *The Faerie Queene*, desire to become acquainted with a single representative Book. For their convenience, the First Book has often been selected for separate publication; but the present editors, together with a number of other teachers and students, believe that the Second Book has equal if not superior claims to consideration. Its conception is quite as characteristic of Spenser as the story of the Red-Cross Knight, the action as vivid, and the "purple patches" as numerous; while the moral allegory is less elaborate, less complicated with the poet's own religious and political affiliations, and closer to the experience of the twentieth-century reader. This volume is published in the hope that an inexpensive edition of the Second Book may be useful.

The text is based on the edition of *The Faerie Queene* published in 1596, except that the punctuation is somewhat modernized, and that Spenser's use of u, v, i, and j, is made conformable to modern usage. A few obvious misprints (such as "Speepe" for "Sheepe," Canto IX, Stanza 14) are corrected without comment. Occasionally the edition of 1590 or that of 1609 gives a reading preferable to that of 1596 and is followed on that account; wherever this is done, the substitution is mentioned in the notes.

The notes and other materials designed to aid the reader are explanatory rather than interpretative.

The editors acknowledge a large and inevitable debt of gratitude to the numerous scholars and publishers who have preceded them in clarifying and reprinting the text of "our sage and serious poet."

G. R. P.
J. M. C.

Berkeley,
1st August, 1929.

The Legend of

SIR GUYON

OR

Of Temperaunce

THE FAERIE QUEENE

The Second Booke

1

RIGHT well I wote, most mighty Soveraine,
That all this famous antique history,
Of some th'aboundance of an idle braine
Will judged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of just memory,
Sith none, that breatheth living aire, does know
Where is that happy land of Faery,
Which I so much do vaunt, yet no where show,
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

2

But let that man with better sence advize,
That of the world least part to us is red,
And dayly how through hardy enterprize
Many great Regions are discovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th'Indian *Peru?*
Or who in venturous vessell measured
The *Amazons* huge river now found trew?
Or fruitfullest *Virginia* who did ever vew?

3

Yet all these were, when no man did them know;
Yet have from wisest ages hidden beene:
And later times things more unknowne shall show.
Why then should witlesse man so much misweene
That nothing is, but that which he hath seene?
What if within the Moones faire shining spheare,
What if in every other starre unseene
Of other worldes he happily should heare?
He wonder would much more; yet such to some appeare.

4

Of Faerie lond yet if he more inquire,
By certaine signes here set in sundry place
He may it find; ne let him then admire,
But yield his sence to be too blunt and bace,
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.
And thou, O fairest Princesse under sky,
In this faire mirrhour maist behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,
And in this antique Image thy great auncestry.

5

The which O pardon me thus to enfold
In covert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which else could not endure those beames bright,
But would be dazled with exceeding light.
O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient eare
The brave adventures of this Faery knight,
The good Sir *Guyon*, gratiously to heare,
In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth appeare.

Canto I

Guyon, by Archimage abusd,
The Redcrosse knight awaytes,
Findes Mordant and Amavia slaine
With pleasures poisoned baytes.

1

THAT cunning Architect of cancred guile,
Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands
For falsed letters and suborned wile,
Soone as the *Redcrosse* knight he understands
To beene departed out of *Eden* lands
To serve againe his soveraine Elfin Queene,
His artes he moves, and out of caytives hands
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes unseene;
His shackles emptie left, him selfe escaped cleene.

2

And forth he fares full of malicious mind,
To worken mischiefe and avenging woe,
Where ever he that godly knight may find,
His onely hart sore, and his onely foe,
Sith *Vna* now he algates must forgoe,
Whom his victorious hands did earst restore
To native crowne and kingdome late ygoe:
Where she enjoyes sure peace for evermore,
As weather-beaten ship arriv'd on happie shore.

Him therefore now the object of his spight
And deadly food he makes; him to offend
By forged treason, or by open fight
He seekes, of all his drift the aymed end.
Thereto his subtile engins he does bend,
His practick wit, and his faire filed tong,
With thousand other sleights; for well he kend,
His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong;
For hardly could be hurt, who was already stong.

4

Still as he went, he craftie stales did lay,
With cunning traines him to entrap unwares,
And privie spials plast in all his way,
To weete what course he takes, and how he fares;
To ketch him at a vantage in his snares.
But now so wise and warie was the knight
By triall of his former harmes and cares,
That he descride, and shonned still his slight:
The fish that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite.

5

Nath'lesse th'Enchaunter would not spare his paine,
In hope to win occasion to his will;
Which when he long awaited had in vaine,
He chaungd his minde from one to other ill:
For to all good he enimy was still.
Upon the way him fortuned to meet,
Faire marching underneath a shady hill,
A goodly knight, all armd in harnesse meete,
That from his head no place appeared to his feete.

His carriage was full comely and upright,
His countenaunce demure and temperate,
But yet so sterne and terrible in sight,
That cheard his friends, and did his foes amate.
He was an Elfin borne of noble state,
And mickle worship in his native land;
Well could he tourney and in lists debate,
And knighthood tooke of good Sir *Huons* hand,
When with king *Oberon* he came to Faerie land.

7

Him als accompanyd upon the way
A comely Palmer, clad in blacke attire,
Of ripest yeares, and haires all hoarie gray,
That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,
Least his long way his aged limbes should tire;
And if by lookes one may the mind aread,
He seemd to be a sage and sober sire,
And ever with slow pace the knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to tread.

8

Such whenas *Archimago* them did view,
He weened well to worke some uncouth wile;
Eftsoones untwisting his deceiptfull clew,
He gan to weave a web of wicked guile,
And with faire countenance and flattring stile,
To them approaching, thus the knight bespake:
Faire sonne of *Mars*, that seeke with warlike spoile,
And great atchiev'ments great your selfe to make,
Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers sake.

He stayd his steed for humble misers sake,
And bad tell on the tenor of his plaint;
Who feigning then in every limbe to quake,
Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faint,
With piteous mone his percing speach gan paint:
Deare Lady how shall I declare thy cace,
Whom late I left in langourous constraint?
Would God thy selfe now present were in place,
To tell this ruefull tale; thy sight could win thee grace.

10

Or rather would, O would it so had chaunst,
That you, most noble Sir, had present beene,
When that lewd ribauld with vile lust advaunst
Layd first his filthy hands on virgin cleene,
To spoile her daintie corse so faire and sheene,
As on the earth, great mother of us all,
With living eye more faire was never seene,
Of chastitie and honour virginall:
Witnesse ye heavens, whom she in vaine to helpe did call.

11

How may it be, (said then the knight halfe wroth,)
That knight should knighthood ever so have shent?
None but that saw (quoth he) would weene for troth,
How shamefully that Maid he did torment.
Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent,
And drew her on the ground, and his sharpe sword
Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
And threatned death with many a bloudie word:
Toung hates to tell the rest, that eye to see abhord.

Therewith amoved from his sober mood,
And lives he yet (said he) that wrought this act,
And doen the heavens afford him vitall food?
He lives, (quoth he) and boasteth of the fact,
Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt.
Where may that treachour then (said he) be found,
Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?
That shall I shew (said he) as sure, as hound
The stricken Deare doth chalenge by the bleeding wound.

13

He staid not lenger talke, but with fierce ire
And zealous hast away is quickly gone
To seeke that knight, where him that craftie Squire
Supposd to be. They do arrive anone,
Where sate a gentle Lady all alone,
With garments rent, and haire discheveled,
Wringing her hands, and making piteous mone;
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.

14

The knight approching nigh, thus to her said,
Faire Ladie, through foule sorrow ill bedight,
Great pittie is to see you thus dismaid,
And marre the blossome of your beautie bright:
Forthy appease your griefe and heavie plight,
And tell the cause of your conceived paine.
For if he live, that hath you doen despight,
He shall you doe due recompence againe,
Or else his wrong with greater puissance maintaine.

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise,
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
And offred hope of comfort did despise:
Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,
And scratcht her face with ghastly dreriment,
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grievous shame, or for great teene,
As if her hart with sorrow had transfixed beene.

16

Till her that Squire bespake, Madame my liefe,
For Gods deare love be not so wilfull bent,
But doe vouchsafe now to receive reliefe,
The which good fortune doth to you present.
For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment,
When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,
And the weake mind with double woe torment?
When she her Squire heard speake, she gan appease
Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease.

17

Eftsoone she said, Ah gentle trustie Squire,
What comfort can I wofull wretch conceave,
Or why should ever I henceforth desire
To see faire heavens face, and life not leave,
Sith that false Traytour did my honour reave?
False traytour certes (said the Faerie knight)
I read the man, that ever would deceave
A gentle Ladie, or her wrong through might:
Death were too little paine for such a foule despight.

But now, faire Ladie, comfort to you make,
And read, who hath ye wrought this shamefull plight;
That short revenge the man may overtake,
Where so he be, and soone upon him light.
Certes (saide she) I wote not how he hight,
But under him a gray steede did he wield,
Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight;
Upright he rode, and in his silver shield
He bore a bloudie Crosse, that quartred all the field.

19

Now by my head (said *Guyon*) much I muse,
How that same knight should do so foule amis,
Or ever gentle Damzell so abuse:
For may I boldly say, he surely is
A right good knight, and true of word ywis:
I present was, and can it witnesse well,
When armes he swore, and streight did enterpris
Th'adventure of the *Errant damozell,*
In which he hath great glorie wonne, as I heare tell.

20

Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,
And fairely quite him of th'imputed blame,
Else be ye sure he dearely shall abyde,
Or make you good amendment for the same:
All wrongs have mends, but no amends of shame.
Now therefore, Ladie, rise out of your paine,
And see the salving of your blotted name.
Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did faine;
For she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine.

Her purpose was not such, as she did faine,
Ne yet her person such, as it was seene,
But under simple shew and semblant plaine
Lurckt false *Duessa* secretly unseene,
As a chast Virgin, that had wronged beene:
So had false *Archimago* her disguisd,
To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene;
And eke himselfe had craftily devisd
To be her Squire, and do her service well aguisd.

22

Her late forlorne and naked he had found,
Where she did wander in waste wildernesse,
Lurking in rockes and caves farre under ground,
And with greene mosse cov'ring her nakednesse,
To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse;
Sith her Prince *Arthur* of proud ornaments
And borrow'd beautie spoyld. Her nathelesse
Th'enchaunter finding fit for his intents,
Did thus revest, and deckt with due habiliments.

23

For all he did, was to deceive good knights,
And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame,
To slug in slouth and sensuall delights,
And end their daies with irrenowmed shame.
And now exceeding griefe him overcame,
To see the *Redcrosse* thus advaunced hye:
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
Against his praise to stirre up enmitye
Of such, as vertues like mote unto him allye.

So now he *Guyon* guides an uncouth way
Through woods and mountaines, till they came at last
Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay
Betwixt two hils, whose high heads ouerplast,
The valley did with coole shade overcast,
Through midst thereof a little river rold,
By which there sate a knight with helme unlast,
Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
After his travell long, and labours manifold.

25

Loe yonder he, cryde *Archimage* alowd,
That wrought the shamefull fact, which I did shew;
And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
To flie the vengeance for his outrage dew;
But vaine: for ye shall dearely do him rew,
So God ye speed, and send you good successe;
Which we farre off will here abide to vew.
So they him left, inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,
That streight against that knight his speare he did addresse.

26

Who seeing him from farre so fierce to pricke,
His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
And in the rest his readie speare did sticke;
Tho when as still he saw him towards pace,
He gan rencounter him in equall race.
They bene ymet, both readie to affrap,
When suddenly that warriour gan abace
His threatned speare, as if some new mishap
Had him betidde, or hidden daunger did entrap.

And cryde, Mercie Sir knight, and mercie Lord,
For mine offence and heedlesse hardiment,
That had almost committed crime abhord,
And with reprochfull shame mine honour shent,
Whiles cursed steele against that badge I bent,
The sacred badge of my Redeemers death,
Which on your shield is set for ornament:
But his fierce foe his steede could stay uneath,
Who prickt with courage kene, did cruell battell breath.

28

But when he heard him speake, streight way he knew
His error, and himselfe inclyning sayd:
Ah deare Sir *Guyon*, well becommeth you,
But me behoveth rather to upbrayd,
Whose hastie hand so farre from reason strayd,
That almost it did haynous violence
On that faire image of that heavenly Mayd,
That decks and armes your shield with faire defence:
Your court'sie takes on you anothers due offence.

29

So bene they both attone, and doen upreare
Their bevers bright, each other for to greete;
Goodly comportance each to other beare,
And entertaine themselves with court'sies meet.
Then said the *Redcrosse* knight, Now mote I weet,
Sir *Guyon*, why with so fierce saliaunce,
And fell intent ye did at earst me meet;
For sith I know your goodly governaunce,
Great cause, I weene, you guided, or some uncouth chaunce.

Certes (said he) well mote I shame to tell
The fond encheason, that me hither led.
A false infamous faitour late befell
Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,
And playnd of grievous outrage, which he red
A knight had wrought against a Ladie gent;
Which to avenge, he to this place me led,
Where you he made the marke of his intent,
And now is fled; foule shame him follow, where he went.

31

So can he turne his earnest unto game,
Through goodly handling and wise temperance.
By this his aged guide in presence came;
Who soone as on that knight his eye did glance,
Eft soones of him had perfect cognizance,
Sith him in Faerie court he late avizd;
And said, Faire sonne, God give you happie chance,
And that deare Crosse upon your shield devizd,
Wherewith above all knights ye goodly seeme aguizd.

32

Joy may you have, and everlasting fame,
Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you donne,
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heavenly Registers above the Sunne,
Where you a Saint with Saints your seat have wonne:
But wretched we, where ye have left your marke,
Must now anew begin, like race to runne;
God guide thee, *Guyon*, well to end thy warke,
And to the wished haven bring thy weary barke.

Palmer, (him answered the *Redcrosse* knight)
His be the praise, that this atchiev'ment wrought,
Who made my hand the organ of his might;
More then goodwill to me attribute nought:
For all I did, I did but as I ought.
But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next ensewes,
Well mote yee thee, as well can wish your thought,
That home ye may report thrise happie newes:
For well ye worthie bene for worth and gentle thewes.

34

So courteous conge both did give and take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
Then *Guyon* forward gan his voyage make,
With his blacke Palmer, that him guided still.
Still he him guided over dale and hill,
And with his steedie staffe did point his way:
His race with reason, and with words his will,
From foule intemperance he oft did stay,
And suffred not in wrath his hastie steps to stray.

35

In this faire wize they traveild long yfere,
Through many hard assayes, which did betide;
Of which he honour still away did beare,
And spred his glorie through all countries wide.
At last as chaunst them by a forest side
To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,
They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cride
With percing shriekes, and many a dolefull lay;
Which to attend, a while their forward steps they stay.

But if that carelesse heavens (quoth she) despise
The doome of just revenge, and take delight
To see sad pageants of mens miseries,
As bound by them to live in lives despight,
Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.
Come then, come soone, come sweetest death to mee,
And take away this long lent loathed light:
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweet the medicines bee,
That long captived soules from wearie thraldome free.

37

But thou, sweet Babe, whom frowning froward fate
Hath made sad witnesse of thy fathers fall,
Sith heaven thee deignes to hold in living state,
Long maist thou live, and better thrive withall,
Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall:
Live thou, and to thy mother dead attest,
That cleare she dide from blemish criminall;
Thy litle hands embrewd in bleeding brest
Loe I for pledges leave. So give me leave to rest.

38

With that a deadly shrieke she forth did throw,
That through the wood reecchoed againe,
And after gave a grone so deepe and low,
That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaine,
Or thrild with point of thorough- piercing paine:
As gentle Hynd, whose sides with cruell steele
Through launched, forth her bleeding life does raine,
Whiles the sad pang approching she does feele,
Brayes out her latest breath, and up her eyes doth seele.

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting straict
From his tall steed, he rusht into the thicke,
And soone arrived, where that sad pourtraict
Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quicke,
In whose white alabaster brest did sticke
A cruell knife, that made a griesly wound,
From which forth gusht a streme of gorebloud thick,
That all her goodly garments staind around,
And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassie ground.

40

Pittifull spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubbling fountaine low she lay,
Which she increased with her bleeding hart,
And the cleane waves with purple gore did ray;
Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;
For in her streaming blood he did embay
His litle hands, and tender joynts embrew;
Pitifull spectacle, as ever eye did view.

41

Besides them both, upon the soiled gras
The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,
Whose armour all with bloud besprinckled was;
His ruddie lips did smile, and rosy red
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yet being ded.
Seemd to have beene a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest flowre of lustie hed,
Fit to inflame faire Lady with loves rage,
But that fiers fate did crop the blossome of his age.

Whom when the good Sir *Guyon* did behold,
His hart gan wexe as starke, as marble stone,
And his fresh bloud did frieze with fearefull cold,
That all his senses seemd bereft attone.
At last his mightie ghost gan deepe to grone,
As Lyon grudging in his great disdaine,
Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone;
Till ruth and fraile affection did constraine
His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his inward paine.

43

Out of her gored wound the cruell steele
He lightly snatcht, and did the floudgate stop
With his faire garment: then gan softly feele
Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop
Of living bloud yet in her veynes did hop;
Which when he felt to move, he hoped faire
To call backe life to her forsaken shop;
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
That at the last she gan to breath out living aire.

44

Which he perceiving greatly gan rejoice,
And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart
Is meetest med'cine, tempred with sweet voice:
Ay me, deare Lady, which the image art
Of ruefull pitie, and impatient smart,
What direfull chance, armd with revenging fate,
Or cursed hand hath plaid this cruell part,
Thus fowle to hasten your untimely date;
Speake, O deare Lady speake: help never comes too late.

Therewith her dim eie-lids she up gan reare,
On which the drery death did sit, as sad
As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare;
But when as him all in bright armour clad
Before her standing she espied had,
As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
She weakely started, yet she nothing drad:
Streight downe againe her selfe in great despight
She groveling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

46

The gentle knight her soone with carefull paine
Uplifted light, and softly did uphold:
Thrise he her reard, and thrise she sunke againe,
Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,
And to her said: Yet if the stony cold
Have not all seized on your frozen hart,
Let one word fall that may your griefe unfold,
And tell the secret of your mortall smart;
He oft finds present helpe, who does his griefe impart.

47

Then casting up a deadly looke, full low
Shee sight from bottome of her wounded brest,
And after, many bitter throbs did throw
With lips full pale and foltring tongue opprest,
These words she breathed forth from riven chest:
Leave, ah leave off, what ever wight thou bee,
To let a wearie wretch from her dew rest,
And trouble dying soules tranquilitee.
Take not away now got, which none would give to me.

Ah farre be it (said he) Deare dame fro mee,
To hinder soule from her desired rest,
Or hold sad life in long captivitee:
For all I seeke, is but to have redrest
The bitter pangs, that doth your heart infest.
Tell then, O Lady tell, what fatall priefe
Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest?
That I may cast to compasse your reliefe,
Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your griefe.

49

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,
As heaven accusing guiltie of her death,
And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
In these sad words she spent her utmost breath:
Heare then, O man, the sorrowes that uneath
My tongue can tell, so farre all sense they pas:
Loe this dead corpse, that lies here underneath,
The gentlest knight that ever on greene gras
Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir *Mortdant* was.

50

Was, (ay the while, that he is not so now)
My Lord my love; my deare Lord, my deare love,
So long as heavens just with equall brow
Vouchsafed to behold us from above,
One day when him high courage did emmove,
As wont ye knights to seeke adventures wilde,
He pricked forth, his puissant force to prove,
Me then he left enwombed of this child,
This lucklesse child, whom thus ye see with bloud defild.

Him fortuned (hard fortune ye may ghesse)
To come, where vile *Acrasia* does wonne,
Acrasia a false enchaunteresse,
That many errant knights hath foule fordonne.
Within a wandring Island, that doth ronne
And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is;
Faire Sir, if ever there ye travell, shonne
The cursed land where many wend amis,
And know it by the name; it hight the *Bowre of blis.*

52

Her blisse is all in pleasure and delight,
Wherewith she makes her lovers drunken mad,
And then with words and weedes of wondrous might,
On them she workes her will to uses bad:
My liefest Lord she thus beguiled had;
For he was flesh: (all flesh doth frailtie breed.)
Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad,
Weake wretch I wrapt myselfe in Palmers weed,
And cast to seeke him forth through daunger and great dreed.

53

Now had faire *Cynthia* by even tournes
Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
And thrise three times had fild her crooked hornes,
Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbeare,
And bad me call *Lucina* to me neare.
Lucina came: a manchild forth I brought:
The woods, the Nymphes, my bowres, my mid-wives weare,
Hard helpe at need. So deare thee babe I bought,
Yet nought too deare I deemd, while so my dear I sought.

Him so I sought, and so at last I found,
Where him that witch had thralled to her will,
In chaines of lust and lewd desires ybound,
And so transformed from his former skill,
That me he knew not, neither his owne ill;
Till through wise handling and faire governance,
I him recured to a better will,
Purged from drugs of foule intemperance:
Then meanes I gan devise for his deliverance.

55

Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiv'd,
How that my Lord from her I would reprive,
With cup thus charmd, him parting she deceiv'd:
Sad verse, give death to him that death does give,
And losse of love, to her that loves to live,
So soone as Bacchus with the Nymphe does lincke.
So parted we and on our journey drive,
Till comming to this well, he stoupt to drincke:
The charme fulfild, dead suddenly he downe did sincke.

56

Which when I wretch—Not one word more she sayd
But breaking off the end for want of breath,
And slyding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That seeing, good Sir *Guyon* could uneath
From teares abstaine, for griefe his hart did grate,
And from so heavie sight his head did wreath,
Accusing fortune, and too cruell fate,
Which plunged had faire Ladie in so wretched state.

Then turning to his Palmer said, Old syre
Behold the image of mortalitie,
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tyre,
When raging passion with fierce tyrannie
Robs reason of her due regalitie,
And makes it servant to her basest part:
The strong it weakens with infirmitie,
And with bold furie armes the weakest hart;
The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the weake through smart.

58

But temperance (said he) with golden squire
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
Neither to melt in pleasures whot desire,
Nor frize in hartlesse griefe and dolefull teene.
Thrise happie man, who fares them both atweene:
But sith this wretched woman overcome
Of anguish, rather then of crime hath beene,
Reserve her cause to her eternall doome,
And in the meane vouchsafe her honorable toombe.

59

Palmer (quoth he) death is an equall doome
To good and bad, the common Inne of rest;
But after death the tryall is to come,
When best shall be to them, that lived best:
But both alike, when death hath both supprest,
Religious reverence doth buriall teene,
Which who so wants, wants so much of his rest:
For all so great shame after death I weene,
As selfe to dyen bad, unburied bad to beene.

So both agree their bodies to engrave;
The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,
And with sad Cypresse seemely it embrave,
Then covering with a clod their closed eye,
They lay therein those corses tenderly,
And bid them sleepe in everlasting peace.
But ere they did their utmost obsequy,
Sir *Guyon* more affection to increace,
Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should aye releace.

61

The dead knights sword out of his sheath he drew,
With which he cut a locke of all their heare,
Which medling with their bloud and earth, he threw
Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare:
Such and such evill God on *Guyon* reare,
And worse and worse young Orphane be thy paine,
If I or thou dew vengeance doe forbeare,
Till guiltie bloud her guerdon doe obtaine.
So shedding many teares, they closd the earth againe.

Babes bloudie hands may not be clensd;
the face of golden Meane.
Her sisters two Extremities
strive her to banish cleane.

1

THUS when Sir *Guyon* with his faithfull guide
Had with due rites and dolorous lament
The end of their sad Tragedie uptyde,
The litle babe up in his armes he hent;
Who with sweet pleasance and bold blandishment
Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen, that ruth emperced deepe
In that knights heart, and wordes with bitter teares did steepe.

2

Ah lucklesse babe, borne under cruell starre,
And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
Full litle weenest thou, what sorrowes are
Left thee for portion of thy livelihed,
Poore Orphane in the wide world scattered,
As budding braunch rent from the native tree,
And throwen forth, till it be withered:
Such is the state of men: thus enter wee
Into this life with woe, and end with miseree.

Then soft himselfe inclyning on his knee
Downe to that well, did in the water weene
(So love does loath disdainfull nicitee)
His guiltie hands from bloudie gore to cleene.
He washt them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
For all his washing cleaner. Still he strove,
Yet still the litle hands were bloudie seene;
The which him into great amaz'ment drove,
And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder clove.

4

He wist not whether blot of foule offence
Might not be purgd with water nor with bath;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To shew how sore bloudguiltinesse he hat'th;
Or that the charme and venim, which they druncke,
Their bloud with secret filth infected hath,
Being diffused through the senselesse truncke,
That through the great contagion direfull deadly stunck.

5

Whom thus at gaze, the Palmer gan to bord
With goodly reason, and thus faire bespake:
Ye bene right hard amated, gratious Lord,
And of your ignorance great marvell make,
Whiles cause not well conceived ye mistake.
But know, that secret vertues are infusd
In every fountaine, and in every lake,
Which who hath skill them rightly to have chusd,
To proofe of passing wonders hath full often usd.

Of those some were so from their sourse indewd
By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitful pap
Their welheads spring, and are with moisture deawd;
Which feedes each living plant with liquid sap,
And filles with flowres faire *Floraes* painted lap:
But other some by gift of later grace,
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
Had vertue pourd into their waters bace,
And thenceforth were renowmd, and sought from place to place.

7

Such is this well, wrought by occasion straunge,
Which to her Nymph befell. Upon a day,
As she the woods with bow and shafts did raunge,
The hartlesse Hind and Robucke to dismay,
Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,
And kindling fire at her faire burning eye,
Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
And chaced her, that fast from him did fly;
As Hind from her, so she fled from her enimy.

8

At last when fayling breath began to faint,
And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affrayd,
She set her downe to weepe for sore constraint,
And to *Diana* calling lowd for ayde,
Her deare besought, to let her dye a mayd.
The goddesse heard, and suddeine where she sate,
Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismayd
With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,
Transformd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

Lo now she is that stone, from whose two heads,
As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,
Yet cold through feare, and old conceived dreads;
And yet the stone her semblance seemes to show,
Shapt like a maid, that such ye may her know;
And yet her vertues in her water byde:
For it is chast and pure, as purest snow,
Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyde,
But ever like her selfe unstained hath beene tryde.

10

From thence it comes, that this babes bloudy hand
May not be clensd with water of this well:
Ne certes Sir strive you it to withstand,
But let them still be bloudy, as befell,
That they his mothers innocence may tell,
As she bequeathd in her last testament;
That as a sacred Symbole it may dwell
In her sonnes flesh, to minde revengement,
And be for all chast Dames an endlesse moniment.

11

He hearkned to his reason, and the childe
Uptaking, to the Palmer gave to beare:
But his sad fathers armes with bloud defilde,
An heavie load himselfe did lightly reare,
And turning to that place, in which whyleare
He left his loftie steed with golden sell,
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not theare.
By other accident that earst befell,
He is convaide, but how or where, here fits not tell.

Which when Sir *Guyon* saw, all were he wroth,
Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appease,
And fairely fare on foot, how ever loth;
His double burden did him sore disease.
So long they traveiled with litle ease,
Till that at last they to a Castle came,
Built on a rocke adjoyning to the seas;
It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
And wondrous strong by nature, and by skilfull frame.

13

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
The children of one sire by mothers three;
Who dying whylome did divide this fort
To them by equall shares in equall fee:
But strifull minde, and diverse qualitee
Drew them in parts, and each made others foe:
Still did they strive, and dayly disagree;
The eldest did against the youngest goe,
And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

14

Where when the knight arriv'd, he was right well
Receiv'd, as knight of so much worth became,
Of second sister, who did far excell
The other two; *Medina* was her name,
A sober sad, and comely curteous Dame;
Who rich arayd, and yet in modest guize,
In goodly garments, that her well became,
Faire marching forth in honorable wize,
Him at the threshold met, and well did enterprize.

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie,
Ne in her speach, ne in her haviour,
Was lightnesse seene, or looser vanitie,
But gratious womanhood, and gravitie,
Above the reason of her youthly yeares:
Her golden lockes she roundly did uptye
In breaded tramels, that no looser heares
Did out of order stray about her daintie eares.

16

Whilest she her selfe thus busily did frame,
Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,
Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
Accourting each her friend with lavish fest:
They were two knights of perelesse puissance,
And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
Which to these Ladies love did countenaunce,
And to his mistresse each himselfe strove to advaunce.

17

He that made love unto the eldest Dame,
Was hight Sir *Huddibras*, an hardy man;
Yet not so good of deedes, as great of name,
Which he by many rash adventures wan,
Since errant armes to sew he first began;
More huge in strength, then wise in workes he was,
And reason with foole-hardize over ran;
Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,
And was for terrour more, all armd in shyning bras.

But he that lov'd the youngest, was *Sans-loy*,
He that faire *Vna* late fowle outraged,
The most unruly, and the boldest boy,
That ever warlike weapons menaged,
And to all lawlesse lust encouraged,
Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might:
Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right.
He now this Ladies champion chose for love to fight.

19

These two gay knights, vowd to so diverse loves,
Each other does envie with deadly hate,
And dayly warre against his foeman moves,
In hope to win more favour with his mate,
And th'others pleasing service to abate,
To magnifie his owne. But when they heard,
How in that place straunge knight arrived late,
Both knights and Ladies forth right angry far'd,
And fiercely unto battell sterne themselves prepar'd.

20

But ere they could proceede unto the place,
Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
And cruell combat joynd in middle space:
With horrible assault, and furie fell,
They heapt huge strokes, the scorned life to quell,
That all on uprore from her settled seat
The house was raysd, and all that in did dwell:
Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement great
Did rend the ratling skyes with flames of fouldring heat.

The noyse thereof cald forth that straunger knight,
To weet, what dreadfull thing was there in hand;
Where when as two brave knights in bloudy fight
With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
His sunbroad shield about his wrest he bond,
And shyning blade unsheathd, with which he ran
Unto that stead, their strife to understond;
And at his first arrivall, them began
With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

22

But they him spying, both with greedy forse
Attonce upon him ran, and him beset
With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,
And on his shield like yron sledges bet:
As when a Beare and Tygre being met
In cruell fight on lybicke Ocean wide,
Espye a traveiler with feet surbet,
Whom they in equall pray hope to devide,
They stint their strife, and him assaile on every side.

23

But he, not like a wearie traveilere,
Their sharpe assault right boldly did rebut,
And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,
But with redoubled buffes them backe did put:
Whose grieved mindes, which choler did englut,
Against themselves turning their wrathfull spight,
Gan with new rage their shields to hew and cut:
But still when *Guyon* came to part their fight,
With heavie load on him they freshly gan to smight.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
Whom raging windes threatning to make the pray
Of the rough rockes, do diversly disease,
Meetes two contrary billowes by the way,
That her on either side do sore assay,
And boast to swallow her in greedy grave;
She scorning both their spights, does make wide way,
And with her brest breaking the fomy wave,
Does ride on both their backs, and faire her selfe doth save.

25

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth
Betweene them both, by conduct of his blade.
Wondrous great prowesse and heroick worth
He shewd that day, and rare ensample made,
When two so mighty warriours he dismade:
Attonce he wards and strikes, he takes and payes,
Now forst to yield, now forcing to invade,
Before, behind, and round about him layes.
So double was his paines, so double be his prayse.

26

Straunge sort of fight, three valiaunt knights to see
Three combats joyne in one, and to darraine
A triple warre with triple enmitee,
All for their Ladies froward love to gaine,
Which gotten was but hate. So love does raine
In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre;
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yet his peace is but continuall jarre:
O miserable men, that to him subject arre.

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious armes,
The faire *Medina* with her tresses torne,
And naked brest, in pitty of their harmes,
Emongst them ran, and falling them beforne,
Besought them by the womb, which them had borne,
And by the loves, which were to them most deare,
And by the knighthood, which they sure had sworne,
Their deadly cruell discord to forbeare,
And to her just conditions of faire peace to heare.

28

But her two other sisters standing by,
Her lowd gainsaid, and both their champions bad
Pursew the end of their strong enmity,
As ever of their loves they would be glad.
Yet she with pitthy words and counsell sad,
Still strove their stubborne rages to revoke,
That at the last suppressing fury mad,
They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
And hearken to the sober speaches, which she spoke.

29

Ah puissaunt Lords, what cursed evill Spright,
Or fell *Erinnys,* in your noble harts
Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
And stird you up to worke your wilfull smarts?
Is this the joy of armes? be these the parts
Of glorious knighthood, after bloud to thrust,
And not regard dew right and just desarts?
Vaine is the vaunt, and victory unjust,
That more to mighty hands, then rightfull cause doth trust.

And were there rightfull cause of difference,
Yet were not better, faire it to accord,
Then with bloud guiltinesse to heape offence,
And mortall vengeaunce joyne to crime abhord?
O fly from wrath, fly, O my liefest Lord:
Sad be the sights, and bitter fruits of warre,
And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword;
Ne ought the prayse of prowesse more doth marre,
Then fowle revenging rage, and base contentious jarre.

31

But lovely concord, and most sacred peace
Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds;
Weake she makes strong, and strong thing does increace,
Till it the pitch of highest prayse exceeds:
Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,
By which she triumphes over ire and pride,
And winnes an Olive girlond for her meeds:
Be therefore, O my deare Lords, pacifide,
And this misseeming discord meekely lay aside.

32

Her gracious wordes their rancour did appall,
And suncke so deepe into their boyling brests,
That downe they let their cruell weapons fall,
And lowly did abase their loftie crests
To her faire presence, and discrete behests.
Then she began a treatie to procure,
And stablish termes betwixt both their requests,
That as a law for ever should endure;
Which to observe in word of knights they did assure.

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
After their wearie sweat and bloudy toile,
She them besought, during their quiet treague,
Into her lodging to repaire a while,
To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
They soone consent: so forth with her they fare,
Where they are well receiv'd, and made to spoile
Themselves of soiled armes, and to prepare
Their minds to pleasure, and their mouthes to dainty fare.

34

And those two froward sisters, their faire loves
Came with them eke, all were they wondrous loth,
And fained cheare, as for the time behoves,
But could not colour yet so well the troth,
But that their natures bad appeard in both:
For both did at their second sister grutch,
And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth
The inner garment fret, not th'utter touch;
One thought their cheare too litle, th'other thought too mutch.

35

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
Ne ought would speake, but evermore did seeme
As discontent for want of merth or meat;
No solace could her Paramour intreat
Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliance,
But with bent lowring browes, as she would threat,
She scould, and frownd with froward countenaunce,
Unworthy of faire Ladies comely governaunce.

But young *Perissa* was of other mind,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her sisters kind;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight;
In wine and meats she flowd above the bancke,
And in excesse exceeded her owne might:
In sumptuous tire she joyd her selfe to prancke,
But of her love too lavish (litle have she thancke.)

37

Fast by her side did sit the bold *Sans-loy*,
Fit mate for such a mincing mineon,
Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding joy;
Might not be found a franker franion,
Of her lewd parts to make companion:
But *Huddibras*, more like a Malecontent,
Did see and grieve at his bold fashion;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
Yet still he sat, and inly did him selfe torment.

38

Betwixt them both the faire *Medina* sate
With sober grace, and goodly carriage:
With equall measure she did moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage;
That forward paire she ever would asswage,
When they would strive dew reason to exceed;
But that same froward twaine would accourage,
And of her plenty adde unto their need:
So kept she them in order, and her selfe in heed.

Thus fairely she attempered her feast,
And pleasd them all with meete satietie.
At last when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,
She *Guyon* deare besought of curtesie,
To tell from whence he came through jeopardie,
And whither now on new adventure bound.
Who with bold grace, and comely gravitie,
Drawing to him the eyes of all around,
From lofty siege began these words aloud to sound:

40

This thy demaund, O Lady, doth revive
Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,
Great and most glorious virgin Queene alive,
That with her soveraigne powre, and scepter shene
All Faery lond does peaceable sustene.
In widest Ocean she her throne does reare,
That over all the earth it may be seene;
As morning Sunne her beames dispredden cleare,
And in her face faire peace, and mercy doth appeare.

41

In her the richesse of all heavenly grace
In chiefe degree are heaped up on hye;
And all that else this worlds enclosure bace
Hath great or glorious in mortall eye.
Adornes the person of her Majestie;
That men beholding so great excellence,
And rare perfection in mortalitie,
Do her adore with sacred reverence,
As th'Idole of her makers great magnificence.

To her I homage and my service owe,
In number of the noblest knights on ground,
Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestowe
Order of *Maydenhead*, the most renownd,
That may this day in all the world be found:
An yearely solemne feast she wontes to make
The day that first doth lead the yeare around:
To which all knights of worth and courage bold
Resort, to heare of straunge adventures to be told.

43

There this old Palmer shewed himselfe that day,
And to that mighty Princesse did complaine
Of grievous mischiefes, which a wicked Fay
Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,
Whereof he crav'd redresse. My Soveraine,
Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and joyes
Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
Eftsoones devisd redresse for such annoyes;
Me all unfit for so great purpose she employes.

44

Now hath faire *Phœbe* with her silver face
Thrise seene the shadowes of the neather world,
Sith last I left that honorable place,
In which her royall presence is introld;
Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,
Till I that false *Acrasia* have wonne;
Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to be told,
I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne,
Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly fordonne.

Tell on, faire Sir, said she, that dolefull tale,
From which sad ruth does seeme you to restraine,
That we may pitty such unhappy bale,
And learne from pleasures poyson to abstaine:
Ill by ensample good doth often gayne.
Then forward he his purpose gan pursew,
And told the storie of the mortall payne,
Which *Mordant* and *Amavia* did rew;
As with lamenting eyes him selfe did lately vew.

46

Night was far spent, and now in *Ocean* deepe
Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
His flaming head did hasten for to steepe,
When of his pitteous tale he end did make:
Whilest with delight of that he wisely spake,
Those guestes beguiled, did beguile their eyes
Of kindly sleepe, that did them overtake.
At last when they had markt the chaunged skyes,
They wist their houre was spent; then each to rest him hyes.

Vaine Braggadocchio getting Guyons
horse is made the scorne
Of knighthood trew, and is of fayre
Belphœbe fowle forlorne.

1

SOONE as the morrow faire with purple beames
Disperst the shadowes of the mistie night,
And *Titan* playing on the eastern streames,
Gan cleare the deawy ayre with springing light,
Sir *Guyon* mindfull of his vow yplight,
Uprose from drowsie couch, and him addrest
Unto the journey which he had behight:
His puissaunt armes about his noble brest,
And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.

2

Then taking *Congé* of that virgin pure,
The bloudy-handed babe unto her truth
Did earnestly commit, and her conjure,
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture ensu'th;
And that so soone as ryper yeares he raught,
He might for memorie of that dayes ruth,
Be called *Ruddymane*, and thereby taught,
T'avenge his Parents death on them, that had it wrought.

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good steed is lately from him gone;
Patience perforce; helpelesse what may it boot
To fret for anger, or for griefe to mone?
His Palmer now shall foot no more alone:
So fortune wrought, as under greene woods syde
He lately heard that dying Lady grone,
He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
And rushed in on foot to ayd her, ere she dyde.

4

The whiles a losell wandring by the way,
One that to bountie never cast his mind,
Ne thought of honour ever did assay
His baser brest, but in his kestrell kind
A pleasing vaine of glory vaine did find,
To which his flowing toung, and troublous spright
Gave him great ayd, and made him more inclind:
He that brave steed there finding ready dight,
Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full light.

5

Now gan his hart all swell in jollitie,
And of him selfe great hope and helpe conceiv'd,
That puffed up with smoke of vanitie,
And with selfe-loved personage deceiv'd,
He gan to hope, of men to be receiv'd
For such, as he him thought, or faine would bee:
But for in court gay portaunce he perceiv'd,
And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
Eftsoones to court he cast t'avaunce his first degree.

And by the way he chaunced to espy
One sitting idle on a sunny bancke,
To whom avaunting in great bravery,
As Peacocke, that his painted plumes doth prancke,
He smote his courser in the trembling flancke,
And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare.
The seely man seeing him ryde so rancke,
And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
And crying Mercy lowd, his pitious hands gan reare.

7

Thereat the Scarcrow wexed wondrous prowd,
Through fortune of his first adventure faire,
And with big thundring voyce revyld him lowd:
Vile Caytive, vassall of dread and despaire,
Unworthie of the commune breathed aire,
Why livest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
And doest not unto death thy selfe prepaire.
Dye, or thy selfe my captive yield for ay;
Great favour I thee graunt, for aunswere thus to stay.

8

Hold, O deare Lord, hold your dead-doing hand,
Then loud he cryde, I am your humble thrall.
Ah wretch (quoth he) thy destinies withstand
My wrathfull will, and do for mercy call.
I give thee life: therefore prostrated fall,
And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage bee.
The Miser threw him selfe, as an Offall,
Streight at his foot in base humilitee,
And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

So happy peace they made and faire accord.
Eftsoones this liege-man gan to wexe more bold,
And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
In his owne kind he gan him selfe unfold:
For he was wylie witted, and growne old
In cunning sleights and practick knavery.
From that day forth he cast for to uphold
His idle humour with fine flattery,
And blow the bellowes to his swelling vanity.

10

Trompart fit man for *Braggadocchio*,
To serve at court in view of vaunting eye;
Vaine-glorious man, when fluttring wind does blow
In his light wings, is lifted up to skye:
The scorne of knighthood and trew chevalrye,
To thinke without desert of gentle deed,
And noble worth to be advaunced hye:
Such prayse is shame; but honour vertues meed
Doth beare the fairest flowre in honorable seed.

11

So forth they pas, a well consorted paire,
Till that at length with *Archimage* they meet:
Who seeing one that shone in armour faire,
On goodly courser thundring with his feet,
Eftsoones supposed him a person meet,
Of his revenge to make the instrument:
For since the *Redcrosse* knight he earst did weet,
To beene with *Guyon* knit on one consent,
The ill, which earst to him, he now to *Guyon* ment.

And comming close to *Trompart* gan inquere
Of him, what mighty warriour that mote bee,
That rode in golden sell with single spere,
But wanted sword to wreake his enmitee.
He is a great adventurer, (said he)
That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee,
Of that despight, never to wearen none;
That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grone.

13

Th'enchaunter greatly joyed in the vaunt,
And weened well ere long his will to win,
And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt.
Tho to him louting lowly, did begin
To plaine of wrongs, which had committed bin
By *Guyon*, and by that false *Redcrosse* knight,
Which two through treason and deceiptfull gin,
Had slaine Sir *Mordant*, and his Lady bright:
That mote him honour win, to wreake so foule despight.

14

Therewith all suddeinly he seemd enraged,
And threatned death with dreadfull countenaunce,
As if their lives had in his hand beene gaged;
And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,
To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
Thus said: Old man, great sure shalbe thy meed,
If where those knights for feare of dew vengeaunce
Do lurke, thou certainly to me areed,
That I may wreake on them their hainous hatefull deed.

Certes, my Lord, (said he) that shall I soone,
And give you eke good helpe to their decay,
But mote I wisely you advise to doon;
Give no ods to your foes, but do purvay
Your selfe of sword before that bloudy day:
For they be two the prowest knights on ground,
And oft approv'd in many hard assay,
And eke of surest steele, that may be found,
Do arme your selfe against that day, them to confound.

16

Dotard (said he) let be thy deepe advise;
Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise,
Else never should thy judgement be so fraile,
To measure manhood by the sword or maile.
Is not enough foure quarters of a man,
Withouten sword or shield, an host to quaile?
Thou little wotest, what this right hand can:
Speake they, which have beheld the battailes, which it wan.

17

The man was much abashed at his boast;
Yet well he wist, that who so would contend
With either of those knights on even coast,
Should need of all his armes, him to defend;
Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend,
When *Braggadocchio* said, Once I did sweare,
When with one sword seven knights I brought to end,
Thence forth in battell never sword to beare,
But it were that, which noblest knight on earth doth weare.

Perdie Sir knight, said then th'enchaunter blive,
That shall I shortly purchase to your hond:
For now the best and noblest knight alive
Prince *Arthur* is, that wonnes in Faerie lond;
He hath a sword, that flames like burning brond.
The same by my device I undertake
Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond.
At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
And wondred in his mind, what mote that monster make.

19

He stayd not for more bidding, but away
Was suddein vanished out of his sight:
The Northerne wind his wings did broad display
At his commaund, and reared him up light
From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
They lookt about, but no where could espie
Tract of his foot: then dead through great affright
They both nigh were, and each bad other flie:
Both fled attonce, ne ever backe returned eie.

20

Till that they come unto a forrest greene,
In which they shrowd themselves from causelesse feare;
Yet feare them followes still, where so they beene,
Each trembling leafe, and whistling wind they heare,
As ghastly bug their haire on end does reare:
Yet both doe strive their fearfulnesse to faine.
At last they heard a horne, that shrilled cleare
Throughout the wood, that ecchoed againe,
And made the forrest ring, as it would rive in twaine.

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush;
With noyse whereof he from his loftie steed
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
To hide his coward head from dying dreed.
But *Trompart* stoutly stayd to taken heed,
Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped forth
A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weed,
That seemd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance, borne of heavenly birth.

22

Her face so faire as flesh it seemed not,
But heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,
Cleare as the skie, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
And gazers sense with double pleasure fed,
Hable to heale the sicke, and to revive the ded.

23

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th'heavenly makers light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight:
In them the blinded god his lustfull fire
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
For with dredd Majestie, and awfull ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

Her ivorie forhead, full of bountie brave,
Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,
For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
And write the battels of his great godhed.
All good and honour might therein be red:
For there their dwelling was. And when she spake,
Sweet words, like dropping honny she did shed,
And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make.

25

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even browes,
Working belgards, and amorous retrate,
And every one her with a grace endowes:
And every one with meekenesse to her bowes.
So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
And soveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
How shall fraile pen descrive her heavenly face,
For feare through want of skill her beautie to disgrace?

26

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire
She seemd, when she presented was to sight,
And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
All in a silken Camus lylly whight,
Purfled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinckled was throughout,
With golden aygulets, that glistred bright,
Like twinckling starres, and all the skirt about
Was hemd with golden fringe.

Below her ham her weed did somewhat traine,
And her streight legs most bravely were embayld
In gilden buskins of costly Cordwaine,
All bard with golden bendes, which were entayld
With curious antickes, and full faire aumayld:
Before they fastned were under her knee
In a rich Jewell, and therein entrayld
The ends of all their knots, that none might see,
How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee.

28

Like two faire marble pillours they were seene,
Which doe the temple of the Gods support,
Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,
And honour in their festivall resort;
Those same with stately grace, and princely port
She taught to tread, when she her selfe would grace,
But with the wooddie Nymphes when she did play,
Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,
She could them nimbly move, and after fly apace.

29

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
Stuft with steele-headed darts, wherewith she queld
The salvage beastes in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldricke, which forelay
Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
Her daintie paps; which like young fruit in May
Now little gan to swell, and being tide,
Through her thin weed their places only signifide.

Her yellow lockes crisped, like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And when the winde emongst them did inspyre,
They waved like a penon wide dispred,
And low behinde her backe were scattered:
And whether art it were, or heedlesse hap,
As through the flouring forrest rash she fled,
In her rude haires sweet flowres themselves did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes did enwrap.

31

Such as *Diana* by the sandie shore
Of swift *Eurotas*, or on *Cynthus* greene,
Where all the Nymphes have her unwares forlore,
Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene,
To seeke her game: Or as that famous Queene
Of *Amazons*, whom *Pyrrhus* did destroy,
The day that first of *Priame* she was seene,
Did shew her selfe in great triumphant joy,
To succour the weake state of sad afflicted *Troy*.

32

Such when as hartlesse *Trompart* did her vew,
He was dismayed in his coward mind,
And doubted, whether he himselfe should shew,
Or fly away, or bide alone behind:
Both feare and hope he in her face did find,
When she at last him spying thus bespake:
Hayle Groome; didst not thou see a bleeding Hind,
Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow strake?
If thou didst, tell me, that I may her overtake.

Wherewith reviv'd, this answere forth he threw:
O Goddesse, (for such I thee take to bee
For neither doth thy face terrestriall shew,
Nor voyce sound mortall) I avow to thee,
Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
Sith earst into this forrest wild I came.
But mote thy goodlyhed forgive it mee,
To weet, which of the Gods I shall thee name,
That unto thee due worship I may rightly frame.

34

To whom she thus:—but ere her words ensewed,
Unto the bush her eye did suddein glaunce,
In which vaine *Braggadocchio* was mewed,
And saw it stirre: she left her percing launce,
And towards gan a deadly shaft advaunce,
In mind to marke the beast. At which sad stowre,
Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,
Out crying, O what ever heavenly powre,
Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly howre.

35

O stay thy hand, for yonder is no game
For thy fierce arrowes, them to exercize,
But loe my Lord, my liege, whose warlike name
Is farre renowmd through many bold emprize;
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies.
She staid: with that he crauld out of his nest,
Forth creeping on his caitive hands and thies,
And standing stoutly up, his loftie crest
Did fiercely shake, and rovrze, as comming late from rest.

As fearefull fowle, that long in secret cave
For dread of soaring hauke her selfe hath hid,
Not caring how, her silly life to save,
She her gay painted plumes disorderid,
Seeing at last her selfe from daunger rid,
Peepes foorth, and soone renewes her native pride;
She gins her feathers foule disfigured
Proudly to prune, and set on every side,
So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her hide.

37

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
He gan himselfe to vaunt; but when he vewed
Those deadly tooles, which in her hand she held,
Soone into other fits he was transmewed,
Till she to him her gratious speach renewed:
All haile, Sir knight, and well may thee befall,
As all the like, which honour have pursewed
Through deedes of armes and prowesse martiall;
All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all.

38

To whom he thus: O fairest under skie,
True be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
That warlike feats doest highest glorifie.
Therein have I spent all my youthly daies,
And many battailes fought, and many fraies
Throughout the world, wher so they might be found,
Endevouring my dreadded name to raise
Above the Moone, that fame may it resound
In her eternall trompe, with laurell girland cround.

But what art thou, O Ladie, which doest raunge
In this wilde forrest, where no pleasure is,
And doest not it for joyous court exchaunge,
Emongst thine equall peres, where happie blis
And all delight does raigne, much more then this?
There thou maist love, and dearely loved bee,
And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest mis;
There maist thou best be seene, and best maist see:
The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fit for thee.

40

Who so in pompe of proud estate (quoth she)
Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blis,
Does waste his dayes in darke obscuritee,
And in oblivion ever buried is:
Where ease abounds, yt's eath to doe amis;
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behaves with cares, cannot so easie mis.
Abroad in armes, at home in studious kind
Who seekes with painfull toile, shall honor soonest find.

41

In woods, in waves, in warres she wonts to dwell,
And will be found with perill and with paine;
Ne can the man, that moulds in idle cell,
Unto her happie mansion attaine:
Before her gate high God did Sweat ordaine,
And wakefull watches ever to abide:
But easie is the way, and passage plaine
To pleasures pallace; it may soone be spide,
And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

In Princes court—The rest she would have said,
But that the foolish man, fild with delight
Of her sweet words, that all his sence dismaid,
And with her wondrous beautie ravisht quight,
Gan burne in filthy lust, and leaping light,
Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.
With that she swarving backe, her Javelin bright
Against him bent, and fiercely did menace:
So turned her about, and fled away apace.

43

Which when the Peasant saw, amazd he stood,
And grieved at her flight; yet durst he not
Pursew her steps, through wild unknowen wood;
Besides he feard her wrath, and threatned shot
Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgot:
Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vaine,
But turning said to *Trompart*, What foule blot
Is this to knight, that Ladie should againe
Depart to woods untoucht, and leave so proud disdaine?

44

Perdie (said *Trompart*) let her passe at will,
Least by her presence daunger mote befall.
For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)
But that she is some powre celestiall?
For whiles she spake, her great words did apall
My feeble courage, and my hart oppresse,
That yet I quake and tremble over all.
And I (said *Braggadocchio*) thought no lesse,
When first I heard her horne sound with such ghastlinesse.

For from my mothers wombe this grace I have
Me given by eternall destinie,
That earthly thing may not my courage brave
Dismay with feare, or cause one foot to flie,
But either hellish feends, or powres on hie:
Which was the cause, when earst that horne
I heard,
Weening it had beene thunder in the skie,
I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard;
But when I other knew, my selfe I boldly reard.

46

But now for feare of worse, that may betide,
Let us soone hence depart. They soone agree;
So to his steed he got, and gan to ride,
As one unfit therefore, that all might see
He had not trayned bene in chevalree.
Which well that valiant courser did discerne;
For he despysd to tread in dew degree,
But chaufd and fom'd, with courage fierce and
sterne,
And to be easd of that base burden still did erne.

Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
and stops Occasion:
Delivers Phedon, and therefore
by Strife is rayld upon.

1

IN BRAVE pursuit of honorable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which unto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by native influnce:
As feates of armes, and love to entertaine,
But chiefly skill to ride, seemes a science
Proper to gentle bloud; some others faine
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter; but in vaine.

2

But he the rightfull owner of that steed,
Who well could menage and subdew his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed,
With that blacke Palmer, his most trusty guide;
Who suffred not his wandring feet to slide.
But when strong passion, or weake fleshlinesse
Would from the right way seeke to draw him wide,
He would through temperance and stedfastnesse,
Teach him the weake to strengthen, and the strong suppresse.

It fortuned forth faring on his way,
He saw from farre, or seemed for to see
Some troublous uprore or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in haste it to agree.
A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
Drew by the haire along upon the ground,
A handsome stripling with great crueltee,
Whom sore he bett, and gor'd with many a wound,
That cheekes with teares, and sides with bloud did all abound.

4

And him behind, a wicked Hag did stalke,
In ragged robes, and filthy disaray;
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay;
Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and loosely hong unrold,
But all behind was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold,
And eke her face ill favourd, full of wrinckles old.

5

And ever as she went, her tongue did walke
In foule reproch, and termes of vile despight,
Provoking him by her outrageous talke,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight;
Sometimes she raught him stones, wherwith to smite,
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which she could not go upright;
Ne any evill meanes she did forbeare,
That might him move to wrath, and indignation reare.

The noble *Guyon*, mov'd with great remorse,
Approching, first the Hag did thrust away,
And after adding more impetuous forse,
His mightie hands did on the madman lay,
And pluckt him backe; who all on fire streight-
way,
Against him turning all his fell intent,
With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
And smot, and bit, and kickt, and scratcht, and
rent,
And did he wist not what in his avengement.

7

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had governance, it well to guide:
But when the franticke fit inflamd his spright,
His force was vaine, and strooke more often
wide,
Then at the aymed marke, which he had eide:
And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt unwares,
Whilst reason blent through passion, nought
descride,
But as a blindfold Bull at randon fares,
And where he hits, nought knowes, and whom
he hurts, nought cares.

8

His rude assault and rugged handeling
Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with foe
In faire defence and goodly menaging
Of armes was wont to fight, yet nathemoe
Was he abashed now not fighting so,
But more enfierced through his currish play,
Him sternely grypt, and haling to and fro,
To overthrow him strongly did assay,
But overthrew himselfe unwares, and lower lay.

And being downe the villein sore did beat,
And bruze with clownish fistes his manly face:
And eke the Hag with many a bitter threat,
Still cald upon to kill him in the place.
With whose reproch and odious menace
The knight emboyling in his haughtie hart,
Knit all his forces, and gan soone unbrace
His grasping hold: so lightly did upstart,
And drew his deadly weapon, to maintaine his part.

10

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
Not so, O *Guyon*, never thinke that so
That Monster can be maistred or destroyd:
He is not, ah, he is not such a foe,
As steele can wound, or strength can overthroe.
That same is *Furor*, cursed cruell wight,
That unto knighthood workes much shame and woe;
And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion, the root of all wrath and despight.

11

With her, who so will raging *Furor* tame,
Must first begin, and well her amenage:
First her restraine from her reprochfull blame,
And evill meanes, with which she doth enrage
Her franticke sonne, and kindles his courage,
Then when she is withdrawen, or strong withstood,
It's eath his idle furie to asswage,
And calme the tempest of his passion wood;
The bankes are overflowen, when stopped is the flood.

Therewith Sir *Guyon* left his first emprise,
And turning to that woman, fast her hent
By the hoare lockes, that hong before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she stent
Her bitter rayling and foule revilement,
But still provokt her sonne to wreake her wrong;
But nathelesse he did her still torment,
And catching hold of her ungratious tong,
Thereon an yron lock did fasten firme and strong.

13

Then when as use of speach was from her reft,
With her two crooked handes she signes did make,
And beckned him, the last helpe she had left:
But he that last left helpe away did take,
And both her hands fast bound unto a stake,
That she note stirre. Then gan her sonne to flie
Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;
But *Guyon* after him in haste did hie,
And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitie.

14

In his strong armes he stiffely him embraste,
Who him gainstriving, nought at all prevaild:
For all his power was utterly defaste,
And furious fits at earst quite weren quaild.
Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces fayld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour slacke.
Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,
And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,
And both his feet in fetters to an yron racke.

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots that did him sore constraine:
Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind,
And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine;
His burning eyen, whom bloudie strakes did staine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fire,
And more for ranck despight, then for great paine,
Shakt his long lockes, colourd like copper-wire,
And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.

16

Thus when as *Guyon Furor* had captiv'd,
Turning about he saw that wretched Squire,
Whom that mad man of life nigh late depriv'd,
Lying on ground, all soild with bloud and mire:
Whom when as he perceived to respire,
He gan to comfort, and his wounds to dresse.
Being at last recured, he gan inquire,
What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,
And made that caitives thral, the thral of wretchednesse.

17

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
Faire Sir, (quoth he) what man can shun the hap,
That hidden lyes unwares him to surpryse?
Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
The man most warie in her whelming lap.
So me weake wretch, of many weakest one,
Unweeting, and unware of such mishap,
She brought to mischiefe through occasion,
Where this same wicked villein did me light upon.

It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the sourse
Of all my sorrow, and of these sad teares,
With whom from tender dug of commune nourse,
Attonce I was upbrought, and eft when yeares
More rype us reason lent to chose our Peares,
Our selves in league of vowed love we knit:
In which we long time without gealous feares,
Or faultie thoughts continewd, as was fit;
And for my part I vow, dissembled not a whit.

19

It was my fortune commune to that age,
To love a Ladie faire of great degree,
The which was borne of noble parentage,
And set in highest seat of dignitee,
Yet seemd no lesse to love, then loved to bee:
Long I her serv'd, and found her faithfull still,
Ne ever thing could cause us disagree.
Love that two harts makes one, makes eke one will:
Each strove to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

20

My friend, hight *Philemon*, I did partake
Of all my love and all my privitie;
Who greatly joyous seemed for my sake,
And gratious to that Ladie, as to mee,
Ne ever wight, that mote so welcome bee,
As he to her, withouten blot or blame,
Ne ever thing, that she could thinke or see,
But unto him she would impart the same.
O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle Dame!

At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
That I that Ladie to my spouse had wonne:
Accord of friends, consent of parents sought,
Affiance made, my happinesse begonne,
There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
Which mariage make; that day too farre did seeme.
Most joyous man, on whom the shining Sunne
Did shew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,
And that my falser friend did no lesse joyous deeme.

22

But ere that wished day his beame disclosd,
He either envying my toward good,
Or of himselfe to treason ill disposd,
One day unto me came in friendly mood,
And told for secret how he understood
That Ladie whom I had to me assynd,
Had both distaind her honorable blood,
And eke the faith, which she to me did bynd:
And therefore wisht me stay, till I more truth should fynd.

23

The gnawing anguish and sharpe gelosy,
Which his sad speech infixed in my brest,
Ranckled so sore, and festred inwardly,
That my engreeved mind could find no rest,
Till that the truth thereof I did outwrest,
And him besought by that same sacred band
Betwixt us both, to counsell me the best.
He then with solemne oath and plighted hand
Assur'd, ere long the truth to let me understand.

Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
Saying, he now had boulted all the floure,
And that it was a groome of base degree,
Which of my love was partner Paramoure;
Who used in a darkesome inner bowre
Her oft to meet: which better to approve,
He promised to bring me at that howre,
When I should see, that would me nearer move,
And drive me to withdraw my blind abused love.

25

This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmayd of my Lady deare,
Who glad t'embosome his affection vile,
Did all she might, more pleasing to appeare.
One day to worke her to his will more neare,
He woo'd her thus: *Pryene* (so she hight)
What great despight doth fortune to thee beare,
Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
That it should not deface all others lesser light?

26

But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
T'adorne thy forme according thy desart,
Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone have blent,
And staynd their prayses with thy least good part;
Ne should faire *Claribell* with all her art,
Though she thy Lady be, approch thee neare:
For proofe thereof, this evening, as thou art,
Aray thy selfe in her most gorgeous geare,
That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

The Maiden proud through prayse, and mad through love,
Him hearkned to, and soone her selfe arayd,
The whiles to me the treachour did remove
His craftie engin, and as he had sayd,
Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
The sad spectatour of my Tragedie;
Where left, he went, and his owne false part playd,
Disguised like that groome of base degree,
Whom he had feignd th'abuser of my love to bee.

28

Eftsoones he came unto th'appointed place,
And with him brought *Pryene*, rich arayd,
In *Claribellaes* clothes. Her proper face
I not descerned in that darkesome shade,
But weend it was my love, with whom he playd.
Ah God, what horrour and tormenting griefe
My hart, my hands, mine eyes, and all assayd?
Me liefer were ten thousand deathes priefe,
Then wound of gealous worme, and shame of such repriefe.

29

I home returning, fraught with fowle despight,
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
Soone as my loathed love appeard in sight,
With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent;
That after soone I dearely did lament.
For when the cause of that outrageous deede
Demaunded, I made plaine and evident,
Her faultie Handmayd, which that bale did breede,
Confest, how *Philemon* her wrought to chaunge her weede.

Which when I heard, with horrible affright
And hellish fury all enragd, I sought
Upon my selfe that vengeable despight
To punish; yet it better first I thought
To wreake my wrath on him, that first it wrought.
To *Philemon*, false faytour *Philemon*
I cast to pay, that I so dearely bought;
Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,
And washt away his guilt with guiltie potion.

31

Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on griefe,
To losse of love adjoyning losse of frend,
I meant to purge both with a third mischiefe,
And in my woes beginner it to end:
That was *Pryene;* she did first offend,
She last should smart: with which cruell intent,
When I at her my murdrous blade did bend,
She fled away with ghastly dreriment,
And I pursewing my fell purpose, after went.

32

Feare gave her wings, and rage enforst my flight:
Through woods and plaines so long I did her chace,
Till this mad man, whom your victorious might
Hath now fast bound, me met in middle space,
As I her, so he me pursewd apace,
And shortly overtooke. I, breathing yre,
Sore chauffed at my stay in such a cace,
And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre;
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inspyre.

Betwixt them both, they have me doen to dye,
Through wounds, and strokes, and stubborne handeling,
That death were better, then such agony,
As griefe and furie unto me did bring;
Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
That during life will never be appeasd.
When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
Said *Guyon*, Squire, sore have ye beene diseasd;
But all your hurts may soone through temperance be easd.

34

Then gan the Palmer thus, Most wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend;
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But soone through suff'rance grew to fearefull end.
Whiles they are weake betimes with them contend;
For when they once to perfect strength do grow,
Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
Gainst fort of Reason, it to overthrow:
Wrath, gelosie, griefe, love this Squire have layd thus low.

35

Wrath, gealosie, griefe, love do thus expell:
Wrath is a fire, and gealosie a weede,
Griefe is a flood, and love a monster fell;
The fire of sparkes, the weede of little seede,
The flood of drops, the Monster filth did breede.
But sparks, seed, drops, and filth do thus delay:
The sparks soone quench, the springing seed outweed,
The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane away:
So shall wrath, gealosie, griefe, love dye and decay.

Unlucky Squire (said *Guyon*) sith thou hast
Falne into mischiefe through intemperaunce,
Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,
And guide thy wayes with warie governaunce,
Least worse betide thee by some later chaunce.
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin.
Phedon I hight (quoth he) and do advaunce
Mine auncestry from famous *Coradin*,
Who first to rayse our house to honour did begin.

37

Thus as he spake, lo far away they spyde
A varlet running towards hastily,
Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,
That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
Which mingled all with sweate, did dim his eye.
He soone approched, panting, breathlesse, whot,
And all so soyld, that none could him descry;
His countenaunce was bold, and bashed not
For *Guyons* lookes, but scornefull eyglaunce at him shot.

38

Behind his backe he bore a brasen shield,
On which was drawen faire, in colours fit,
A flaming fire in midst of bloudy field,
And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt I do burne. Right well beseemed it
To be the shield of some redoubted knight;
And in his hand two darts exceeding flit,
And deadly sharpe he held, whose heads were dight
In poyson and in bloud, of malice and despight.

When he in presence came, to *Guyon* first
He boldly spake, Sir knight, if knight thou bee,
Abandon this forestalled place at erst,
For feare of further harme, I counsell thee,
Or bide the chaunce at thine owne jeoperdie.
The knight at his great boldnesse wondered,
And though he scornd his idle vanitie,
Yet mildly him to purpose answered;
For not to grow of nought he it conjectured:

40

Varlet, this place most dew to me I deeme,
Yielded by him that held it forcibly.
But whence should come that harme, which thou doest seeme
To threat to him, that minds his chaunce t'abye?
Perdy (said he) here comes, and is hard by
A knight of wondrous powre, and great assay,
That never yet encountred enemy,
But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay.

41

How hight he then (said *Guyon*) and from whence?
Pyrochles is his name, renowmed farre
For his bold feats and hardy confidence,
Full oft approv'd in many a cruell warre,
The brother of *Cymochles*, both which arre
The sonnes of old *Acrates* and *Despight*,
Acrates sonne of *Phlegeton* and *Jarre*:
But *Phlegeton* is sonne of *Herebus* and *Night*;
But *Herebus* sonne of *Aeternitie* is hight.

So from immortall race he does proceede,
That mortall hands may not withstand his might,
Drad for his derring do, and bloudy deed;
For all in bloud and spoile is his delight.
His am I, *Atin*, his in wrong and right,
That matter make for him to worke upon,
And stirre him up to strife and cruell fight.
Fly therefore, fly this fearefull stead anon,
Least thy foolhardize worke thy sad confusion.

43

His be that care, whom most it doth concerne,
(Said he) but whither with such hasty flight
Art thou now bound? for well mote I discerne
Great cause, that carries thee so swift and light.
My Lord (quoth he) me sent, and straight behight
To seeke *Occasion*, where so she bee:
For he is all disposd to bloudy fight,
And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltie:
Hard is his hap, that first fals in his jeopardie.

44

Madman (said then the Palmer) that does seeke
Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife;
She comes unsought, and shonned followes eke.
Happy, who can abstaine, when Rancour rife
Kindles Revenge, and threats his rusty knife:
Woe never wants, where every cause is caught,
And rash *Occasion* makes unquiet life.
Then loe, where bound she sits, whom thou hast sought,
(Said *Guyon*,) let that message to thy Lord be brought.

That when the varlet heard and saw, streightway
He wexed wondrous wroth, and said, Vile knight,
That knights and knighthood doest with shame upbray,
And shewst th'ensample of thy childish might,
With silly weake old woman thus to fight.
Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou got,
And stoutly prov'd thy puissaunce here in sight;
That shall *Pyrochles* well requite, I wot,
And with thy bloud abolish so reprochfull blot.

46

With that one of his thrillant darts he threw,
Headed with ire and vengeable despight;
The quivering steele his aymed end well knew,
And to his brest it selfe intended right:
But he was warie, and ere it empight
In the meant marke, advaunst his shield atweene,
On which it seizing, no way enter might,
But backe rebounding, left the forckhead keene;
Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be seene.

Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furors chayne unbinds:
Of whom sore hurt, for his revenge
Atin Cymochles finds.

1

WHO ever doth to temperaunce apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shall find no greater enimy,
Then stubborne perturbation, to the same;
To which right well the wise do give that name,
For it the goodly peace of stayed mindes
Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclame:
His owne woes authour, who so bound it findes,
As did *Pyrochles*, and it wilfully unbindes.

2

After that varlets flight, it was not long,
Ere on the plaine fast pricking *Guyon* spide
One in bright armes embatteiled full strong,
That as the Sunny beames do glaunce and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seemd him to enflame on every side.
His steed was bloudy red, and fomed ire,
When with the maistring spur he did him roughly stire.

Approching nigh, he never stayd to greete,
Ne chaffar words, prowd courage to provoke,
But prickt so fiers, that underneath his feete
The smouldring dust did round about him smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And fairly couching his steele-headed speare,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke;
It booted nought Sir *Guyon* comming neare
To thinke, such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare.

4

But lightly shunned it, and, passing by,
With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
That the sharpe steele arriving forcibly
On his broad shield, bit not, but glauncing fell
On his horse necke before the quilted sell,
And from the head the body sundred quight.
So him dismounted low, he did compell
On foot with him to matchen equall fight;
The truncked beast fast bleeding, did him fowly dight.

5

Sore bruzed with the fall, he slow uprose,
And, all enraged, thus him loudly shent:
Disleall knight, whose coward courage chose
To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent,
And shund the marke at which it should be ment,
Thereby thine armes seeme strong, but manhood fraile;
So hast thou oft with guile thine honour blent;
But litle may such guile thee now availe,
If wonted force and fortune do not much me faile.

With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke
At him so fiercely, that the upper marge
Of his sevenfolded shield away it tooke,
And glauncing on his helmet, made a large
And open gash therein; were not his targe,
That broke the violence of his intent,
The weary soule from thence it would discharge;
Nathelesse so sore a buff to him it lent,
That made him reele, and to his brest his bever bent.

7

Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that blow,
And much ashamd, that stroke of living arme
Should him dismay, and make him stoup so low,
Though otherwise it did him litle harme.
Tho hurling high his yron braced arme,
He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
That all his left side it did quite disarme;
Yet there the steele stayd not, but inly bate
Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red floodgate.

8

Deadly dismayd with horrour of that dint
Pyrochles was, and grieved eke entyre;
Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,
But added flame unto his former fire,
That welnigh molt his hart in raging yre.
Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to ward,
Or strike, or hurtle round in warlike gyre,
Remembred he, ne car'd for his saufgard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell Tygre far'd.

He hewd, and lasht, and foynd, and thundred blowes,
And every way did seeke into his life,
Ne plate, ne male could ward so mighty throwes,
But yielded passage to his cruell knife.
But *Guyon*, in the heat of all his strife,
Was warie wise, and closely did awayt
Avauntage, whilest his foe did rage most rife:
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strooke him strayt,
And falsed oft his blowes, t'illude him with such bayt.

10

Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
A prowd rebellious Unicorne defies,
T'avoide the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applies,
And when him running in full course he spies,
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horne, sought of his enimies,
Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victour yields a bounteous feast.

11

With such faire slight him *Guyon* often faild,
Till at the last all breathlesse, wearie, faint
Him spying, with fresh onset he assaild,
And kindling new his courage seeming queint,
Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint
He made him stoup perforce unto his knee,
And do unwilling worship to the Saint,
That on his shield depainted he did see;
Such homage till that instant never learned hee.

Whom *Guyon* seeing stoup, pursewed fast
The present offer of faire victory,
And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so hye,
That streight on ground made him full low to lye;
Then on his brest his victour foote he thrust.
With that he cryde, Mercy, do me not dye,
Ne deeme thy force by fortunes doome unjust,
That hath (maugre her spight) thus low me laid in dust.

13

Eftsoones his cruell hand Sir *Guyon* stayd,
Tempring the passion with advizement slow,
And maistring might on enimy dismayd;
For th' equall dye of warre he well did know;
Then to him said, Live and allegaunce owe,
To him that gives thee life and libertie,
And henceforth by this dayes ensample trow,
That hasty wroth, and heedlesse hazardrie
Do breede repentaunce late, and lasting infamie.

14

So up he let him rise, who with grim looke
And count'naunce sterne upstanding, gan to grind
His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke
His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
Knotted in bloud and dust, for griefe of mind,
That he in ods of armes was conquered;
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
That him so noble knight had maistered,
Whose bounty more then might, yet both he wondered.

Which *Guyon* marking said, Be nought agriev'd,
Sir knight, that thus ye now subdewed arre:
Was never man, who most conquestes atchiev'd,
But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,
Yet shortly gaynd, that losse exceeded farre.
Losse is no shame, nor to be lesse then foe,
But to be lesser then himselfe, doth marre
Both loosers lot, and victours prayse alsoe.
Vaine others overthrowes, who selfe doth overthrowe.

16

Fly, O *Pyrochles*, fly the dreadfull warre,
That in thy selfe thy lesser parts do move,
Outrageous anger, and woe-working jarre,
Direfull impatience, and hart-murdring love;
Those, those thy foes, those warriours far remove,
Which thee to endlesse bale captived lead!
But sith in might thou didst my mercy prove,
Of curtesie to me the cause aread,
That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread.

17

Dreadlesse (said he) that shall I soone declare:
It was complaind, that thou hadst done great tort
Unto an aged woman, poore and bare,
And thralled her in chaines with strong effort,
Voide of all succour and needfull comfort.
That ill beseemes thee, such as I thee see,
To worke such shame. Therefore I thee exhort,
To chaunge thy will, and set *Occasion* free,
And to her captive sonne yield his first libertee.

Thereat Sir *Guyon* smilde. And is that all.
(Said he) that thee so sore displeased hath?
Great mercy sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
Whose freedome shall thee turne to greatest scath.
Nath'lesse now quench thy whot emboyling wrath:
Loe there they be: to thee I yield them free.
Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
And gan to breake the bands of their captivitee.

19

Soone as *Occasion* felt her selfe untyde,
Before her sonne could well assoyled bee,
She to her use returnd, and streight defyde
Both *Guyon* and *Pyrochles*: th'one (said shee)
Because he wonne; the other because hee
Was wonne. So matter did she make of nought,
To stirre up strife, and do them disagree:
But soone as *Furor* was enlarged, she sought
To kindle his quencht fire, and thousand causes wrought.

20

It was not long, ere she inflam'd him so,
That he would algates with *Pyrochles* fight,
And his redeemer chalenged for his foe,
Because he had not well mainteind his right,
But yielded had to that same straunger knight.
Now gan *Pyrochles* wex as wood, as hee,
And him affronted with impatient might:
So both together fiers engrasped bee,
Whiles *Guyon* standing by, their uncouth strife does see.

Him all that while *Occasion* did provoke
Against *Pyrochles*, and new matter framed
Upon the old, him stirring to be wroke
Of his late wrongs, in which she oft him blamed
For suffering such abuse, as knighthood shamed,
And him dishabled quite. But he was wise
Ne would with vaine occasions be inflamed;
Yet others she more urgent did devise:
Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

22

Their fell contention still increased more,
And more thereby increased *Furors* might,
That he his foe has hurt, and wounded sore,
And him in bloud and durt deformed quight.
His mother eke, more to augment his spight,
Now brought to him a flaming fire brond,
Which she in *Stygian* lake, ay burning bright,
Had kindled: that she gave into his hond,
That armed with fire, more hardly he mote him withstond.

23

Tho gan that villein wex so fiers and strong,
That nothing might sustaine his furious forse;
He cast him downe to ground, and all along
Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
And fowly battered his comely corse,
That *Guyon* much disdeignd so loathy sight.
At last he was compeld to cry perforse,
Helpe, O Sir *Guyon*, helpe most noble knight,
To rid a wretched man from hands of hellish wight.

The knight was greatly moved at his plaint,
And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
Till that the Palmer, by his grave restraint,
Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse;
And said, Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth represse,
Ne let thy stout hart melt in pitty vayne.
He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
And his foe fettred would release agayne,
Deserves to tast his follies fruit, repented payne.

25

Guyon obayd. So him away he drew
From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
Already fought, his voyage to pursew.
But rash *Pyrochles* varlet, *Atin* hight,
When late he saw his Lord in heavy plight,
Under Sir *Guyons* puissaunt stroke to fall,
Him deeming dead, as then he seemed in sight,
Fled fast away, to tell his funerall
Unto his brother, whom *Cymochles* men did call.

26

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike prayse,
And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fight:
Full many doughtie knights he in his dayes
Had doen to death, subdewde in equall frayes,
Whose carkases, for terrour of his name,
Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous prayes,
And hong their conquered armes for more defame
On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame.

His dearest Dame is that Enchaunteresse,
The vile *Acrasia*, that with vaine delightes,
And idle pleasures in her *Bowre* of *Blisse*,
Does charme her lovers, and the feeble sprightes
Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes;
Whom then she does transforme to monstrous hewes,
And horribly misshapes with ugly sightes,
Captiv'd eternally in yron mewes,
And darksom dens, where *Titan* his face never shewes.

28

There *Atin* found *Cymochles* sojourning,
To serve his Lemans love: for he, by kind,
Was given all to lust and loose living,
When ever his fiers hands he free mote find.
And now he has pourd out his idle mind
In daintie delices, and lavish joyes,
Having his warlike weapons cast behind,
And flowes in pleasures, and vaine pleasing toyes,
Mingled emongst loose Ladies and lascivious boyes.

29

And over him, art striving to compaire
With nature, did an Arber greene dispred,
Framed of wanton Yvie, flouring faire,
Through which the fragrant Eglantine did spred
His pricking armes, entrayld with roses red,
Which daintie odours round about them threw,
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That when myld *Zephyrus* emongst them blew,
Did breath out bounteous smels, and painted colors shew.

And fast beside, there trickled softly downe
A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did play
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
To lull him soft a sleepe, that by it lay;
The wearie Traveiler, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thristy heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes display,
Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget
His former paine, and wypt away his toylsom sweat.

31

And on the other side a pleasaunt grove
Was shot up high, full of the stately tree,
That dedicated is t'*Olympicke Jove*,
And to his sonne *Alcides*, whenas hee
Gaynd in *Nemea* goodly victoree;
Therein the mery birds of every sort
Chaunted alowd their chearefull harmonie,
And made emongst themselves a sweet consort,
That quickned the dull spright with musicall comfort.

32

There he him found all carelessly displayd,
In secret shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lillies softly layd,
Amidst a flocke of Damzels fresh and gay,
That round about him dissolute did play
Their wanton follies, and light meriment;
Every of which did loosely disaray
Her upper parts of meet habiliments,
And shewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

And every of them strove, with most delights,
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew;
Some framd faire lookes, glancing like evening lights,
Others sweet words, dropping like honny dew;
Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
The sugred licour through his melting lips;
One boastes her beautie, and does yeeld to vew
Her daintie limbes above her tender hips;
Another her outboastes, and all for tryall strips.

34

He, like an Adder, lurking in the weeds,
His wandring thought in deepe desire does steepe,
And his fraile eye with spoyle of beautie feedes;
Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do peepe,
To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
Whereby close fire into his heart does creepe:
So them deceives, deceiv'd in his deceipt,
Made drunke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

35

Atin arriving there, when him he spide,
Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approching, to him lowdly cride,
Cymochles—oh no, but *Cymochles* shade,
In which that manly person late did fade,
What is become of great *Acrates* sonne?
Or where hath he hong up his mortall blade,
That hath so many haughtie conquests wonne?
Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

Then pricking him with his sharpe-pointed dart,
He said: Up, up, thou womanish weake knight,
That here in Ladies lap entombed art,
Unmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,
And weetlesse eke of lately wrought despight,
Whiles sad *Pyrochles* lies on senselesse ground,
And groneth out his utmost grudging spright,
Through many a stroke, and many a streaming wound,
Calling thy helpe in vaine, that here in joyes art dround!

37

Suddeinly out of his delightfull dreame
The man awoke, and would have questiond more;
But he would not endure that wofull theame
For to dilate at large, but urged sore
With percing words, and pittifull implore,
Him hastie to arise. As one affright
With hellish feends, or *Furies* mad uprore,
He then uprose, inflam'd with fell despight,
And called for his armes; for he would algates fight.

38

They bene ybrought; he quickly does him dight,
And lightly mounted, passeth on his way,
Ne Ladies loves, ne sweete entreaties might
Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay;
For he has vowd, to beene aveng'd that day,
(That day it selfe him seemed all too long)
On him, that did *Pyrochles* deare dismay:
So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
And *Atin* aie him pricks with spurs of shame and wrong.

Canto VI

Guyon is of immodest Merth
led into loose desire,
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his brother burnes in furious fire.

1

A HARDER lesson, to learne Continence
In joyous pleasure, then in grievous paine:
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
So strongly, that uneathes it can refraine
From that, which feeble nature covets faine;
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies,
And foes of life, she better can restraine;
Yet vertue vauntes in both their victories,
And *Guyon* in them all shewes goodly maisteries.

2

Whom bold *Cymochles* travelling to find,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath, which *Atin* kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
A litle Gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a litle forrest seemed outwardly.

And therein sate a Ladie fresh and faire,
Making sweet solace to her selfe alone;
Sometimes she sung, as loud as larke in aire,
Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breth was gone,
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That might to her move cause of meriment:
Matter of merth enough, though there were none,
She could devise, and thousand waies invent,
To feede her foolish humour, and vaine jolliment.

4

Which when farre off *Cymochles* heard, and saw,
He loudly cald to such as were abord
The little barke unto the shore to draw,
And him to ferrie over that deepe ford.
The merry marriner unto his word
Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streight-way
Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike Lord
She in receiv'd; but *Atin* by no way
She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray.

5

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift, then swallow sheres the liquid skie,
Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to flie,
Only she turn'd a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding wave;
Ne cared she her course for to apply,
For it was taught the way, which she would have,
And both from rocks and flats it selfe could wisely save.

And all the way, the wanton Damzell found
New merth, her passenger to entertaine:
For she in pleasant purpose did abound,
And greatly joyed merry tales to faine,
Of which a store-house did with her remaine.
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became;
For all her words she drownd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
That turned all her pleasance to a scoffing game.

7

And other whiles vaine toyes she would devize
As her fantasticke wit did most delight.
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
With gaudie girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
About her necke, or rings of rushes plight;
Sometimes to doe him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at shaking of the leaves light,
Or to behold the water worke, and play
About her litle frigot, therein making way.

8

Her light behaviour, and loose dalliaunce
Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,
That of his way he had no sovenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd revenge, and cruell fight,
But to weake wench did yeeld his martiall might.
So easie was to quench his flamed mind
With one sweet drop of sensuall delight,
So easie is, t'appease the stormie wind
Of malice in the calme of pleasant womankind.

Diverse discourses in their way they spent,
Mongst which *Cymochles* of her questioned,
Both what she was, and what that usage ment,
Which in her cot she daily practised.
Vaine man (said she) that wouldest be reckoned
A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
Of *Phœdria* (for so my name is red)—
Of *Phœdria*, thine owne fellow servaunt:
For thou to serve *Acrasia* thy selfe doest vaunt.

10

In this wide Inland sea, that hight by name
The *Idle lake*, my wandring ship I row,
That knowes her port, and thither sailes by ayme,
Ne care ne feare I how the wind do blow,
Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow:
Both slow and swift alike do serve my tourne,
Ne swelling *Neptune*, ne loud thundring *Jove*
Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever mourne;
My litle boat can safely passe this perilous bourne.

11

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
They were farre past the passage, which he spake,
And come unto an Island, waste and voyd,
That floted in the midst of that great lake.
There her small Gondelay her port did make,
And that gay paire issuing on the shore
Disburdned her. Their way they forward take
Into the land, that lay them faire before,
Whose pleasaunce she him shew'd, and plentifull great store.

It was a chosen plot of fertile land,
Emongst wide waves set, like a litle nest,
As if it had by Natures cunning hand
Bene choisely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best:
No daintie flowre or herb, that grows on ground,
No arboret with painted blossomes drest,
And smelling sweet, but there it might be found
To bud out faire, and her sweet smels throw all around.

13

No tree, whose braunches did not bravely spring;
No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not sit:
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing;
No song but did containe a lovely dit:
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs were framed fit,
For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.
Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake wit
Was overcome of thing that did him please;
So pleased, did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

14

Thus when she had his eyes and senses fed
With false delights, and fild with pleasures vaine,
Into a shadie dale she soft him led,
And laid him downe upon a grassie plaine;
And her sweet selfe without dread, or disdaine,
She set beside, laying his head disarm'd
Jn her loose lap, it softly to sustaine,
Where soone he slumbred, fearing not be harm'd,
The whiles with a loud lay she thus him sweetly charm'd.

Behold, O man, that toilesome paines doest take,
The flowres, the fields, and all that pleasant growes,
How they themselves doe thine ensample make,
Whiles nothing envious nature them forth throwes
Out of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes,
They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh and faire,
And deck the world with their rich pompous showes;
Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

16

The lilly, Ladie of the flowring field,
The Flowre-deluce, her lovely Paramoure,
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labours yield,
And soone leave off this toylesome wearie stoure;
Loe loe how brave she decks her bounteous boure,
With silken curtens and gold coverlets,
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamoure,
Yet neither spinnes nor cardes, ne cares nor frets,
But to her mother Nature all her care she lets!

17

Why then dost thou, O man, that of them all
Art Lord, and eke of nature Soveraine,
Wilfully make thy selfe a wretched thrall,
And wast thy joyous houres in needlesse paine,
Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?
What bootes it all to have, and nothing use?
Who shall him rew, that swimming in the maine,
Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?
Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures chuse.

By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,
That of no worldly thing he care did take;
Then she with liquors strong his eyes did steepe,
That nothing should him hastily awake:
So she him left, and did her selfe betake
Unto her boat againe, with which she cleft
The slouthfull wave of that great griesly lake;
Soone she that Island farre behind her left,
And now is come to that same place, where first she weft.

19

By this time was the worthy *Guyon* brought
Unto the other side of that wide strond,
Where she was rowing, and for passage sought:
Him needed not long call, she soone to hond
Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond,
With his sad guide; himselfe she tooke aboord
But the *Blacke Palmer* suffred still to stond,
Ne would for price or prayers once affoord
To ferry that old man over the perlous foord.

20

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
Yet being entred, might not backe retyre;
For the flit barke, obaying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly, as she did desire,
Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire,
Whom neither wind out of their seat could forse,
Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish sourse.

And by the way, as was her wonted guize,
Her merry fit she freshly gan to reare,
And did of joy and jollitie devize,
Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare:
The knight was courteous, and did not forbeare
Her honest merth and pleasaunce to partake;
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
Her dalliance he despisd, and follies did forsake.

22

Yet she still followed her former stile,
And said, and did all that mote him delight,
Till they arrived in that pleasant Ile,
Where sleeping late she left her other knight.
But when as *Guyon* of that land had sight,
He wist himselfe amisse, and angry said,
Ah Dame, perdie ye have not doen me right,
Thus to mislead me, whiles I you obaid:
Me litle needed from my right way to have straid.

23

Faire Sir (quoth she) be not displeasd at all;
Who fares on sea, may not commaund his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
The sea is wide, and easie for to stray;
The wind unstable, and doth never stay.
But here a while ye may in safety rest,
Till season serve new passage to assay;
Better safe port, then be in seas distrest.
Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in jest.

But he halfe discontent, mote nathelesse
Himselfe appease, and issewd forth on shore:
The joyes whereof, and happie fruitfulnesse,
Such as he saw, she gan him lay before,
And all though pleasant, yet she made much more:
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
The trees did bud, and earely blossomes bore,
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

25

And she more sweet, then any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes emongst them beare a part,
And strive to passe (as she could well enough)
Their native musicke by her skilfull art:
So did she all, that might his constant hart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
Where noyse of armes, or vew of martiall guize
Might not revive desire of knightly exercize.

26

But he was wise, and warie of her will,
And ever held his hand upon his hart:
Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,
As to despise so courteous seeming part,
That gentle Ladie did to him impart,
But fairely tempring fond desire subdewd,
And ever her desired to depart.
She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,
And ever bad him stay, till time the tide renewd.

And now by this, *Cymochles* howre was spent.
That he awoke out of his idle dreme.
And shaking off his drowzie dreriment.
Gan him avize, how ill did him beseeme.
In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme.
And quench the brond of his conceived ire.
Tho up he started, stird with shame extreme.
Ne staied for his Damzell to inquire.
But marched to the strond, there passage to require.

28

And in the way he with Sir *Guyon* met.
Accompanyde with *Phædria* the faire.
Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly fret,
Crying, Let be that Ladie debonaire.
Thou recreant knight, and soone thy selfe prepaire
To battell, if thou meane her love to gaine:
Loe, loe alreadie, how the fowles in aire
Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtaine
Thy carcasse for their pray, the guerdon of thy paine!

29

And therewithall he fiercely at him flew,
And with importune outrage him assayld:
Who soone prepard to field, his sword forth drew,
And him with equall value countervayld:
Their mightie strokes their haberjeons dismayld,
And naked made each others manly spalles:
The mortall steele despiteously entayld
Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron walles,
That a large purple streme adown their giambeux falles.

Cymochles, that had never met before
So puissant foe, with envious despight
His proud presumed force increased more,
Disdeigning to be held so long in fight;
Sir *Guyon* grudging not so much his might,
As those unknightly raylings, which he spoke,
With wrathfull fire his courage kindled bright,
Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres, redoubled every stroke.

31

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,
And both attonce their huge blowes downe did sway;
Cymochles sword on *Guyons* shield yglaunst,
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away;
But *Guyons* angry blade so fierce did play
On th' others helmet, which as *Titan* shone,
That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
And bared all his head unto the bone;
Wherewith astonisht, still he stood, as senselesse stone.

32

Still as he stood, faire *Phædria*, that beheld
That deadly daunger, soone atweene them ran;
And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,
Crying with pitteous voice, and count'nance wan:
Ah well away, most noble Lords, how can
Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight,
To shed your lives on ground? wo worth the man,
That first did teach the cursed steele to bight
In his owne flesh, and make way to the living spright.

33

If ever love of Ladie did empierce
Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place,
Withhold your bloudie hands from battell fierce,
And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yeeld, to stay your deadly strife a space.
They stayd a while; and forth she gan proceed:
Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,
That am the author of this hainous deed,
And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights doe breed.

34

But if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
Not this rude kind of battell, nor these armes
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterve,
And dolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes:
Such cruell game my scarmoges disarmes:
Another warre, and other weapons I
Doe love, where love does give his sweet alarmes,
Without bloudshed, and where the enemy
Does yeeld unto his foe a pleasant victory.

35

Debatefull strife, and cruell enmitie
The famous name of knighthood fowly shend;
But lovely peace, and gentle amitie,
And in Amours the passing houres to spend,
The mightie martiall hands doe most commend:
Of love they ever greater glory bore,
Then of their armes. *Mars* is *Cupidoes* frend,
And is for *Venus* loves renowmed more
Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of yore.

Therewith she sweetly smyld. They though full bent,
To prove extremities of bloudie fight,
Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight,
Such powre have pleasing words: such is the might
Of courteous clemencie in gentle hart.
Now after all was ceast, the Faery knight
Besought that Damzell suffer him depart,
And yield him readie passage to that other part;

37

She no lesse glad, then he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her joy
And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy,
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terrour and unquiet jarre,
That she well pleased was thence to amove him farre.

38

Tho him she brought abord, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand;
The which on the dull waves did lightly flote
And soone arrived on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome *Guyon* salied forth to land,
And to that Damzell thankes gave for reward
Upon that shore he spied *Atin* stand,
There by his maister left, when late he far'd
In *Phædrias* flit barke over that perlous shard.

Well could he him remember, sith of late
He with *Pyrochles* sharp debatement made;
Streight gan he him revile, and bitter rate,
As shepheards curre, that in darke evenings shade
Hath tracted forth some salvage beastes trade:
Vile Miscreant (said he) whither doest thou flie
The shame and death, which will thee soone invade?
What coward hand shall doe thee next to die,
That are thus foully fled from famous enemie?

40

With that he stiffely shooke his steelehead dart:
But sober *Guyon*, hearing him so raile,
Though somewhat moved in his mightie hart,
Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,
And passed fairely forth. He turning taile,
Backe to the strond retyrd, and there still stayd,
Awaiting passage, which him late did faile:
The whiles *Cymochles* with that wanton mayd
The hastie heat of his avowd revenge delayd.

41

Whylest there the varlet stood, he saw from farre
An armed knight, that towards him fast ran.
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
His forlorne steed from him the victour wan:
He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan,
And all his armour sprinckled was with bloud,
And soyld with durtie gore, that no man can
Discerne the hew thereof. He never stood,
But bent his hastie course towards the idle flood.

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came,
How without stop or stay he fiercely lept,
And deepe him selfe beducked in the same,
That in the lake his loftie crest was steept,
Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept,
But with his raging armes he rudely flasht
The waves about, and all his armour swept,
That all the bloud and filth away was washt,
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dasht.

43

Atin drew nigh, to weet what it mote bee;
For much he wondred at that uncouth sight:
Whom should he, but his owne deare Lord, there see,
His owne deare Lord *Pyrochles*, in sad plight,
Readie to drowne himselfe for fell despight!
Harrow now out, and well away, he cryde,
What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,
To see my Lord so deadly damnifyde?
Pyrochles, O *Pyrochles*, what is thee betyde?

44

I burne, I burne, I burne, then loud he cryde,
O how I burne with implacable fire!
Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming syde,
Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of mire,
Nothing but death can doe me to respire.
Ah be it (said he) from *Pyrochles* farre
After pursewing death once to require,
Or think, that ought those puissant hands may marre:
Death is for wretches borne under unhappie starre.

Perdie, then is it fit for me (said he)
That am, I weene, most wretched man alive,
Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
And dying daily, daily yet revive:
O *Atin*, helpe to me last death to give.
The varlet at his plaint was grieved so sore,
That his deepe wounded hart in two did rive,
And his owne health remembring now no more,
Did follow that ensample, which he blam'd afore.

46

Into the lake he lept, his Lord to ayd,
(So Love the dread of daunger doth despise)
And of him catching hold him strongly stayd
From drowning. But, more happie he then wise,
Of that seas nature did him not avise.
The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were;
Engrost with mud, which did them foule agrise,
That every weightie thing they did upbeare,
Ne ought mote ever sinke downe to the bottome there.

47

Whiles thus they strugled in that idle wave,
And strove in vaine, the one himselfe to drowne,
The other both from drowning for to save,
Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
Whose hoarie locks great gravitie did crowne,
Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
By fortune came, led with the troublous sowne:
Where drenched deepe he found in that dull ford
The carefull servant, striving with his raging Lord.

Him *Atin* spying, knew right well of yore,
And loudly cald, Helpe helpe, O *Archimage*,
To save my Lord, in wretched plight forlore!
Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsell sage:
Weake hands, but counsell is most strong in age.
Him when the old man saw, he wondred sore,
To see *Pyrochles* there so rudely rage:
Yet sithens helpe, he saw, he needed more
Then pittie, he in hast approched to the shore.

49

And cald, *Pyrochles*, what is this, I see?
What hellish furie hath at earst thee hent?
Furious ever I thee knew to bee,
Yet never in this straunge astonishment.
These flames, these flames (he cryde) do me torment!
What flames (quoth he) when I thee present see,
In daunger rather to be drent, then brent?
Harrow, the flames, which me consume (said hee)
Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowels bee.

50

That cursed man, that cruell feend of hell,
Furor, oh *Furor* hath me thus bedight;
His deadly wounds within my livers swell,
And his whot fire burnes in mine entrails bright,
Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,
Sith late with him I batteil vaine would boste;
That now I weene *Joves* dreaded thunder light
Does scorch not halfe so sore, nor damned ghoste
In flaming *Phlegeton* does not so felly roste.

Which when as *Archimago* heard, his griefe
He knew right well, and him attonce disarmd;
Then searcht his secret wounds, and made a priefe
Of every place that was with brusing harmd,
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd.
Which done, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
And evermore with mighty spels them charmd,
That in short space he has them qualifyde,
And him restor'd to health that would have algates dyde.

Guyon findes Mammon in a delve,
Sunning his threasure hore;
Is by him tempted, and led downe
To see his secret store.

1

AS PILOT well expert in perilous wave,
That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
When foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have
The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,
Upon his card and compas firmes his eye,
The maisters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steddy helme apply,
Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly;

2

So *Guyon* having lost his trusty guide,
Late left beyond that *Ydle lake*, proceedes
Yet on his way, of none accompanide:
And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes,
Of his owne vertues, and prayse-worthy deedes.
So long he yode, yet no adventure found
Which fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes;
For still he traveild through wide wastfull ground,
That nought but desert wildernesse shew'd all around.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from heavens light,
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
Of griesly hew and fowle ill favour'd sight.
His face with smoke was tand and eyes were bleard,
His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have beene seard
In smithes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes appeard.

4

His yron coate, all overgrowne with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold,
Whose glistring glosse, darkned with filthy dust,
Well yet appeared to have beene of old
A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,
Woven with antickes and wild Imagery;
And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
And turned upsidowne, to feede his eye
And covetous desire with his huge threasury.

5

And round about him lay on every side
Great heapes of gold, that never could be spent;
Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
Of *Mulcibers* devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and distent
Into great Ingoes, and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moniment;
But most were stampt, and in their metall bare
The antique shapes of kings and kesars straunge and rare.

Soone as he *Guyon* saw, in great affright
And hast he rose, for to remove aside
Those pretious hils from straungers envious sight,
And downe them poured through an hole full wide,
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.
But *Guyon* lightly to him leaping, stayd
His hand, that trembled as one terrifyde;
And though himselfe were at the sight dismayd,
Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull sayd:

7

What are thou man (if man at all thou art)
That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
And these rich heapes of wealth doest hide apart
From the worldes eye, and from her right usaunce?
Thereat with staring eyes fixed askaunce,
In great disdaine, he answerd, Hardy Elfe,
That darest vew my direfull countenaunce,
I read thee rash, and heedlesse of thy selfe
To trouble my still seate and heapes of pretious pelfe.

8

God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great *Mammon*, greatest god below the skye,
That of my plenty poure out unto all,
And unto none my graces do envye:
Riches, renowme, and principality,
Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,
Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth have their eternall brood.

Wherefore if me thou deigne to serve and sew,
At thy commaund lo all these mountaines bee;
Or if to thy great mind or greedy vew
All these may not suffise, there shall to thee
Ten times so much be numbred francke and free.
Mammon (said he) thy godheades vaunt is vaine,
And idle offers of thy golden fee;
To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine,
Proffer thy giftes, and fitter servaunts entertaine.

10

Me ill besits, that in der-doing armes
And honours suit my vowed dayes do spend,
Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing charmes,
With which weake men thou witchest, to attend;
Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend,
And low abase the high heroicke spright,
That joyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend;
Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes be my delight—
Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight.

11

Vaineglorious Elfe, (said he) dost not thou weet
That money can thy wantes at will supply?
Shields, steeds, and armes, and all things for thee meet
It can purvay in twinckling of an eye;
And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
Do not I kings create, and throw the crowne
Sometimes to him that low in dust doth ly?
And him that raignd, into his rowme thrust downe,
And whom I lust do heape with glory and renowne?

All otherwise (said he) I riches read,
And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse:
First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,
And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
Leaving behind them griefe and heavinesse.
Infinite mischiefes of them do arize,
Strife, and debate, bloudshed, and bitternesse,
Outrageous wrong, and hellish covetize,
That noble heart as great dishonour doth despize.

13

Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine,
But realmes and rulers thou doest both confound,
And loyall truth to treason doest incline.
Witnesse the guiltlesse bloud pourd oft on ground,—
The crowned often slaine, the slayer cround,
The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,
And purple robe gored with many a wound;
Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent,—
So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull government.

14

Long were to tell the troublous stormes that tosse
The private state, and make the life unsweet;
Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
And in frayle wood on *Adrian* gulfe doth fleet,
Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet.
Then *Mammon* wexing wroth, And why then, said,
Are mortall men so fond and undiscreet,
So evill thing to seeke unto their ayd,
And having not complaine, and having it upbraid?

Indeede (quoth he) through fowle intemperaunce
Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetise;
But would they thinke with how small allowaunce
Untroubled Nature doth her selfe suffise,
Such superfluities they would despise,
Which with sad cares empeach our native joyes:
At the well head the purest streames arise;
But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyes,
And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave accloyes.

16

The antique world, in his first flowring youth,
Found no defect in his Creatours grace,
But with glad thankes, and unreproved truth,
The gifts of soveraigne bountie did embrace:
Like Angels life was then mens happy cace;
But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
Abusd her plenty, and fat swolne encreace
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her meane, and naturall first need.

17

Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great Grandmother with steele to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe,
With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he found
Fountaines of gold and silver to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoones he did compound;
Then avarice gan through his veines inspire
His greedy flames and kindled life-devouring fire.

Sonne (said he then) let be thy bitter scorne,
And leave the rudenesse of that antique age
To them that liv'd therein in state forlorne;
Thou that doest live in later times must wage
Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage.
If then thee list my offred grace to use,
Take what thou please of all this surplusage;
If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse;
But thing refused, do not afterward accuse.

19

Me list not (said the Elfin knight) receave
Thing offred, till I know it well be got;
Ne wote I but thou didst these goods bereave
From rightfull owner by unrighteous lot,
Or that bloud guiltinesse or guile them blot.
Perdy (quoth he) yet never eye did vew,
Ne toung did tell, ne hand these handled not:
But safe I have them kept in secret mew,
From heavens sight, and powre of all which them pursew.

20

What secret place (quoth he) can safely hold
So huge a masse, and hide from heavens eye?
Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?
Come thou (quoth he) and see. So by and by
Through that thicke covert he him led, and found
A darkesome way, which no man could descry,
That deepe descended through the hollow ground,
And was with dread and horrour compassed around.

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht it selfe into an ample plaine.
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
That streight did lead to *Plutoes* griesly raine:
By that wayes side there sate infernall Payne,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife:
The one in hand an yron whip did straine,
The other brandished a bloudy knife,
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

22

On thother side in one consort there sate,
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Gealosie out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place, where safe he shroud him might;
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknesse lye,
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

23

And over them sad Horrour with grim hew
Did alwayes sore, beating his yron wings;
And after him Owles and Night-ravens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolour telling sad tidings;
Whiles sad *Celeno*, sitting on a clift,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint a sunder could have rift;
Which having ended, after him she flyeth swift.

All these before the gates of *Pluto* lay,
By whom they passing, spake unto them nought.
But th'Elfin knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
At last him to a litle dore he brought,
That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adjoyning, ne them parted ought;
Betwixt them both was but a litle stride,
That did the house of Richesse from hell-mouth divide.

25

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare least Force or Fraud should unaware
Breake in and spoile the treasure there in gard;
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward
Approch, albe his drowsie den were next,—
For next to death is Sleepe to be compard,
Therefore his house is unto his annext;
Here Sleep, there Richesse, and Hel-gate them both betwext.

26

So soone as *Mammon* there arriv'd, the dore
To him did open, and affoorded way;
Him followed eke Sir *Guyon* evermore,
Ne darkenesse him, ne daunger might dismay.
Soone as he entred was, the dore streightway
Did shut, and from behind it forth there lept
An ugly feend, more fowle then dismall day,
The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
And ever as he went, dew watch upon him kept.

Well hoped he, ere long, that hardy guest,
If ever covetous hand, or lustfull eye,
Or lips he layd on thing that likt him best,
Or ever sleepe his eye-strings did untye,
Should be his pray. And therefore still on hye
He over him did hold his cruell clawes,
Threatening with greedy gripe to do him dye
And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
If ever he transgrest the fatall *Stygian* lawes.

28

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
Like an huge cave, hewne out of rocky clift,
From whose rough vaut the ragged breaches hong,
Embost with massy gold of glorious gift,
And with rich metall loaded every rift,
That heavy ruine they did seeme to threat;
And over them *Arachne* high did lift
Her cunning web, and spred her subtile net,
Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more blacke than Jet.

29

Both roofe and floore and wals were all of gold,
But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darknesse, that none could behold
The hew thereof, for vew of chearefull day
Did never in that house it selfe display;
But a faint shadow of uncertain light,
Such as a lamp whose life does fade away;
Or as the Moone, cloathed with clowdy night,
Does shew to him that walkes in feare and sad affright.

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene,
But huge great yron chests and coffers strong,
All bard with double bends, that none could weene
Them to efforce by violence or wrong;
On every side they placed were along.
But all the ground with sculs was scattered,
And dead mens bones, which round about were flong,
Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left unburied.

31

They forward passe, ne *Guyon* yet spoke word,
Till that they came unto an yron dore,
Which to them opened of his owne accord,
And shewd of richesse such exceeding store
As eye of man did never see before;
Ne ever could within one place be found,
Though all the wealth which is, or was of yore,
Could gathered be through all the world around,
And that above were added to that under ground.

32

The charge thereof unto a covetous Spright
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other covetous feends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.
Then *Mammon*, turning to the warriour, said,
Loe here the worldes blis, loe here the end,
To which all men do ayme, rich to be made:
Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid.

Certes (said he) I n'ill thine offred grace,
Ne to be made so happy do intend:
Another blis before mine eyes I place,
Another happinesse, another end.
To them that list, these base regardes I lend;
But I in armes, and in atchievements brave,
Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
And to be Lord of those that riches have,
Then them to have my selfe and be their servile sclave.

34

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And griev'd, so long to lacke his greedy pray;
For well he weened that so glorious bayte
Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay;
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
More light then Culver in the Faulcons fist.
Eternall God thee save from such decay!
But whenas *Mammon* saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

35

Thence forward he him led, and shortly brought
Unto another rowme, whose dore forthright
To him did open, as it had beene taught;
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred fornaces all burning bright;
By every fornace many feends did bide,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,
And every feend his busie paines applide
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tride.

One with great bellowes gathered filling aire,
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repaire
With yron toungs, and sprinckled oft the same
With liquid waves, fiers *Vulcans* rage to tame,
Who maistring them, renewd his former heat;
Some scumd the drosse, that from the metall came;
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great;
And every one did swincke, and every one did sweat.

37

But whenas earthly wight they present saw,
Glistring in armes and battailous aray,
From their whot worke they did themselves withdraw
To wonder at the sight; for till that day,
They never creature saw that came that way.
Their staring eyes sparckling with fervent fire,
And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
That were it not for shame, he would retire,
Till that him thus bespake their soveraigne Lord and sire.

38

Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,
That living eye before did never see!
The thing that thou didst crave so earnestly,
To weet, whence all the wealth late shewd by mee
Proceeded, lo now is reveald to thee.
Here is the fountaine of the worldes good:
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
Avise thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood,
Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood.

Suffise it then, thou Money God (quoth hee)
That all thine idle offers I refuse.
All that I need I have; what needeth mee
To covet more then I have cause to use?
With such vaine shewes thy worldlings vile abuse;
But give me leave to follow mine emprise.
Mammon was much displeasd, yet no'te he chuse
But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise,
And thence him forward led, him further to entise.

40

He brought him through a darksome narrow strait,
To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold.
The gate was open, but therein did wait
A sturdy villein, striding stiffe and bold,
As if that highest God defie he would:
In his right hand an yron club he held,
But he himselfe was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and sence, and well could weld
That cursed weapon when his cruell foes he queld.

41

Disdayne he called was, and did disdaine
To be so cald, and who so did him call:
Sterne was his looke and full of stomacke vaine,
His portaunce terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing th'hight of men terrestriall;
Like an huge Gyant of the *Titans* race,
That made him scorne all creatures great and small,
And with his pride all others powre deface—
More fit amongst blacke fiendes, then men to have his place.

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye,
That with their brightnesse made that darknesse light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,
And threaten batteill to the Faery knight;
Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight,
Till *Mammon* did his hasty hand withhold,
And counseld him abstaine from perilous fight;
For nothing might abash the villein bold,
Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

43

So having him with reason pacifide,
And the fiers Carle commaunding to forebeare,
He brought him in. The rowme was large and wide,
As it some Gyeld or solemne Temple weare:
Many great golden pillours did upbeare
The massy roofe, and riches huge sustayne,
And every pillour decked was full deare
With crownes and Diademes and titles vaine,
Which mortall Princes wore whiles they on earth did rayne.

44

A route of people there assembled were
Of every sort and nation under skye,
Which with great uprore preaced to draw nere
To th' upper part, where was advaunced hye
A stately siege of soveraigne majestye;
And thereon sat a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royaltye,
That never earthly Prince in such aray
His glory did enhaunce and pompous pride display.

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see;
Yet was not that same her owne native hew,
But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call;
Nath'lesse most heavenly faire in deed and vew
She by creation was till she did fall;
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crime withall.

46

There, as in glistring glory, she did sit.
She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
Whose upper end to highest heaven was knit,
And lower part did reach to lowest Hell;
And all that preace did round about her swell,
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To clime aloft, and others to excell—
That was *Ambition*, rash desire to sty,
And every lincke thereof a step of dignity.

47

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
By riches and unrighteous reward,
Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree,
Others through friends, others for base regard;
And all by wrong wayes for themselves prepard.
Those that were up themselves, kept others low,
Those that were low themselves, held others hard,
Ne suffred them to rise or greater grow;
But every one did strive his fellow downe to throw.

Which whenas *Guyon* saw, he gan inquire
What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,
And what she was that did so high aspire.
Him *Mammon* answered: That goodly one,
Whom all that folke with such contention
Do flocke about, my deare, my daughter is;
Honour and dignitie from her alone
Derived are, and all this worldes blis
For which ye men do strive: few get, but many mis.

49

And faire *Philotime* she rightly hight,
The fairest wight that wonneth under skye,
But that this darksome neather world her light
Doth dim with horrour and deformitie,
Worthy of heaven and hye felicitie,
From whence the gods have her for envy thrust;
But sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
That she may thee advance for workes and merites just.

50

Gramercy, *Mammon*, (said the gentle knight)
For so great grace and offred high estate;
But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
Unworthy match for such immortall mate
My selfe well wote, and mine unequall fate;
And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,
And love avowd to other Lady late,
That to remove the same I have no might:
To chaunge love causelesse is reproch to warlike knight.

Mammon emmoved was with inward wrath:
Yet forcing it to faine, him forth thence led
Through griesly shadowes by a beaten path,
Into a gardin goodly garnished
With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be red:
Not such, as earth out of her fruitfull woomb
Throwes forth to men, sweet and well savoured,
But direfull deadly blacke both leafe and bloom,
Fit to adorne the dead and decke the drery toombe.

52

There mournfull *Cypresse* grew in greatest store,
And trees of bitter *Gall*, and *Heben* sad:
Dead sleeping *Poppy* and blacke *Hellebore*,
Cold *Coloquintida*, and *Tetra* mad:
Mortall *Samnitis*, and *Cicuta* bad,
With which th' unjust *Atheniens* made to dy
Wise *Socrates*, who thereof quaffing glad,
Pourd out his life and last Philosophy
To the faire *Critias*, his dearest Belamy.

53

The *Gardin* of *Proserpina* this hight;
And in the midst thereof a silver seat
With a thicke Arber goodly over dight,
In which she often usd from open heat
Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With braunches broad dispred and body great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote see,
And loaden all with fruit as thicke as it might bee.

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold:
On earth like never grew, ne living wight
Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold:
For those which *Hercules* with conquest bold
Got from great *Atlas* daughters, hence began,
And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold.
And those with which th' *Eubœan* young man wan
Swift *Atalanta*, when through craft he her out ran.

55

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit
With which *Acontius* got his lover trew,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit;
Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,
The which emongst the gods false *Ate* threw,
For which th' *Idœan* Ladies disagreed,
Till partiall *Paris* dempt it *Venus* dew,
And had of her faire *Helen* for his meed,
That many noble *Greekes* and *Troians* made to bleed.

56

The warlike Elfe much wondred at this tree,
So faire and great, that shadowed all the ground,
And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
Of this great gardin, compast with a mound,
Which over-hanging, they themselves did steepe,
In a blacke flood which flow'd about it round:
That is the river of *Cocytus* deepe,
In which full many soules do endlesse waile and weepe.

Which to behold, he clomb up to the banke,
And looking downe saw many damned wights
In those sad waves, which direfull deadly stanke,
Plonged continually of cruell Sprights,
That with their pitteous cryes, and yelling shrights,
They made the further shore resounden wide:
Emongst the rest of those same ruefull sights,
One cursed creature he by chaunce espide
That drenched lay full deepe under the Garden side.

58

Deepe was he drenched to the upmost chin,
Yet gaped still, as coveting to drinke
Of the cold liquor which he waded in,
And stretching forth his hand did often thinke
To reach the fruit which grew upon the brincke;
But both the fruit from hand and floud from mouth
The whiles he sterv'd with hunger and with drouth
Die flie abacke, and made him vainely swinke;
He daily dyde, yet never throughly dyen couth.

59

The knight him seeing labour so in vaine,
Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby;
Who groning deepe, thus answerd him againe:
Most cursed of all creatures under skye,
Lo *Tantalus,* I here tormented lye,
Of whom high *Jove* wont whylome feasted bee.
Lo here I now for want of food doe dye;
But if that thou be such, as I thee see,
Of grace I pray thee, give to eat and drinke to mee.

Nay, nay, thou greedie *Tantalus* (quoth he),
Abide the fortune of thy present fate,
And unto all that live in high degree,
Ensample be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to use their present state.
Then gan the cursed wretch aloud to cry,
Accusing highest *Jove* and gods ingrate,
And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,
As authour of unjustice, there to let him dye.

61

He lookt a little further, and espyde
Another wretch, whose carkasse deepe was drent
Within the river, which the same did hyde:
But both his hands most filthy feculent,
Above the water were on high extent,
And faynd to wash themselves incessantly;
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fowler seemed to the eye;
So lost his labour vaine and idle industry.

62

The knight him calling, asked who he was,
Who lifting up his head, him answerd thus:
I *Pilate* am, the falsest Judge, alas,
And most unjust, that by unrighteous
And wicked doome, to Jewes despiteous
Delivered up the Lord of life to die,
And did acquite a murdrer felonous;
The whiles my hands I washt in puritie,
The whiles my soule was soyld with foule iniquitie.

Infinite moe tormented in like paine
He there beheld, too long here to be told;
Ne *Mammon* would there let him long remaine,
For terrour of the tortures manifold
In which the damned soules he did behold,
But roughly him bespake: Thou fearefull foole,
Why takest not of that same fruit of gold,
Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole,
To rest thy wearie person in the shadow coole.

64

All which he did to doe him deadly fall
In frayle intemperance through sinfull bayt;
To which if he inclined had at all
That dreadfull feend, which did behind him wayt,
Would him have rent in thousand peeces strayt:
But he was warie wise in all his way,
And well perceived his deceiptful sleight,
Ne suffred lust his safetie to betray;
So goodly did beguile the Guyler of the pray.

65

And now he has so long remained there,
That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan,
For want of food, and sleepe, which two upbeare,
Like mightie pillours, this fraile life of man,
That none without the same enduren can.
For now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
Since he this hardie enterprize began;
Forthy great *Mammon* fairely he besought
Into the world to guide him backe, as he him brought.

The God, though loth, yet was constraind t' obay,
For lenger time then that, no living wight
Below the earth might suffred be to stay;
So backe againe him brought to living light.
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
Gan sucke this vitall aire into his brest,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his senses were with deadly fit oppreſt.

Sir Guyon laid in swowne is by
Acrates sonnes despoyld,
Whom Arthur soone hath reskewed
And Paynim brethren foyld.

1

AND is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is; else much more wretched were the cace
Of men, then beasts. But O th' exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed Angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

2

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us, that succour want?
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
The flitting skyes, like flying Pursuivant,
Against foule feends to aide us millitant?
They for us fight, they watch, and dewly ward,
And their bright Squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

During the while that *Guyon* did abide
In *Mammons* house, the Palmer, whom whyleare
That wanton Mayd of passage had denide,
By further search had passage found elsewhere,
And being on his way, approched neare,
Where *Guyon* lay in traunce, when suddenly
He heard a voice, that called loud and cleare,
Come hither, come hither, O come hastily!
That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

4

The Palmer lent his eare unto the noyce,
To weet, who called so importunely;
Againe he heard a more efforced voyce,
That bad him come in haste. He by and by
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that shadie delve him brought at last,
Where *Mammon* earst did sunne his threasury.
There the good *Guyon* he found slumbring fast
In senselesse dreame; which sight at first him sore aghast.

5

Beside his head there sate a faire young man,
Of wondrous beautie and of freshest yeares,
Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
And flourish faire above his equall peares;
His snowy front curled with golden heares
Like *Phœbus* face adornd with sunny rayes
Divinely shone, and two sharpe winged sheares,
Decked with diverse plumes, like painted Jayes,
Were fixed at his backe, to cut his ayerie wayes.

Like as *Cupido* on *Idæan* hill,
When having laid his cruell bow away,
And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
The world with murdrous spoiles and bloudie pray,
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, *Graces* three:
The Goddesse pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguild to bee,
The whiles the other Ladies mind their merry glee.

7

Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was
Through fear and wonder, that he nought could say,
Till him the child bespoke, Long lackt, alas,
Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay,
Whiles deadly fit thy pupill doth dismay;
Behold this heavie sight, thou reverend Sire,
But dread of death and dolour doe away;
For life ere long shall to her home retire,
And he that breathlesse seemes, shal corage bold respire.

8

The charge, which God doth unto me arret,
Of his deare safetie, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forget
The care thereof my selfe unto the end,
But evermore him succour, and defend
Against his foe and mine; watch thou I pray,
For evill is at hand him to offend.
So having said, eftsoones he gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

The Palmer seeing his left empty place,
And his slow eyes beguiled of their sight,
Woxe sore affraid, and standing still a space,
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight;
At last him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try;
Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,
He much rejoyst, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

10

At last he spide where towards him did pace
Two Paynim knights, all armd as bright as skie,
And them beside an aged Sire did trace,
And farre before a light-foot Page did flie,
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie;
Those were the two sonnes of *Acrates* old,
Who meeting earst with *Archimago* slie,
Foreby that idle strond, of him were told,
That he which earst them combatted was *Guyon* bold.

11

Which to avenge on him they dearely vowd,
Where ever that on ground they mote him fynd;
False *Archimage* povokt their courage prowd,
And stryfull *Atin* in their stubborne mynd
Coles of contention and whot vengeance tynd.
Now bene they come, whereas the Palmer sate,
Keeping that slombred corse to him assynd;
Well knew they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloudie armes they rashly did debate.

Whom when *Pyrochles* saw, inflam'd with rage,
That sire he foule bespake: Thou dotard vile,
That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely age,
Abandone soone, I read, the caitive spoile
Of that same outcast carkasse, that erewhile
Made it selfe famous through false trechery,
And crownd his coward crest with knightly stile;
Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,
To prove he lived ill, that did thus foully dye.

13

To whom the Palmer fearelesse answered:
Certes, Sir knight, ye bene too much to blame,
Thus for to blot the honour of the dead,
And with foule cowardize his carkasse shame,
Whose living hands immortalized his name.
Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,
And envie base, to barke at sleeping fame;
Was never wight, that treason of him told—
Your selfe his prowesse prov'd and found him fiers and bold.

14

Then said *Cymochles*: Palmer, thou doest dote,
Ne canst of prowesse, ne of knighthood deeme,
Save as thou seest or hearst. But well I wote
That of his puissance tryall made extreeme;
Yet gold all is not that doth golden seeme,
Ne all good knights that shake well speare and shield:
The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
And then due praise or due reproch them yield:
Bad therefore I him deeme that thus lies dead on field.

Good or bad (gan his brother fierce reply)
What doe I recke, sith that he dyde entire?
Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
The greedy hunger of revenging ire,
Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne desire?
Yet since no way is left to wreake my spight,
I will him reave of armes, the victors hire,
And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?

16

Faire Sir, said then the Palmer suppliaunt,
For knighthoods love, do not so foule a deed,
Ne blame your honour with so shamefull vaunt
Of vile revenge. To spoile the dead of weed
Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed;
But leave these relicks of his living might,
To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blacke steed.
What herce or steed (said he) should he have dight,
But be entombed in the raven or the kight?

17

With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,
And th'other brother gan his helme unlace,
Both fiercely bent to have him disaraid;
Till that they spide, where towards them did pace
An armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
Whose squire bore after him an heben launce
And covered shield. Well kend him so farre space
Th'enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,
When under him he saw his Lybian steed to praunce.

And to those brethren said: Rise, rise by live,
And unto battell doe your selves addresse!
For yonder comes the prowest knight alive,
Prince *Arthur,* flowre of grace and nobilesse,
That hath to Paynim knights wrought great distresse,
And thousand Sar'zins foully donen to dye!
That word so deepe did in their harts impresse,
That both eftsoones upstarted furiously,
And gan themselves prepare to battell greedily.

19

But fierce *Pyrochles,* lacking his owne sword,
The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
And *Archimage* besought him that afford
Which he had brought for *Braggadocchio* vaine.
So would I (said th'enchaunter) glad and faine
Beteeme to you this sword, you to defend,
Or ought that else your honour might maintaine,
But that this weapons powre I well have kend,
To be contrarie to the worke which ye intend.

20

For that same knights owne sword this is of yore,
Which *Merlin* made by his almightie art
For that his noursling, when he knighthood swore,
Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart.
The metall first he mixt with *Medœwart,*
That no enchauntment from his dint might save;
Then it in flames of *Aetna* wrought apart,
And seven times dipped in the bitter wave
Of hellish *Styx,* which hidden vertue to it gave.

The vertue is, that neither steele, nor stone
The stroke thereof from entrance may defend;
Ne ever may be used by his fone,
Ne forst his rightfull owner to offend,
Ne ever will it breake, ne ever bend.
Wherefore *Morddure* it rightfully is hight.
In vaine therefore, *Pyrochles*, should I lend
The same to thee, against his lord to fight;
For sure it would deceive thy labour and thy might.

22

Foolish old man, said then the Pagan wroth,
That weenest words or charmes may force withstond;
Soone shalt thou see, and then beleeve for troth,
That I can carve with this inchaunted brond
His Lords owne flesh. Therewith out of his hond
That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away,
And *Guyons* shield about his wrest he bond;
So readie dight, fierce battaile to assay,
And match his brother proud in battailous array.

23

By this that straunger knight in presence came,
And goodly salued them; who nought againe
Him answered, as courtesie became,
But with sterne lookes, and stomachous disdaine,
Gave signes of grudge and discontentment vaine.
Then turning to the Palmer, he gan spy
Where at his feete, with sorrowfull demaine
And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,
In whose dead face he red great magnanimity.

Said he then to the Palmer: Reverend syre,
What great misfortune hath betidd this knight?
Or did his life her fatall date expyre,
Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?
How ever, sure I rew his pitteous plight.
Not one, nor other, (said the Palmer grave)
Hath him befalne, but cloudes of deadly night
A while his heavie eylids cover'd have,
And all his senses drowned in deepe senselesse wave.

25

Which, those his cruell foes, that stand hereby,
Making advantage to revenge their spight,
Would him disarme, and treaten shamefully,
Unworthy usage of redoubted knight.
But you, faire Sir, whose honorable sight
Doth promise hope of helpe, and timely grace,
Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,
And by your powre protect his feeble cace.
First praise of knighthood is, foule outrage to deface.

26

Palmer, (said he) no knight so rude, I weene,
As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost;
Ne was there ever noble courage seene,
That in advauntage would his puissance bost;
Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.
May be that better reason will asswage
The rash revengers heat. Words well dispost
Have secret powre, t'appease inflamed rage;
If not, leave unto me thy knights last patronage.

Tho turning to those brethren thus bespoke:
Ye warlike payre, whose valorous great might
It seems just wrongs to vengeance doe provoke,
To wreake your wrath on this dead seeming knight,
Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,
And settle patience in so furious heat?
Not to debate the chalenge of your right,
But for this carkasse pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath alreadie laid in lowest seat.

28

To whom *Cymochles* said, For what art thou,
That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to prolong
The vengeance prest? Or who shall let me now,
On this vile bodie from to wreake my wrong,
And make his carkasse as the outcast dong?
Why should not that dead carrion satisfie
The guilt which, if he lived had thus long,
His life for due revenge should deare abie?
The trespasse still doth live, albe the person die.

29

Indeed (then said the Prince) the evill donne
Dyes not when breath the bodie first doth leave,
But from the grandsyre to the Nephewes sonne
And all his seed the curse doth often cleave,
Till vengeance utterly the guilt bereave;
So streightly God doth judge. But gentle knight
That doth against the dead his hand upreare,
His honour staines with rancour and despight,
And great disparagement makes to his former might.

Pyrochles gan reply the second time,
And to him said, Now felon sure I read,
How that thou art partaker of his crime;
Therefore by *Termagaunt* thou shalt be dead.
With that his hand, more sad then lomp of lead,
Uplifting high, he weened with *Morddure*,
His owne good sword *Morddure*, to cleave his head,
The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,
But swarving from the marke, his Lords life did assure.

31

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
That horse and man it made to reele aside;
Nath'lesse the Prince would not forsake his sell,
For well of yore he learned had to ride,
But full of anger fiercely to him cride:
False traitour miscreant, thou broken hast
The law of armes, to strike foe undefide.
But thou thy treasons fruit, I hope, shalt taste
Right sowre, and feele the law the which thou hast defast.

32

With that his balefull speare he fiercely bent
Against the Pagans brest, and therewith thought
His cursed life out of her lodge have rent;
But ere the point arrived, where it ought,
That seven-fold shield which he from *Guyon* brought
He cast betwene to ward the bitter stound:
Through all those foldes the steelehead passage wrought
And through his shoulder pierst; wherewith to ground
He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great griefe
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
And fowly said, By *Mahoune*, cursed thiefe,
That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby.
Then hurling up his harmefull blade on hye,
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,
That from his saddle forced him to fly;
Else mote it needes downe to his manly brest
Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dispossest.

34

Now was the Prince in daungerous distresse,
Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight;
His single speare could doe him small redresse,
Against two foes of so exceeding might,
The least of which was match for any knight.
And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,
Had reard himselfe againe to cruell fight
Three times more furious and more puissaunt,
Unmindful of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

35

So both attonce him charge on either side,
With hideous strokes, and importable powre,
That forced him his ground to traverse wide,
And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre:
For in his shield, as thicke as stormie showre
Their strokes did raine, yet did he never quaile,
Ne backward shrinke; but as a stedfast towre,
Whom foe with double battry doth assaile,
Them on her bulwarke beares and bids them nought availe:

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay,
Till that at last, when he advantage spyde,
His poinant speare he thrust with puissant sway
At proud *Cymochles*, whiles his shield was wyde,
That through his thigh the mortall steele did gryde.
He swarving with the force, within his flesh
Did breake the launce, and let the head abyde:
Out of the wound the red bloud flowed fresh,
That underneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.

37

Horribly then he gan to rage, and rayle,
Cursing his Gods, and himselfe damning deepe.
Als when his brother saw the red bloud rayle
Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
For very felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,
And said, Caytive, cursse on thy cruell hond,
That twise hath sped; yet shall it not thee keepe
From the third brunt of this my fatall brond.
Loe where the dreadfull Death behind thy backe doth stond!

38

With that he strooke, and th'other strooke withall,
That nothing seem'd mote beare so monstrous might.
The one upon his covered shield did fall,
And glauncing downe would not his owner byte;
But th'other did upon his troncheon smyte,
Which hewing quite asunder, further way
It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,
The which dividing with importune sway,
It seizd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,
Red as the Rose, thence gushed grievously;
That when the Paynim spyde the streaming blood,
Gave him great hart, and hope of victory.
On th'other side, in huge perplexity,
The Prince now stood, having his weapon broke;
Nought could he hurt, but still at ward did ly;
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
Cymochles twise, that twise him forst his foot revoke.

40

Whom when the Palmer saw in such distresse,
Sir *Guyons* sword he lightly to him raught,
And said, Faire Son, great God thy right hand blesse,
To use that sword so wisely as it ought.
Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage fraught
Whenas againe he armed felt his hond;
Then like a Lion, which hath long time saught
His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond
Emongst the shepheard swaynes, then wexeth wood and yond,

41

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
On either side, that neither mayle could hold,
Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes.
Now to *Pyrochles* many strokes he told;
Eft to *Cymochles* twise so many fold;
Then backe againe turning his busie hond,
Them both attonce compeld with courage bold
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;
And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not both withstond.

As salvage Bull, whom two fierce mastives bayt,
When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
Forgets with warie ward them to awayt,
But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,
Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the flore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,
That all the forrest quakes to heare him rore:
So rag'd Prince *Arthur* twixt this foemen twaine,
That neither could his mightie puissance sustaine.

43

But ever at *Pyrochles* when he smit,
Who *Guyons* shield cast ever him before,
Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtract was writ,
His hand relented, and the stroke forbore,
And his deare hart the picture gan adore,
Which oft the Paynim sav'd from deadly stowre.
But him henceforth the same can save no more;
For now arrived is his fatall howre,
That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

44

For when *Cymochles* saw the fowle reproch,
Which them appeached, prickt with guilty shame,
And inward griefe, he fiercely gan approch,
Resolv'd to put away that loathy blame,
Or dye with honour and desert of fame;
And on the hauberk stroke the Prince so sore,
That quite disparted all the linked frame
And pierced to the skin, but bit no more;
Yet made him twise to reele that never moou'd afore.

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharpe regret,
He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,
That it empierst the Pagans burganet,
And cleaving the hard steele, did deepe invade
Into his head, and cruell passage made
Quite through his braine. He tombling downe on ground,
Breathd out his ghost, which to th'infernall shade
Fast flying, there eternall torment found,
For all the sinnes wherewith his lewd life did abound.

46

Which when his german saw, the stony feare
Ran to his hart, and all his sence dismayd,
Ne thenceforth life ne courage did appeare;
But as a man whom hellish feends have frayd,
Long trembling still he stood—at last thus sayd,
Traytour what hast thou doen? how ever may
Thy cursed hand so cruelly have swayd
Against that knight? Harrow and well away,
After so wicked deed why liv'st thou lenger day?

47

With that all desperate, as loathing light,
And with revenge desiring soone to dye,
Assembling all his force and utmost might,
With his owne sword he fierce at him did flye,
And strooke, and foynd, and lasht outrageously,
Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
The Prince with patience and sufferaunce sly
So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew;
Tho when this breathlesse woxe, that batteil gan renew.

As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,
That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
The cloudes, as things affrayd, before him flye;
But all so soone as his outrageous powre
Is layd, they fiercely then begin to shoure,
And as in scorne of his spent stormy spright,
Now all attonce their malice forth do poure;
So did Prince *Arthur* beare himselfe in fight,
And suffred rash *Pyrochles* wast his idle might.

49

At last whenas the Sarazin perceiv'd
How that straunge sword refusd to serve his need,
But when he stroke most strong, the dint deceiv'd,
He flong it from him, and devoyd of dreed,
Upon him lightly leaping without heed,
Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
Thinking to overthrow and downe him tred;
But him in strength and skill the Prince surpast,
And through his nimble sleight did under him down cast.

50

Nought booted it the Paynim then to strive;
For as a Bittur in the Eagles claw,
That may not hope by flight to scape alive,
Still waites for death with dread and trembling aw;
So he now subject to the victours law,
Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,
For vile disdaine and rancour, which did gnaw
His hart in twaine with sad melancholy,
As one that loathed life, and yet despised to dye.

But full of Princely bounty and great mind,
The Conquerour nought cared him to slay,
But casting wrongs and all revenge behind,
More glory thought to give life then decay,
And said, Paynim, this is thy dismall day;
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreaunce,
And my trew liegeman yield thy selfe for ay,
Life will I graunt thee for thy valiaunce,
And all thy wrongs will wipe out of my sovenaunce.

52

Foole (said the Pagan) I thy gift defye,
But use thy fortune as it doth befall,
And say that I not overcome do dye,
But in despight of life for death do call.
Wroth was the Prince, and sory yet withall,
That he so wilfully refused grace;
Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,
His shining Helmet he gan soone unlace,
And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

53

By this Sir *Guyon* from his traunce awakt,
Life having maistered her sencelesse foe,
And looking up, when as his shield he lakt,
And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe:
But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
Had lost, he by him spide, right glad he grew,
And said, Deare sir, whom wandring to and fro
I long have lackt, I joy thy face to vew;
Firme is thy faith, whom daunger never fro me drew.

54

But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
Of my good sword and shield? The Palmer, glad
With so fresh hew uprising him to see,
Him answered, Faire sonne, be no whit sad
For want of weapons; they shall soone be had.
So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
Which that straunge knight of him sustained had,
And those two Sarazins confounded late.
Whose carcases on ground were horribly prostrate.

55

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,
His hart with great affection was embayd,
And to the Prince bowing with reverence dew,
As to the Patrone of his life, thus sayd,
My Lord, my liege, by whose most gratious ayd
I live this day, and see my foes subdewd,
What may suffise to be for meede repayd
Of so great graces as ye have me shewd,
But to be ever bound. . . .

56

To whom the Infant thus: Faire Sir, what need
Good turnes be counted as a servile bond
To bind their doers to receive their meede?
Are not all knights by oath bound to withstond
Oppressors powre by armes and puissant hond?
Suffise, that I have done my dew in place.
So goodly purpose they together fond,
Of kindnesse and of curteous aggrace;
The whiles false *Archimage* and *Atin* fled apace.

Canto IX

The house of Temperance, in which doth sober Alma dwell,
Besiegd of many foes, whom straunger knightes to flight compell.

1

OF ALL Gods workes, which do this world adorne,
There is no one more faire and excellent,
Then is mans body both for powre and forme,
Whiles it is kept in sober government;
But none then it more fowle and indecent,
Distempred through misrule and passions bace—
It growes a Monster, and incontinent
Doth loose his dignitie and native grace.
Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.

2

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The *Briton* Prince recov'ring his stolne sword,
And *Guyon* his lost shield, they both yfere
Forth passed on their way in faire accord,
Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord:
Sir knight, mote I of you this curt'sie read,
To weet why on your shield so goodly scord
Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?
Full lively is the semblaunt, though the substance dead.

Faire Sir (said he) if in that picture dead
Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew,
What mote ye weene if the trew lively-head
Of that most glorious visage ye did vew?
But if the beautie of her mind ye knew,
That is her bountie, and imperiall powre,
Thousand times fairer then her mortall hew,
O how great wonder would your thoughts devoure,
And infinite desire into your spirite poure!

4

She is the mighty Queene of *Faerie*,
Whose faire retrait I in my shield do beare;
She is the flowre of grace and chastitie,
Throughout the world renowmed far and neare—
My liefe, my liege, my Soveraigne, my deare,
Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,
And with her light the earth enlumines cleare;
Far reach her mercies, and her prayses farre,
As well in state of peace as puissaunce in warre.

5

Thrise happy man, (said then the *Briton* knight)
Whom gracious lot, and thy great valiaunce
Have made thee souldier of that Princesse bright,
Which with her bounty and glad countenance
Doth blesse her servaunts, and them high advaunce.
How may straunge knight hope ever to aspire,
By faithfull service and meet amenance,
Unto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
For losse of thousand lives, to dye at her desire.

Said *Guyon*, Noble Lord, what meed so great,
Or grace of earthly Prince so soveraine,
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?
But were your will her sold to entertaine,
And numbred be mongst knights of *Maydenhed*,
Great guerdon well I wote, should you remaine,
And in her favour high be reckoned,
As *Arthegall* and *Sophy* now beene honored.

7

Certes (then said the Prince) I God avow,
That sith I armes and knighthood first did plight,
My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
To serve that Queene with all my powre and might.
Now hath the Sunne with his lamp-burning light,
Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,
Sith of that Goddesse I have sought the sight,
Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
Heaven doth to me envy, and fortune favourlesse.

8

Fortune, the foe of famous chevisaunce,
Seldome (said *Guyon*) yields to vertue aide:
But in her way throwes mischiefe and mischaunce,
Whereby her course is stopt, and passage staid.
But you, faire Sir, be not herewith dismaid,
But constant keepe the way, in which ye stand;
Which were it not, that I am else delaid
With hard adventure which I have in hand,
I labour would to guide you through all Faery land.

Gramercy Sir (said he) but mote I weete,
What straunge adventure do ye now pursew?
Perhaps my succour or advizement meete
Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew.
Then gan Sir *Guyon* all the story shew
Of false *Acrasia*, and her wicked wiles,
Which to avenge, the Palmer him forth drew
From Faery court. So talked they, the whiles
They wasted had much way and measurd many miles.

10

And now faire *Phœbus* gan decline in hast
His weary wagon to the Westerne vale,
Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plast
Foreby a river in a pleasaunt dale,
Which choosing for that evenings hospitale,
They thither marcht; but when they came in sight,
And from their sweaty Coursers did avale,
They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
And every loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

11

Which when they saw, they weened fowle reproch
Was to them doen, their entrance to forstall,
Till that the Squire gan nigher to approch,
And wind his horne under the castle wall,
That with the noise it shooke, as it would fall.
Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spire
The watch, and lowd unto the knights did call,
To weete, what they so rudely did require;
Who gently answered, They entrance did desire.

Fly, fly, good knights, (said he) fly fast away,
If that your lives ye love, as meete ye should;
Fly fast, and save your selves from neare decay.
Here may ye not have entraunce, though we would;
We would and would againe, if that we could;
But thousand enemies about us rave,
And with long siege us in this castle hould.
Seven yeares this wize they us besieged have,
And many good knights slaine, that have us sought to save.

13

Thus as he spoke, loe, with outragious cry
A thousand villeins round about them swarmd
Out of the rockes and caves adjoyning nye,—
Vile caytive wretches, ragged, rude, deformd,
All threatning death, all in straunge manner armd;
Some with unweldy clubs, some with long speares,
Some rusty knives, some staves in fire warmd.
Sterne was their looke, like wild amazed steares,
Staring with hollow eyes and stiffe upstanding heares.

14

Fiersly at first those knights they did assaile,
And drove them to recoile; but when againe
They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to faile,
Unhable their encounter to sustaine;
For with such puissaunce and impetuous maine
Those Champions broke on them, that forst them fly,
Like scattered Sheepe, whenas the Shepheards swaine
A Lyon and a Tigre doth espye,
With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest nye.

A while they fled, but soone returnd againe
With greater fury then before was found;
And evermore their cruell Capitaine
Sought with his raskall routs t'enclose them round,
And overrun to tread them to the ground.
But soone the knights with their bright-burning blades
Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confound,
Hewing and slashing at their idle shades;
For though they bodies seeme, yet substance from them fades.

16

As when a swarme of Gnats at eventide
Out of the fennes of Allan do arise,
Their murmuring small trompets sounden wide,
Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;
Ne man nor beast may rest or take repast,
For their sharpe wounds and noyous injuries,
Till the fierce Northerne wind with blustring blast
Doth blow them quite away, and in the *Ocean* cast.

17

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,
Unto the castle gate they come againe,
And entraunce crav'd, which was denied erst.
Now when report of that their perilous paine,
And combrous conflict which they did sustaine,
Came to the Ladies eare, which there did dwell,
She forth issewed with a goodly traine
Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,
And entertained them right fairely as befell.

Alma she called was, a virgin bright,
That had not yet felt *Cupides* wanton rage,
Yet was she woo'd of many a gentle knight,
And many a Lord of noble parentage,
That sought with her to lincke in marriage;
For she was faire, as faire mote ever bee,
And in the flowre now of her freshest age;
Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,
That even heaven rejoyced her sweete face to see.

19

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,
That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught,
The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd,
Braunched with gold and pearle, most richly wrought,
And borne of two faire Damsels, which were taught
That service well. Her yellow golden heare
Was trimly woven and in tresses wrought,
Ne other tyre she on her head did weare,
But crowned with a garland of sweete Rosiere.

20

Goodly she entertaind those noble knights,
And brought them up into her castle hall
Where gentle court and gracious delight
She to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
Shewing her selfe both wise and liberall.
There, when they rested had a season dew,
They her besought of favour speciall,
Of that faire Castle to affoord them vew;
She graunted, and them leading forth, the same did shew.

First she them led up to the Castle wall,
That was so high, as foe might not it clime,
And all so faire and fensible withall,
Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
But of thing like to that *Ægyptian* slime,
Whereof king *Nine* whilome built *Babell* towre:
But O great pitty that no lenger time
So goodly workemanship should not endure!
Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

22

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare,
And part triangulare. O workee divine!
Those two the first and last proportions are,
The one imperfect, mortall, fœminine:
Th'other immortall, perfect, masculine:
And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
Proportioned equally by seven and nine—
Nine was the circle set in heavens place.
All which compacted made a goodly diapase.

23

Therein two gates were placed seemly well:
The one before, by which all in did pas,
Did th'other far in workmanship excell:
For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
But of more worthy substance fram'd it was:
Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
That when it locked, none might thorough pas,
And when it opened, no man might it close:
Still open to their friends, and closed to their foes.

Of hewen stone the porch was fairely wrought,
Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,
Then Jet or Marble far from Ireland brought;
Over the which was cast a wandring vine,
Enchaced with a wanton yvie twine.
And over it a faire Portcullis hong,
Which to the gate directly did incline,
With comely compasse and compacture strong,
Neither unseemely short, nor yet exceeding long.

25

Within the Barbican a Porter sate,
Day and night duely keeping watch and ward,
Nor wight, nor word mote passe out of the gate,
But in good order, and with dew regard;
Utterers of secrets he from thence debard,
Bablers of folly, and blazers of crime.
His larumbell might lowd and wide be hard
When cause requird, but never out of time;
Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.

26

And round about the porch on every side
Twise sixteen warders sat, all armed bright
In glistring steele, and strongly fortifide—
Tall yeomen seemed they, and of great might,
And were enraunged ready, still for fight.
By them as *Alma* passed with her guestes,
They did obeysaunce, as beseemed right,
And then againe returned to their restes;
The Porter eke to her did lout with humble gestes.

Thence she them brought into a stately Hall,
Wherein were many tables faire dispred,
And ready dight with drapets festivall
Against the viaundes should be ministred.
At th'upper end there sate, yclad in red
Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
That in his hand a white rod menaged;
He, Steward, was hight *Diet*, rype of age,
And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

28

And through the Hall there walked to and fro
A jolly yeoman, Marshall of the same,
Whose name was *Appetite;* he did bestow
Both guestes and meate, when ever in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the Steward bad. They both attone
Did dewty to their Lady, as became:
Who passing by, forth led her guests anone
Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for nicenesse none.

29

It was a vaut ybuilt for great dispence,
With many raunges reard along the wall;
And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence
The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all
There placed was a caudron wide and tall,
Upon a mighty furnace, burning whot,—
More whot, then *Aetn'*, or flaming *Mongiball;*
For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,
So long as any thing it in the caudron got.

But to delay the heat, least by mischaunce
It might breake out, and set the whole on fire,
There added was by goodly ordinaunce,
An huge great paire of bellowes, which did styre
Continually, and cooling breath inspyre.
About the Caudron many Cookes accoyld,
With hookes and ladles, as need did require;
The whiles the viandes in the vessell boyld
They did about their businesse sweat, and sorely toyld.

31

The maister Cooke was cald *Concoction,*
A carefull man, and full of comely guise;
The kitchin Clerke, that hight *Digestion,*
Did order all th'Achates in seemely wise,
And set them forth, as well he could devise.
The rest had severall offices assind,
Some to remove the scum as it did rise;
Others to beare the same away did mind;
And others it to use according to his kind.

32

But all the liquour which was fowle and wast,
Not good nor serviceable else for ought,
They in another great round vessell plast,
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought:
And all the rest, that noyous was, and nought,
By secret wayes, that none might it espy,
Was close convaid, and to the back-gate brought,
That cleped was *Port Esquiline,* whereby
It was avoided quite, and throwne out privily.

Which goodly order, and great workmans skill
Whenas those knights beheld, with rare delight
And gazing wonder they their minds did fill;
For never had they seene so straunge a sight.
Thence backe againe faire *Alma* led them right,
And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,
That was with royall arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pourtrahed nor wrought,—
Not wrought, nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought.

34

And in the midst thereof upon the floure,
A lovely bevy of faire Ladies sate,
Courted of many a jolly Paramoure,
The which them did in modest wise amate,
And eachone sought his Lady to aggrate;
And eke emongst them litle *Cupid* playd
His wanton sports, being returned late
From his fierce warres, and having from him layd
His cruell bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismayd.

35

Diverse delights they found them selves to please;
Some song in sweet consort, some laught for joy,
Some plaid with strawes, some idly sat at ease;
But other some could not abide to toy,
All pleasaunce was to them griefe and annoy:
This fround, that faund, the third for shame did blush,
Another seemed envious, or coy,
Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush;
But at these straungers presence every one did hush.

Soone as the gracious *Alma* came in place,
They all attone out of their seates arose,
And to her homage made with humble grace;
Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dispose
Themselves to court, and each a Damsell chose.
The Prince by chaunce did on a Lady light,
That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
But somewhat sad, and solemne eke in sight,
As if some pensive thought constraind her gentle spright.

37

In a long purple pall whose skirt with gold
Was fretted all about, she was arayd;
And in her hand a Poplar braunch did hold;
To whom the Prince in curteous manner said,
Gentle Madame, why beene ye thus dismaid,
And your faire beautie do with sadnesse spill?
Lives any that you hath thus ill apaid?
Or doen you love, or doen you lacke your will?
What ever be the cause, it sure beseemes you ill.

38

Faire Sir, (said she halfe in disdainefull wise),
How is it that this mood in me ye blame,
And in your selfe do not the same advise?
Him ill beseemes anothers fault to name,
That may unwares be blotted with the same.
Pensive I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
Through great desire of glory and of fame;
Ne ought I weene are ye therein behind
That have twelve moneths sought one, yet no where can her find.

The Prince was inly moved at her speach,
Well weeting trew what she had rashly told;
Yet with faire semblaunt sought to hide the breach,
Which chaunge of colour did perforce unfold,
Now seeming flaming whot, now stony cold.
Tho turning soft aside, he did inquire,
What wight she was, that Poplar braunch did hold;
It answered was, her name was *Prays-desire,*
That by well doing sought to honour to aspire.

40

The whiles, the *Faerie* knight did entertaine
Another Damsell of that gentle crew,
That was right faire, and modest of demaine,
But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew.
Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,
Close round about her tuckt with many a plight;
Upon her fist the bird, which shonneth vew,
And keepes in coverts close from living wight,
Did sit, as yet ashamd, how rude *Pan* did her dight.

41

So long as *Guyon* with her commoned,
Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
And ever and anone with rosie red
The bashfull bloud her snowy cheekes did dye,
That her became, as polisht yvory
Which cunning Craftesmans hand hath overlayd
With faire vermilion or pure Castory.
Great wonder had the knight, to see the mayd
So straungely passioned, and to her gently sayd,

Faire Damzell, seemeth by your troubled cheare
That either me too bold ye weene, this wise
You to molest, or other ill to feare
That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
From whence it doth as cloud from sea arise.
If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
But if ought else that I mote not devise,
I will, if please you it discure, assay,
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

43

She answred nought, but more abasht for shame,
Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely face
The flashing bloud with blushing did inflame,
And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
That *Guyon* mervayld at her uncouth cace;
Till *Alma* him bespake, Why wonder yee,
Faire Sir, at that which ye so much embrace?
She is the fountaine of your modestee;
You shamefast are, but *Shamefastnesse* it selfe is shee.

44

Thereat the Elfe did blush in privitee,
And turnd his face away; but she the same
Dissembled faire and faynd to oversee.
Thus they awhile with court and goodly game
Themselves did solace, each one with his Dame,
Till that great Ladie thence away them sought,
To vew her castles other wondrous frame.
Up to a stately Turret she them brought,
Ascending by ten steps of Alablaster wrought.

That Turrets frame most admirable was,
Like highest heaven compassed around,
And lifted high above this earthly masse,
Which it survew'd, as hils doen lower ground;
But not on ground mote like to this be found,
Not that which antique *Cadmus* whylome built
In *Thebes*, which *Alexander* did confound;
Nor that proud towre of *Troy*, though richly guilt,
From which young *Hectors* bloud by cruell *Greekes* was spilt.

46

The roofe hereof was arched over head,
And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
Two goodly Beacons, set in watches stead,
Therein gave light, and flam'd continually;
For they of living fire most subtilly
Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
Cover'd with lids deviz'd of substance sly,
That readily they shut and open might.
O who can tell the prayses of that makers might!

47

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell
This parts great workmanship, and wondrous powre,
That all this other worlds worke doth excell,
And likest is unto that heavenly towre
That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
Therein were diverse roomes and diverse stages,
But three the chiefest and of greatest powre,
In which there dwelt three honorable sages,
The wisest men, I weene, that lived in their ages.

Not he whom *Greece*, the Nourse of all good arts,
By *Phœbus* doome, the wisest thought alive,
Might be compar'd to these by many parts;
Nor that sage *Pylian* syre, which did survive
Three ages, such as mortall men contrive,
By whose advise old *Priams* cittie fell,
With these in praise of pollicies mote strive.
These three in these three roomes did sundry dwell,
And counselled faire *Alma* how to governe well.

49

The first of them could things to come foresee:
The next could of things present best advize;
The third things past could keepe in memoree,
So that no time, nor reason could arize,
But that the same could one of these comprize.
Forthy the first did in the forepart sit,
That nought mote hinder his quicke prejudize;
He had a sharpe foresight, and working wit,
That never idle was, ne once could rest a whit.

50

His chamber was dispainted all within,
With sundry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of things dispersed thin;
Some such as in the world were never yit,
Ne can devized be of mortall wit;
Some daily seene, and knowen by their names,
Such as in idle fantasies doe flit,—
Infernall Hags, *Centaurs*, feendes, *Hippodames*,
Apes, Lions, Ægles, Owles, fooles, lovers, children, Dames.

And all the chamber filled was with flyes,
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound
That they encombred all mens eares and eyes,
Like many swarmes of Bees assembled round,
After their hives with honny do abound.
All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,
Devices, dreames, opinions unsound,
Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophesies;
And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

52

Emongst them all sate he which wonned there,
That hight *Phantastes* by his nature trew,—
A man of yeares yet fresh: as mote appere,
Of swarth complexion and of crabbed hew,
That him full of melancholy did shew,—
Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes,
That mad or foolish seemd; one by his vew
Mote deeme him borne with ill disposed skyes,
When oblique *Saturne* sate in the house of agonyes.

53

Whom *Alma* having shewed to her guestes,
Thence brought them to the second roome, whose wals
Were painted faire with memorable gestes,
Of famous Wisards, and with picturals
Of Magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of commen wealthes, of states, of pollicy,
Of lawes, of judgements, and of decretals;
All artes, all science, all Philosophy,
And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.

Of those that roome was full, and them among
There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his life long,
That through continuall practise and usage,
He now was growne right wise, and wondrous sage.
Great pleasure had those stranger knights, to see
His goodly reason, and grave personage,
That his disciples both desir'd to bee;
But *Alma* thence them led to th'hindmost roome of three.

55

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
And therefore was removed farre behind,
Yet were the wals that did the same uphold
Right firme and strong, though somewhat they declind;
And therein sate an old oldman, halfe blind,
And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
And recompenst him with a better scorse:
Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled forse.

56

This man of infinite remembrance was,
And things foregone through many ages held,
Which he recorded still, as they did pas,
Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,
As all things else, the which this world doth weld,
But laid them up in his immortall scrine,
Where they for ever incorrupted dweld;
The warres he well remembred of king *Nine*,
Of old *Assaracus*, and *Inachus* divine.

The yeares of *Nestor* nothing were to his,
Ne yet *Mathusalem*, though longest liv'd;
For he remembred both their infancies:
Ne wonder then, if that he were depriv'd
Of native strength now, that he them surviv'd.
His chamber all was hangd about with rolles,
And old records from auncient times deriv'd,
Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolles,
That were all worme-eaten, and full of canker holes.

58

Amidst them all he in a chaire was set,
Tossing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was unhable them to fet,
A litle boy did on him still attend,
To reach, when ever he for ought did send;
And oft when things were lost, or laid amis,
That boy them sought, and unto him did lend.
Therefore he *Anamnestes* cleped is,
And that old man *Eumnestes*, by their propertis.

59

The knights there entring, did him reverence dew
And wondred at his endlesse exercise;
Then as they gan his Librarie to vew,
And antique Registers for to avise,
There chaunced to the Princes hand to rize,
An auncient booke, hight *Briton moniments*,
That of this lands first conquest did devize,
And old division into Regiments,
Till it reduced was to one mans governments.

Sir *Guyon* chaunst eke on another booke,
That hight *Antiquitie* of *Faerie* lond,
In which whenas he greedily did looke,
Th'off-spring of Elves and Faries there he fond,
As it delivered was from hond to hond:
Whereat they burning both with fervent fire,
Their countries auncestry to understond,
Crav'd leave of *Alma*, and that aged sire,
To read those bookes; who gladly graunted their desire.

A chronicle of Briton kings,
from Brute to Uthers rayne;
And rolles of Elfin Emperours,
till time of Gloriane.

1

WHO now shall give unto me words and sound,
Equall unto this haughtie enterprise?
Or who shall lend me wings, with which from ground
My lowly verse may loftily arise,
And lift it selfe unto the highest skies?
More ample spirit, then hitherto was wount,
Here needs me, whiles the famous auncestries
Of my most dreaded Soveraigne I recount,
By which all earthly Princes she doth farre surmount.

2

Ne under Sunne, that shines so wide and faire,
Whence all that lives does borrow life and light,
Lives ought that to her linage may compaire,
Which though from earth it be derived right,
Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to heavens hight,
And all the world with wonder overspred;
A labour huge, exceeding farre my might.
How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,
Conceive such soveraine glory and great bountihed?

Argument worthy of *Mæonian* quill,
Or rather worthy of great *Phœbus* rote,
Whereon the ruines of great *Ossa* hill,
And triumphes of *Phlegræan Jove* he wrote,
That all the Gods admird his loftie note.
But if some relish of that heavenly lay
His learned daughters would to me report,
To decke my song withall, I would assay,
Thy name, O soveraine Queene, to blazon farre away.

4

Thy name O soveraine Queene, thy realme and race,
From this renowmed Prince derived arre,
Who mightily upheld that royall mace,
Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended farre
From mightie kings and conquerours in warre,
Thy fathers and great Grandfathers of old,
Whose noble deedes above the Northerne starre
Immortall fame for ever hath enrold,
As in that old mans booke they were in order told.

5

The land, which warlike Britons now possesse,
And therein have their mightie empire raysd,
In antique times was salvage wildernesse,
Unpeopled, unmanurd, unprov'd, unpraysd,
Ne was it Island then, ne was it paysd
Amid the *Ocean* waves, ne was it sought
Of marchants farre, for profits therein praysd;
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to have bene from the *Celticke* maynland brought.

Ne did it then deserve a name to have
Till that the venturous Mariner that way
Learning his ship from those white rocks to save,
Which all along the Southerne sea-coast lay,
Threatning unheedie wrecke and rash decay,
For safeties sake that same his sea-marke made,
And namd it *Albion*. But later day
Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,
Gan more the same frequent, and further to invade.

7

But farre in land a salvage nation dwelt,
Of hideous Giants, and halfe beastly men,
That never tasted grace, nor goodnesse felt,
But like wild beasts lurking in loathsome den,
And flying fast as Roebucke through the fen,
All naked without shame, or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoiling liveden;
Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,
That sonnes of men amazd their sternnesse to behold.

8

But whence they sprong, or how they were begot,
Uneath is to assure; uneath to wene
That monstrous error, which doth some assot,
That *Dioclesians* fiftie daughters shene
Into this land by chaunce have driven bene,
Where companing with feends and filthy Sprights,
Through vaine illusion of their lust unclene,
They brought forth Giants and such dreadfull wights,
As farre exceeded men in their immeasurd mights.

They held this land, and with their filthinesse
Polluted this same gentle soyle long time;
That their owne mother loathd their beastlinesse,
And gan abhorre her broods unkindly crime,
All were they borne of her owne native slime;
Until that *Brutus* anciently deriv'd
From royall stocke of old *Assaracs* line,
Driven by fatall error, here arriv'd,
And them of their unjust possession depriv'd.

10

But ere he had established his throne,
And spred his empire to the utmost shore,
He fought great battels with his salvage fone,
In which he them defeated evermore,
And many Giants left on groning flore;
That well can witnesse yet unto this day
The westerne Hogh, besprincled with the gore
Of mightie *Goëmot*, whom in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

11

And eke that ample Pit, yet farre renownd,
For the large leape, which *Debon* did compell
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of grownd,
Into the which returning backe, he fell;
But those three monstrous stones doe most excell
Which that huge sonne of hideous *Albion*,
Whose father *Hercules* in Fraunce did quell,
Great *Godmer* threw, in fierce contention,
At bold *Canutus*; but of him was slaine anon.

In meed of these great conquests by them got,
Corineus had that Province utmost west,
To him assigned for his worthy lot,
Which of his name and memorable gest
He called *Cornewaile,* yet so called best;
And *Debons* shayre was that is *Devonshyre;*
But *Canute* had his portion from the rest,
The which he cald *Canutium,* for his hyre;
Now *Cantium,* which Kent we commenly inquire.

13

Thus *Brute* this Realme unto his rule subdewd,
And raigned long in great felicitie,
Lov'd of his friends, and of his foes eschewd.
He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,
Borne of faire *Inogene* of *Italy;*
Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,
And *Locrine* left chiefe Lord of *Britany.*
At last ripe age bad him surrender late
His life and long good fortune unto finall fate.

14

Locrine was left the soveraine Lord of all;
But *Albanact* had all the Northrene part,
Which of himselfe *Albania* he did call:
And *Camber* did possesse the Westerne quart,
Which *Severne* now from *Logris* doth depart:
And each his portion peaceably enjoyd,
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,
That once their quiet government annoyd.
But each his paines to others profit still employd.

Untill a nation straung, with visage swart,
And courage fierce, that all men did affray,
Which through the world then swarmd in every part,
And overflow'd all countries farre away,
Like *Noyes* great flood, with their importune sway,
This land invaded with like violence,
And did themselves through all the North display;
Until that *Locrine* for his Realmes defence,
Did head against them make, and strong munifience.

16

He them encountred, a confused rout,
Foreby the River, that whylome was hight
The auncient *Abus*, where with courage stout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chaste so fiercely after fearfull flight,
That forst their Chieftaine, for his safeties sake,
(Their Chieftaine *Humber* named was aright)
Unto the mightie streame him to betake,
Where he an end of battell and of life did make.

17

The king returned proud of victorie,
And insolent wox through unwonted ease,
That shortly he forgot the jeopardie,
Which in his land he lately did appease,
And fell to vaine voluptuous disease;
He lov'd faire Ladie *Estrild*, lewdly lov'd,
Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,
That quite his hart from *Guendolene* remov'd,
From *Guendolene* his wife, though alwaies faithfull prov'd.

The noble daughter of *Corineus*
Would not endure to be so vile disdaind,
But gathering force and courage valorous,
Encountred him in battell well ordaind,
In which him vanquisht she to fly constraind;
But she so fast pursewd, that him she tooke
And threw in bands, where he till death remaind;
Als his faire Leman, flying through a brooke,
She overhent, nought moved with her piteous looke.

19

But both her selfe, and eke her daughter deare,
Begotten by her kingly Paramoure,
The faire *Sabrina* almost dead with feare,
She there attached, farre from all succoure;
The one she slew in that impatient stoure;
But the sad virgin innocent of all,
Adowne the rolling river she did poure,
Which of her name now *Severne* men do call—
Such was the end, that to disloyall love did fall.

20

Then for her sonne, which she to *Locrin* bore,
Madan, was young, unmeet the rule to sway,
In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
Till ryper yeares he raught, and stronger stay;
During which time her powre she did display
Through all this realme, the glorie of her sex,
And first taught men a woman to obay;
But when her sonne to mans estate did wex,
She it surrendred, ne her selfe would lenger vex.

Tho *Madan* raignd, unworthie of his race
For with all shame that sacred throne he fild;
Next *Memprise*, as unworthy of that place,
In which being consorted with *Manild*,
For thirst of single kingdome him he kild.
But *Ebranck* salved both their infamies
With noble deedes, and warreyd on *Brunchild*
In *Henault*, where yet of his victories
Brave moniments remaine, which yet that land envies.

22

An happie man in his first dayes he was,
And happie father of faire progeny;
For all so many weekes as the yeare has,
So many children he did multiply,
Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply
Their minds to praise, and chevalrous desire.
Those germans did subdew all Germany,
Of whom it hight; but in the end their Sire
With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to retire.

23

Which blot his sonne succeeding in his seat,
The second *Brute*, the second both in name,
And eke in semblance of his puissance great,
Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
With recompence of everlasting fame.
He with his victour sword first opened
The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne Dame,
And taught her first how to be conquered;
Since which with sundrie spoiles she hath beene ransacked.

Let *Scaldis* tell, and let tell *Hania,*
And let the marsh of *Estham bruges* tell,
What colour were their waters that same day,
And all the moore twixt *Elversham* and *Dell,*
With bloud of *Henalois,* which therein fell.
How oft that day did sad *Brunchildis* see
The greene shield dyde in dolorous vermell?
That not *Scuith guiridh* it mote seeme to bee,
But rather *y Scuith gogh,* signe of sad crueltee.

25

His sonne king *Leill* by fathers labour long,
Enjoyd an heritage of lasting peace,
And built *Cairleill,* and built *Cairleon* strong.
Next *Huddibras* his realme did not encrease,
But taught the land from wearie warres to cease.
Whose footsteps *Bladud* following, in arts
Exceld at *Athens* all the learned preace,
From whence he brought them to these salvage parts,
And with sweet science mollifide their stubborne harts.

26

Ensample of his wondrous faculty,
Behold the boyling Bathes at *Cairbadon,*
Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
And in their entrails, full of quicke Brimston,
Nourish the flames which they are warm'd upon,
That to their people wealth they forth do well,
And health to every forreine nation;
Yet he at last contending to excell
The reach of men, through flight into fond mischief fell.

Next him king *Leyr* in happie peace long raind,
But had no issue male him to succeed,
But three faire daughters, which were well up-traind,
In all that seemed fit for kingly seed,
Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed
To have divided. Tho when feeble age
Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
He cald his daughters, and with speeches sage
Inquyrd, which of them most did love her parentage.

28

The eldest *Gonorill* gan to protest
That she much more then her owne life him lov'd;
And *Regan* greater love to him profest
Then all the world, when ever it were proov'd:
But *Cordeill* said she lov'd him, as behoov'd:
Whose simple answere, wanting colours faire
To paint it forth, him to displeasance moov'd.
That in his crowne he counted her no haire,
But twixt the other twaine his kingdome whole did shaire.

29

So wedded th'one to *Maylan* king of Scots,
And th'other to the king of *Cambria*,
And twixt them shayrd his realme by equall lots:
But without dowre the wise *Cordelia*
Was sent to *Aganip* of *Celtica*.
Their aged Syre, thus eased of his crowne,
A private life led in *Albania*,
With *Gonorill*, long had in great renowne,
That nought him griev'd to bene from rule deposed downe.

But true it is that when the oyle is spent,
The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away;
So when he had resigned his regiment,
His daughter gan despise his drouping day,
And wearie waxe of his continuall stay.
Tho to his daughter *Regan* he repayrd,
Who him at first well used every way;
But when of his departure she despayrd,
Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empayrd.

31

The wretched man gan then avise too late,
That love is not where most it is profest,
Too truely tryde in his extreamest state;
At last resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,
He to *Cordelia* him selfe addrest,
Who with entire affection him receav'd,
As for her Syre and king her seemed best;
And after all an army strong she leav'd,
To war on those which him had of his realme bereav'd.

32

So to his crowne she him restor'd againe,
In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
And after wild it should to her remaine,
Who peaceably the same long time did weld
And all mens harts in dew obedience held;
Till that her sisters children, woxen strong
Through proud ambition, against her rebeld,
And overcommen, kept in prison long,
Till wearie of that wretched life, her selfe she hong.

Then gan the bloudie brethren both to raine;
But fierce *Cundah* gan shortly to envie
His brother *Morgan*, prickt with proud disdaine,
To have a pere in part of soveraintie,
And kindling coles of cruell enmitie,
Raisd warre, and him in battell overthrew;
Whence as he to those woodie hils did flie,
Which hight of him *Glamorgan*, there him slew:
Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall knew.

34

His sonne *Rivallo* his dead roome did supply,
In whose sad time bloud did from heaven raine;
Next great *Gurgustus*, then faire *Cæcily*
In constant peace their kingdomes did containe;
After whom *Lago*, and *Kinmarke* did raine,
And *Gorbogud*, till farre in yeares he grew.
Then his ambitious sonnes unto them twaine
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew,
Stout *Ferrex* and sterne *Porrex* him in prison threw.

35

But O the greedy thirst of royall crowne,
That knowes no kinred, nor regardes no right,
Stird *Porrex* up to put his brother downe;
Who unto him assembling forreine might,
Made warre on him, and fell him selfe in fight;
Whose death t'avenge, his mother mercilesse,
Most mercilesse of women, *Wyden* hight,
Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
And with most cruell hand him murdred pittilesse.

Here ended *Brutus* sacred progenie,
Which had seven hundred yeares this scepter borne,
With high renowme and great felicitie:
The noble braunch from th'antique stocke was torne
Through discord, and the royall throne forlorne;
Thenceforth this Realme was into factions rent,
Whilest each of *Brutus* boasted to be borne,
That in the end was left no moniment
Of *Brutus*, nor of Britons glory auncient.

37

Then up arose a man of matchlesse might,
And wondrous wit to menage high affaires,
Who stird with pitty of the stressed plight
Of this sad Realme, cut into sundry shaires
By such as claymd themselves *Brutes* rightfull haires,
Gathered the Princes of the people loose,
To taken counsell of their common cares:
Who with his wisedom won, him streight did choose
Their king, and swore him fealty to win or loose.

38

Then made he head against his enimies,
And *Ymner* slew, of *Logris* miscreate;
Then *Ruddoc* and proud *Stater*, both allyes,
This of *Albanie* newly nominate,
And that of *Cambry* king confirmed late,
He overthrew through his owne valiaunce:
Whose countreis he redus'd to quiet state,
And shortly brought to civill governaunce,
Now one, which earst were many, made through variaunce.

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say
Were unto him reveald in vision,
By which he freed the Traveilers high way,
The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,
Restraining stealth and strong extortion—
The gracious *Numa* of great *Britanie;*
For till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
By strength was wielded without pollicie;
Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dignitie.

40

Donwallo dyde (for what may live for ay?)
And left two sonnes of pearelesse prowesse both,
That sacked *Rome* too dearely did assay—
The recompence of their perjured oth—
And ransackt *Greece* well tryde when they were wroth;
Besides subjected *Fraunce*, and *Germany*,
Which yet their prayses speake, all be they loth,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of *Brennus* and *Bellinus*, kings of Britany.

41

Next them did *Gurgunt*, great *Bellinus* sonne,
In rule succeede, and eke in fathers prayse;
He Easterland subdewd, and Danmarke wonne,
And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
The which was dew in his dead fathers dayes.
He also gave to fugitives of *Spayne*,
Whom he at sea found wandring from their wayes,
A seate in *Ireland* safely to remayne,
Which they should hold of him, as subject to *Britayne*.

After him raigned *Guitheline* his hayre,
The justest man and trewest in his dayes,
Who had to wife Dame *Mertia* the fayre,
A woman worthy of immortall prayse,
Which for this Realme found many goodly layes,
And wholesome Statutes to her husband brought;
Her many deemd to have beene of the *Fayes*,
As was *Aegerie* that *Numa* tought;
Those yet of her be *Mertian* lawes both nam'd and thought.

43

Her sonne *Sisillus* after her did rayne,
And then *Kimarus*, and then *Danius;*
Next whom *Morindus* did the crowne sustaine,
Who, had he not with wrath outrageous,
And cruell rancour dim'd his valorous
And mightie deeds, should matched have the best;
As well in that same field victorious
Against the forreine *Morands* he exprest;
Yet lives his memorie, though carcas sleepe in rest.

44

Five sonnes he left begotten of one wife,
All which successively by turnes did raine:
First *Gorboman* a man of vertuous life;
Next *Archigald*, who for his proud disdaine
Deposed was from Princedome soveraine,
And pitteous *Elidure* put in his sted;
Who shortly it to him restord againe,
Till by his death he it recovered;
But *Peridure* and *Vigent* him disthronized.

In wretched prison long he did remaine,
Till they outraigned had their utmost date;
And then therein reseized was againe,
And ruled long with honorable state,
Till he surrendred Realme and life to fate.
Then all the sonnes of these five brethren raynd
By dew successe, and all their Nephewes late,—
Even thrise eleven descents the crowne retaynd,
Till aged *Hely* by dew heritage it gaynd.

46

He had two sonnes, whose eldest called *Lud*
Left of his life most famous memory,
And endlesse moniments of his great good:
The ruin'd wals he did reædifye
Of *Troynovant*, gainst force of enimy,
And built that gate, which of his name is hight,
By which he lyes entombed solemnly.
He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and *Tenantius*, pictures of his might.

47

Whilst they were young, *Cassibalane*, their Eme
Was by the people chosen in their sted,
Who on him tooke the royall Diademe,
And goodly well long time it governed,
Till the prowd *Romanes* him disquieted,
And warlike *Cæsar*, tempted with the name
Of this sweet Island, never conquered,
And envying the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion) hither came.

Yet twise they were repulsed backe againe,
And twise renforst, backe to their ships to fly,
The whiles with bloud they all the shore did staine,
And the gray *Ocean* into purple dy;
Ne had they footing found at last, perdie,
Had not *Androgeus*, false to native soyle,
And envious of Uncles soveraintie,
Betrayd his contrey unto forreine spoyle:
Nought else but treason from the first this land did foyle.

49

So by him *Cæsar* got the victory,
Through great bloudshed, and many a sad assay,
In which him selfe was charged heavily
Of hardy *Nennius*, whom he yet did slay;
But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.
Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
T'ambitious *Rome*, and did their rule obay,
Till *Arthur* all that reckoning defrayd;
Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly swayd.

50

Next him *Tenantius* raigned, then *Kimbeline*,
What time th'eternall Lord in fleshly slime
Enwombed was, from wretched *Adams* line
To purge away the guilt of sinfull crime:
O joyous memorie of happy time,
That heavenly grace so plenteously displayd!
(O too high ditty for my simple rime!)
Soone after this the *Romanes* him warrayd,
For that their tribute he refusd to let be payd.

Good *Claudius*, that next was Emperour,
An army brought and with him battell fought,
In which the king was by a Treachetour
Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought.
Yet ceased not the bloudy fight for ought;
For *Arvirage* his brothers place supplide,
Both in his armes, and crowne, and by that draught
Did drive the *Romanes* to the weaker side,
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifide.

52

Was never king more highly magnifide,
Nor dred of *Romanes*, then was *Arvirage*,
For which the Emperour to him allide
His daughter *Genuiss'* in marriage.
Yet shortly he renounst the vassalage
Of *Rome* againe, who hither hastly sent
Vespasian, that with great spoile and rage
Forwasted all, till *Genuissa* gent
Perswaded him to ceasse, and her Lord to relent.

53

He dyde; and him succeeded *Marius*,
Who joyd his dayes in great tranquillity,
Then *Coyll*, and after him good *Lucius*,
That first received Christianitie,
The sacred pledge of Christes Evangely;
Yet true it is, that long before that day
Hither came *Joseph* of *Arimathy*,
Who brought with him the holy grayle, (they say)
And preacht the truth, but since it greatly did decay.

This good king shortly without issew dide,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
That did her selfe in sundry parts divide,
And with her powre her owne selfe overthrew,
Whilest *Romanes* dayly did the weake subdew;
Which seeing, stout *Bunduca* up arose,
And taking armes, the *Britons* to her drew,
With whom she marched streight against her foes,
And them unwares besides the *Severne* did enclose.

55

There she with them a cruell battell tride,
Not with so good successe as she deserv'd;
By reason that the Captaines on her side,
Corrupted by *Paulinus*, from her swerv'd.
Yet such as were through former flight preserv'd,
Gathering againe, her Host she did renew,
And with fresh courage on the victour serv'd;
But being all defeated, save a few,
Rather then fly or be captiv'd, her selfe she slew.

56

O famous moniment of womens prayse,
Matchable either to *Semiramis*,
Whom antique history so high doth raise,
Or to *Hypsiphil'* or to *Thomiris*—
Her Host two hundred thousand numbred is;
Who whiles good fortune favoured her might,
Triumphed oft against her enimis;
And yet though overcome in haplesse fight,
She triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

Her reliques *Fulgent* having gathered,
Fought with *Severus* and him overthrew;
Yet in the chace was slaine of them that fled,
So made them victours, whom he did subdew.
Then gan *Carausius* tirannize anew,
And gainst the *Romanes* bent their proper powre,
But him *Allectus* treacherously slew,
And took on him the robe of Emperoure.
Nath'lesse the same enjoyed but short happy howre,

58

For *Asclepiodate* him overcame,
And left inglorious on the vanquisht playne,
Without or robe, or rag, to hide his shame.
Then afterwards he in his stead did rayne;
But shortly was by *Coyll* in battell slaine,
Who after long debate, since *Lucies* time,
Was of the *Britons* first crownd Soveraine;
Then gan this Realme renewe her passed prime.
He of his name *Coylchester* built of stone and lime.

59

Which when the *Romanes* heard, they hither sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
With whom king *Coyll* made an agreement,
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
Faire *Helena*, the fairest living wight;
Who in all godly thewes, and goodly prayse
Did far excell, but was most famous hight
For skill in Musicke of all in her dayes,
As well in curious instruments as cunning layes.

Of whom he did great *Constantine* beget,
Who afterward was Emperour of *Rome;*
To which whiles absent he his mind did fet,
Octavius here lept into his roome,
And it usurped by unrighteous doome.
But he his title justifide by might,
Slaying *Traherne*, and having overcome
The *Romane* legion in dreadfull fight:
So settled he his kingdome, and confirmd his right.

61

But wanting issew male, his daughter deare
He gave in wedlocke to *Maximian*,
And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,
Till murdred by the friends of *Gratian;*
Then gan the Hunnes and Picts invade this land,
During the raigne of *Maximinian*,
Who dying left none heire them to withstand,
But that they overran all parts with easie hand.

62

The weary *Britons*, whose war-hable youth
Was by *Maximian* lately led away,
With wretched miseries, and woefull ruth,
Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
And dayly spectacle of sad decay,
Whom *Romane* warres, which now foure hundred yeares
And more had wasted, could no whit dismay:
Till by consent of Commons and of Peares,
They crownd the second *Constantine* with joyous teares,

Who having oft in battell vanquished
Those spoilefull Picts, and swarming Easterlings,
Long time in peace his Realme established,
Yet oft annoyd with sundry bordragings
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein Scatterlings,
With which the world did in those dayes abound;
Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings
From sea to sea he heapt a mightie mound,
Which from *Alcuid* to *Panwelt* did that border bound.

64

Three sonnes he dying left, all under age;
By meanes whereof their uncle *Vortigere*
Ursurpt the crowne, during their pupillage;
Which th'Infants tutors gathering to-feare,
Them closely into *Armorick* did beare.
For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,
He sent to *Germanie*, straunge aid to reare,
From whence eftsoones arrived here three hoyes
Of *Saxons*, whom he for his safetie imployes.

65

Two brethren were their Capitains, which hight
Hengist and *Horsus*, well approv'd in warre,
And both of them men of renowmed might;
Who making vantage of their civill jarre,
And of those forreiners, which came from farre,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the Realme ere long they stronger arre,
Then they which sought at first their helping hand,
And *Vortiger* enforst the kingdome to aband.

But by the helpe of *Vortimere* his sonne,
He is againe unto his rule restord,
And *Hengist*, seeming sad for that was donne,
Received is to grace and new accord,
Through his faire daughters face, and flattring word;
Soone after which, three hundred Lordes he slew
Of British bloud, all sitting at his bord,
Whose dolefull moniments who list to rew,
Th'eternall markes of treason may at *Stonheng* vew.

67

By this the sonnes of *Constantine*, which fled,
Ambrose and *Uther*, did ripe years attaine,
And here arriving, strongly challenged
The crowne, which *Vortiger* did long detaine;
Who flying from his guilt, by them was slaine,
And *Hengist* eke soone brought to shamefull death.
Thenceforth *Aurelius* peaceably did rayne,
Till that through poyson stopped was his breath;
So now entombed lyes at Stoneheng by the heath.

68

After him *Uther*, which *Pendragon* hight,
Succeeding—There abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other Cesure right,
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
Or th'Authour selfe could not at least attend
To finish it; that so untimely breach
The Prince him selfe halfe seemeth to offend,
Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,
And wonder of antiquitie long stopt his speach.

At last quite ravisht with delight, to heare
The royall Ofspring of his native land,
Cryde out, Deare countrey, O how dearely deare
Ought thy remembraunce and perpetuall band
Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand
Did commun breath and nouriture receave!
How brutish is it not to understand,
How much to her we owe, that all us gave,
That gave unto us all, what ever good we have!

70

But *Guyon* all this while his booke did read,
Ne yet has ended; for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far excead
My leasure, so long leaves here to repeat.
It told how first *Prometheus* did create
A man, of many partes from beasts derived,
And then stole fire from heaven, to animate
His worke, for which he was by *Jove* deprived
Of life him selfe, and hart-strings of an Ægle rived.

71

That man so made, he called *Elfe*, to weet,
Quick, the first authour of all Elfin kind;
Who wandring through the world with wearie feet,
Did in the gardins of *Adonis* find
A goodly creature, whom he deemd in mind
To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,
Or Angell, th'authour of all woman kind;
Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,
Of whom all *Faeryes* spring, and fetch their lignage right.

Of these a mightie people shortly grew,
And puissaunt kings, which all the world warrayd,
And to them selves all Nations did subdew.
The first and eldest which that scepter swayd
Was *Elfin*,—him all *India* obayd,
And all that now *America* men call:
Next him was noble *Elfinan*, who layd
Cleopolis foundation first of all;
But *Elfiline* enclosd it with a golden wall.

73

His sonne was *Elfinell*, who overcame
The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloudy field;
But *Elfant* was of most renowmed fame,
Who all of Christall did *Panthea* build.
Then *Elfar*, who two brethren gyants kild,
The one of which had two heads, th'other three;
Then *Elfinor*, who was in Magick skild,—
He built by art upon the glassy See
A bridge of bras, whose sound heavens thunder seem'd to bee.

74

He left three sonnes, the which in order raynd,
And all their Ofspring, in their dew descents,
Even seven hundred Princes, which maintaynd
With mightie deedes their sundry governments.
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much materiall;
Yet should they be most famous moniments,
And brave ensample, both of martiall
And civill rule to kings and states imperiall.

After all these *Elficleos* did rayne,
The wise *Elficleos* in great Majestie,
Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,
And with rich spoiles and famous victorie,
Did high advaunce the crowne of *Faery*.
He left two sonnes, of which faire *Elferon*
The eldest brother did untimely dy;
Whose emptie place the mightie *Oberon*
Doubly supplide, in spousall and dominion.

76

Great was his power and glorie over all,
Which him before, that sacred seate did fill,
That yet remaines his wide memoriall.
He dying left the fairest *Tanaquill*,
Him to succeede therein, by his last will—
Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
Therefore they *Glorian* call that glorious flowre.
Long mayst thou *Glorian* live, in glory and great powre!

77

Beguild thus with delight of novelties,
And naturall desire of countreys state,
So long they red in those antiquities,
That how the time was fled, they quite forgate,
Till gentle *Alma* seeing it so late,
Perforce their studies broke, and them besought
To thinke, how supper did them long awaite.
So halfe unwilling from their bookes them brought,
And fairely feasted, as so noble knights she ought.

The enimies of Temperaunce
besiege her dwelling place;
Prince Arthur them repelles, and fowle
Maleger doth deface.

1

WHAT warre so cruell, or what siege so sore,
As that, which strong affections do apply
Against the fort of reason evermore
To bring the soule into captivitie:
Their force is fiercer through infirmitie
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,
And exercise most bitter tyranny
Upon the parts, brought into their bondage:
No wretchednessse is like to sinfull vellenage.

2

But in a body, which doth freely yeeld
His partes to reasons rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,
All happy peace and goodly government
Is setled there in sure establishment;
There *Alma* like a virgin Queene most bright,
Doth florish in all beautie excellent;
And to her guestes doth bounteous banket dight,
Attempred goodly well for health and for delight.

Early before the Morne with cremosin ray,
The windowes of bright heaven opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Might looke, that maketh every creature glad,
Uprose Sir *Guyon*, in bright armour clad,
And to his purposd journey him prepar'd;
With him the Palmer eke in habit sad,
Him selfe addrest to that adventure hard:
So to the rivers side they both together far'd.

4

Where them awaited ready at the ford
The *Ferriman*, as *Alma* had behight,
With his well rigged boate. They go abord,
And he eftsoones gan launch his barke forthright.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,
And fast the land behind them fled away.
But let them pas, whiles wind and weather right
Do serve their turnes; here I a while must stay
To see a cruell fight doen by the Prince this day.

5

For all so soone as *Guyon* thence was gon
Upon his voyage with his trustie guide,
That wicked band of villeins fresh begon
That castle to assaile on every side,
And lay strong siege about it far and wide.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they under them did hide;
So fowle and ugly, that exceeding feare
Their visages imprest when they approched neare.

Them in twelve troupes their Captain did dispart
And round about in fittest steades did place,
Where each might best offend his proper part,
And his contrary object most deface,
As every one seem'd meetest in that cace.
Seven of the same against the Castle gate,
In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
Which with incessaunt force and endlesse hate,
They battred day and night, and entraunce did awate.

7

The other five, five sundry wayes he set,
Against the five great Bulwarkes of that pile,
And unto each a Bulwarke did arret,
T'assayle with open force or hidden guile,
In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.
They all that charge did fervently apply,
With greedie malice and importune toyle,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they dayly made most dreadfull battery.

8

The first troupe was a monstrous rablement
Of fowle misshapen wights, of which some were
Headed like Owles, with beckes uncomely bent,
Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,
And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare;
And every one of them had Lynces eyes,
And every one did bow and arrowes beare:
All those were lawlesse lustes, corrupt envies,
And covetous aspectes, all cruell enimies.

Those same against the bulwarke of the *Sight*
Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,
Ne once did yield it respit day nor night,
But soone as *Titan* gan his head exault,
And soone againe as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engins they against it bent:
That is, each thing by which the eyes may fault;
But two then all more huge and violent,
Beautie, and money, they that Bulwarke sorely rent.

10

The second Bulwarke was the *Hearing* sence,
Gainst which the second troupe dessignment makes—
Deformed creatures, in straunge difference,
Some having heads like Harts, some like to Snakes,
Some like wild Bores late rouzd out of the brakes;
Slaunderous reproches, and fowle infamies,
Leasings, backbytings, and vaine-glorious crakes,
Bad counsels, prayses, and false flatteries.
All those against that fort did bend their batteries.

11

Likewise that same third Fort, that is the *Smell*
Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd,
Whose hideous shapes were like to feends of hell,
Some like to hounds, some like to Apes, dismayd,
Some like to Puttockes, all in plumes arayd,—
All shap't according their conditions.
For by those ugly formes weren pourtrayd
Foolish delights and fond abusions,
Which do that sence besiege with light illusions.

And that fourth band, which cruell battry bent
Against the fourth Bulwarke, that is the *Tast*,
Was as the rest, a grysie rablement,
Some mouth'd like greedy Oystriges, some fast
Like loathly Toades, some fashioned in the wast
Like swine; for so deformd is luxury,
Surfeat, misdiet, and unthriftie wast,
Vaine feasts, and idle superfluity,—
All those this sences Fort assayle incessantly.

13

But the fift troupe most horrible of hew,
And fierce of force, was dreadfull to report;
For some like Snailes, some did like spyders shew,
And some like ugly Urchins thicke and short;
Cruelly they assayled that fift Fort,
Armed with darts of sensuall delight,
With stings of carnall lust, and strong effort
Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night
Against that same fift bulwarke they continued fight.

14

Thus these twelve troupes with dreadfull puissance
Against that Castle restlesse siege did lay,
And evermore their hideous Ordinance
Upon the Bulwarkes cruelly did play,
That now it gan to threaten neare decay,
And evermore their wicked Capitaine
Provoked them the breaches to assay,
Sometimes with threats, sometimes with hope of gaine,
Which by the ransack of that peece they should attaine.

On th'other side, th'assieged Castles ward
Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
And many bold repulse, and many hard
Atchievement wrought with perill and with paine,
That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine;
And those two brethren Giants did defend
The walles so stoutly with their sturdie maine,
That never entrance any durst pretend,
But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did send.

16

The noble virgin, Ladie of the place,
Was much dismayed with that dreadfull sight,
For never was she in so evill cace;
Till that the Prince seeing her wofull plight,
Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
Offring his service and his dearest life
For her defence against that Carle to fight,
Which was their chiefe and th'author of that strife.
She him remercied as the Patrone of her life.

17

Eftsoones himselfe in glitterand armes he dight,
And his well proved weapons to him hent;
So taking courteous conge he behight,
Those gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went.
Faire mote he thee, the prowest and most gent,
That ever brandished bright steele on hye;
Whom soone as that unruly rablement,
With his gay Squire issuing did espy,
They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling cry.

And therewith all attonce at him let fly
Their fluttring arrowes, thicke as flakes of snow,
And round about him flocke impetuously,
Like a great water flood, that tombling low
From the high mountaines, threats to overflow
With suddein fury all the fertile plaine;
And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throw
Adowne the streame, and all his vowes make vaine,
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustaine.

19

Upon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,
And with his sword disperst the raskall flockes,
Which fled a sunder, and him fell before,
As withered leaves drop from their dried stockes,
When the wroth Western wind does reave their locks;
And underneath him his courageous steed,
The fierce *Spumador* trode them downe like docks—
The fierce *Spumador* borne of heavenly seed,
Such as *Laomedon* of *Phœbus* race did breed.

20

Which suddeine horrour and confused cry,
Whenas their Captaine heard, in haste he yode,
The cause to weet, and fault to remedy.
Upon a Tygre swift and fierce he rode,
That as the winde ran underneath his lode,
Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground;
Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,
But of such subtile substance and unsound,
That like a ghost he seem'd, whose graveclothes were unbound.

And in his hand a bended bow was seene,
And many arrowes under his right side,
All deadly daungerous, all cruell keene,
Headed with flint, and feathers bloudie dide,
Such as the *Indians* in their quivers hide;
Those could he well direct and streight as line,
And bid them strike the marke, which he had eyde,
Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wounds, so inly they did tine.

22

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,
His bodie leane and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered like a dryed rooke,
Thereto as cold and drery as a Snake,
That seem'd to tremble evermore, and quake.
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brake;
Upon his head he wore an Helmet light,
Made of a dead mans skull, that seem'd a ghastly sight.

23

Maleger was his name, and after him
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags,
With hoarie lockes all loose, and visage grim;
Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
And both as swift on foot, as chased Stags;
And yet the one her other legge had lame,
Which with a staffe, all full of little snags
She did support, and *Impotence* her name;
But th'other was *Impatience,* arm'd with raging flame.

Soone as the Carle from farre the Prince espyde,
Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,
His Beast he felly prickt on either syde,
And his mischievous bow full readie bent,
With which at him a cruell shaft he sent.
But he was warie, and it warded well
Upon his shield, that it no further went,
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell;
Then he another and another did expell.

25

Which to prevent, the Prince his mortall speare
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
To be avenged of that shot whyleare;
But he was not so hardie to abide
That bitter stownd, but turning quicke aside
His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare;
Whom to pursue, the Infant after hide,
So fast as his good Courser could him beare;
But labour lost it was, to weene approch him neare.

26

For as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
That vew of eye could scarse him overtake,
Ne scarse his feet on ground were seene to tred,
Through hils and dales he speedie way did make,
Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake;
And in his flight the villein turn'd his face,
(As wonts the *Tartar* by the *Caspian* lake,
Whenas the *Russian* him in fight does chace)
Unto his Tygers taile, and shot at him apace.

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drew;
And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
That him his foe more fiercely should pursew;
Who when his uncouth manner he did vew,
He gan avize to follow him no more,
But keepe his standing, and his shafts eschew,
Until he quite had spent his perlous store,
And then assayle him fresh, ere he could shift for more.

28

But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew
His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,
And to him brought, fresh battell to renew;
Which he espying, cast her to restraine
From yielding succour to that cursed Swaine,
And her attaching, thought her hands to tye;
But soone as him dismounted on the plaine
That other Hag did farre away espy
Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily.

29

And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,
Him backward overthrew, and downe him stayd
With their rude hands and griesly graplement,
Till that the villein comming to their ayd,
Upon him fell, and lode upon him layd;
Full litle wanted, but he had him slaine,
And of the battell balefull end had made,
Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,
And commen to his reskew ere his bitter bane.

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
May often need the helpe of weaker hand;
So feeble is mans state, and life unsound,
That in assurance it may never stand,
Till it dissolved be from earthly band.
Proofe be thou Prince, the prowest man alive,
And noblest borne of all in *Britayne* land;
Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearely drive,
That had not grace thee blest, thou shouldest not survive.

31

The Squire arriving, fiercely in his armes
Snatcht first the one, and then the other Jade,
His chiefest lets and authors of his harmes,
And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,
Least that his Lord they should behind invade:
The whiles the Prince prickt with reprochfull shame,
As one awakt out of long slombring shade,
Reviving thought of glorie and of fame,
United all his powres to purge himselfe from blame.

32

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long bene underkept, and downe supprest,
With murmurous disdaine doth inly rave,
And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,
At last breakes forth with furious unrest,
And strives to mount unto his native seat;
All that did earst it hinder and molest,
It now devoures with flames and scorching heat,
And carries into smoake with rage and horror great:

So mightily the *Briton* Prince him rouzd
Out of his hold, and broke his caitive bands,
And as a Beare whom angry curres have touzd,
Having off-shakt them, and escapt their hands,
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
Treads downe and overthrowes. Now had the Carle
Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands
Discharged of his bow and deadly quar'le,
To seize upon his foe flat lying on the marle.

34

Which now him turnd to disavantage deare;
For neither can he fly, nor other harme,
But trust unto his strength and manhood meare,
Sith now he is farre from his monstrous swarme,
And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.
The knight yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
Fiercely advaunst his valorous right arme,
And him so sore smote with his yron mace,
That groveling to the ground he fell, and fild his place.

35

Well weened he that field was then his owne,
And all his labour brought to happie end,
When suddein up the villein overthrowne,
Out of his swowne arose, fresh to contend,
And gan himselfe to second battell bend,
As hurt he had not bene. Thereby there lay
An huge great stone which stood upon one end,
And had not bene removed many a day;
Some land-marke seem'd to be, or signe of sundry way.

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
To shunne the engin of his meant decay;
It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,
But ground he gave, and lightly leapt areare;
Eft fierce returning, as a Faulcon faire
That once hath failed of her souse full neare,
Remounts againe into the open aire,
And unto better fortune doth her selfe prepaire.

37

So brave returning with his brandisht blade,
He to the Carle himselfe againe addrest,
And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
An open passage through his riven brest,
That halfe the steele behind his back did rest;
Which drawing backe, he looked evermore
When the hart bloud should gush out of his chest,
Or his dead corse should fall upon the flore;
But his dead corse upon the flore fell nathemore.

38

Ne drop of bloud appeared shed to bee,
All were the wounde so wide and wonderous
That through his carkasse one might plainely see.
Halfe in a maze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage, to be deluded thus,
Againe through both the sides he strooke him quight,
That made his spright to grone full piteous;
Yet nathemore forth fled his groning spright,
But freshly as at first, prepard himselfe to fight.

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his hart apall,
Ne wist he what to thinke of that same sight,
Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all;
He doubted least it were some magicall
Illusion, that did beguile his sense,
Or wandring ghost, that wanted funerall,
Or aerie spirit under false pretence,
Or hellish feend raysd up through divelish science.

40

His wonder farre exceeded reasons reach,
That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,
And oft of error did himselfe appeach:
Flesh without bloud, a person without spright,
Wounds without hurt, a bodie without might,
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
That could not die, yet seem'd a mortall wight,
That was most strong in most infirmitee;
Like did he never heare, like did he never see.

41

A while he stood in this astonishment,
Yet would he not for all his great dismay
Give over to effect his first intent,
And th' utmost meanes of victorie assay,
Or th' utmost issew of his owne decay.
His owne good sword *Morddure*, that never fayld
At need till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright shield, that nought him now avayld,
And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

Twixt his two mightie armes him up he snatcht,
And crusht his carkasse so against his brest,
That the disdainfull soule he thence dispatcht,
And th'idle breath all utterly exprest;
Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he kest
The lumpish corse unto the senselesse grownd;
Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,
That backe againe it did aloft rebownd,
And gave against his mother earth a gronefull sownd.

43

As when *Joves* harnesse-bearing Bird from hie
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdaine,
The stone-dead quarrey fals so forciblie,
That it rebounds against the lowly plaine,
A second fall redoubling backe againe.
Then thought the Prince all perill sure was past,
And that he victor onely did remaine;
No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast
Gan heap huge strokes on him as ere he downe was cast.

44

Nigh his wits end then woxe th'amazed knight,
And thought his labour lost and travell vaine,
Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight;
Yet life he saw, and felt his mightie maine,
That whiles he marveild still, did still him paine.
Forthy he gan some other wayes advize,
How to take life from that dead-living swaine,
Whom still he marked freshly to arize
From th'earth, and from her wombe new spirits to reprize.

He then remembred well, that had bene sayd,
How th'Earth his mother was, and first him bore;
She eke so often as his life decayd
Did life with usury to him restore,
And raysd him up much stronger then before,
So soone as he unto her wombe did fall;
Therefore to ground he would him cast no more,
Ne him commit to grave terrestriall,
But beare him farre from hope of succour usuall.

46

Tho up he caught him twixt his puissant hands,
And having scruzd out of his carrion corse
The lothfull life, now loosd from sinfull bands,
Upon his shoulders carried him perforse
Above three furlongs, taking his full course,
Until he came unto a standing lake;
Him thereinto he threw without remorse,
Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake;
So end of that Carles dayes, and his owne paines did make.

47

Which when those wicked Hags from farre did spy,
Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands,
And th'one of them with dreadfull yelling cry,
Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,
And having quencht her burning fier brands,
Hedlong her selfe did cast into that lake;
But *Impotence* with her owne wilfull hands,
One of *Malegers* cursed darts did take,
So riv'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did make.

Thus now alone he conquerour remaines:
Tho comming to his Squire, that kept his steed,
Thought to have mounted, but his feeble vaines
Him faild thereto, and served not his need,
Through losse of bloud, which from his wounds did bleed,
That he began to faint, and life decay;
But his good Squire him helping up with speed,
With stedfast hand upon his horse did stay,
And led him to the Castle by the beaten way.

49

Where many Groomes and Squiers readie were,
To take him from his steed full tenderly,
And eke the fairest *Alma* met him there
With balme and wine and costly spicery,
To comfort him in his infirmity;
Eftsoones she causd him up to be convayd,
And of his armes despoyled easily;
In sumptuous bed she made him to be layd,
And all the while his wounds were dressing, by him stayd.

Guyon, by Palmers governance,
passing through perils great,
Doth overthrow the Bowre of blisse,
and Acrasie defeat.

1

NOW gins this goodly frame of Temperance
Fairely to rise, and her adorned hed
To pricke of highest praise forth to advance,
Formerly grounded, and fast setteled
On firme foundation of true bountihed;
And this brave knight, that for that vertue fights,
Now comes to point of that same perilous sted,
Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
Mongst thousand dangers, and ten thousand magick mights.

2

Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,
Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,
Ne ought save perill, still as he did pas.
Tho when appeared the third *Morrow* bright,
Upon the waves to spred her trembling light,
An hideous roaring farre away they heard,
That all their senses filled with affright,
And streight they saw the raging surges reard
Up to the skyes, that them of drowning made affeard.

Said then the Boteman, Palmer stere aright,
And keepe an even course: for yonder way
We needes must passe (God do us well acquight)
That is the *Gulfe of Greedinesse*, they say,
That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray;
Which having swallowd up excessively,
He soone in vomit up againe doth lay,
And belcheth forth his superfluity,
That all the seas for feare do seeme away to fly.

4

On th'other side an hideous Rocke is pight,
Of mightie *Magnes* stone, whose craggie clift
Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,
Over the waves his rugged armes doth lift,
And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift
On who so commeth nigh; yet nigh it drawes
All passengers, that none from it can shift;
For whiles they fly that Gulfes devouring jawes,
They on this rock are rent, and sunck in helplesse wawes.

5

Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
Untill they nigh unto that Gulfe arrive,
Where streame more violent and greedy growes;
Then he with all his puissance doth strive
To strike his oares, and mightily doth drive
The hollow vessell through the threatfull wave,
Which gaping wide, to swallow them alive,
In th'huge abysse of his engulfing grave,
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terror rave.

They passing by, that griesly mouth did see,
Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,
That seem'd more horrible then hell to bee,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of *Tartare* steepe,
Through which the damned ghosts doen often creepe
Backe to the world, bad livers to torment;
But nought that falles into this direfull deepe,
Ne that approcheth nigh the wide descent,
May backe returne, but is condemned to be drent.

7

On th'other side, they saw that perilous Rocke,
Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,
On whose sharpe clifts the ribs of vessels broke,
And shivered ships, which had bene wrecked late,
Yet stuck, with carkasses exanimate
Of such, as having all their substance spent
In wanton joyes, and lustes intemperate,
Did afterwards make shipwracke violent,
Both of their life, and fame for ever fowly blent.

8

Forthy, this hight *The Rocke of* vile *Reproch,*
A daungerous and detestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approch,
But yelling Meawes, with Seagulles hoarse and bace,
And Cormoyrants, with birds of ravenous race,
Which still sate waiting on that wastfull clift,
For spoyle of wretches, whose unhappie cace,
After lost credite and consumed thrift,
At last them driven hath to this despairefull drift.

The Palmer seeing them in safetie past,
Thus said: Behold th'ensamples in our sights
Of lustfull luxurie and thriftlesse wast.
What now is left of miserable wights,
Which spent their looser daies in lewd delights,
But shame and sad reproch, here to be red,
By these rent reliques, speaking their ill plights?
Let all that live, hereby be counselled,
To shunne *Rocke of Reproch,* and it as death to dred.

10

So forth they rowed, and that *Ferryman*
With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so strong,
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubbles daunced all along,
Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.
At last farre off they many Islands spy,
On every side floting the floods emong;
Then said the knight, Loe I the land descry,
Therefore old Syre thy course do thereunto apply.

11

That may not be, said then the *Ferryman,*
Least we unweeting hap to be fordonne.
For those same Islands, seeming now and than,
Are not firme lande, nor any certein wonne,
But straggling plots, which to and fro do ronne
In the wide waters; therefore are they hight
The *wandring Islands.* Therefore doe them shonne;
For they have oft drawne many a wandring wight
Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight.

Yet well they seeme, to him that farre doth vew,
Both faire and fruitfull, and the ground dispred
With grassie greene of delectable hew,
And the tall trees with leaves apparelled,
Are deckt with blossomes dyde in white and red,
That mote the passengers thereto allure;
But whosoever once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may never it recure,
But wandreth ever more uncertein and unsure.

13

As th'Isle of *Delos* whylome men report
Amid th' *Aegæan* sea long time did stray,
Ne made for shipping any certaine port,
Till that *Latona* traveling that way,
Flying from *Junoes* wrath and hard assay,
Of her faire twins was there delivered,
Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
Thenceforth it firmely was established,
And for *Apolloes* honor highly herried.

14

They to him hearken, as beseemeth meete,
And passe on forward—so their way does ly,
That one of those same Islands, which doe fleet
In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
Which seemd so sweet and pleasant to the eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there.
Upon the banck they sitting did espy
A daintie damzell, dressing of her heare,
By whom a litle skippet floting did appeare.

She, them espying, loud to them can call,
Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore;
For she had cause to busie them withall;
And therewith loudly laught. But nathemore
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore;
Which when she saw, she left her lockes undight,
And running to her boat withouten ore
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did drive with all her power and might.

16

Whom overtaking, she in merry sort
Them gan to bord, and purpose diversly,
Now faining dalliance and wanton sport,
Now throwing forth lewd words immodestly;
Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke for being loose and light,
Which not abiding, but more scornefully
Scoffing at him, that did her justly wite,
She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

17

That was the wanton *Phædria,* which late
Did ferry him over the *Idle lake;*
Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,
And all her vaine allurements did forsake,
When them the wary Boateman thus bespake:
Here now behoveth us well to avyse,
And of our safetie good heede to take;
For here before a perlous passage lyes,
Where many Mermayds haunt, making false melodies.

But by the way, there is a great Quicksand,
And a whirlepoole of hidden jeopardy;
Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an even hand,
For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly.
Scarse had he said, when hard at hand they spy
That quicksand nigh with water covered;
But by the checked wave they did descry
It plaine, and by the sea discoloured:
It called was the quicksand of *Unthrifiyhed.*

19

They passing by, a goodly Ship did see,
Laden from far with precious merchandize,
And bravely furnished as ship might bee,
Which through great disaventure, or mesprize,
Her selfe had runne into that hazardize;
Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle,
Labour'd in vaine to have recur'd their prize,
And the rich wares to save from pitteous spoyle,
But neither toyle nor travell might her backe recoyle.

20

On th'other side they see that perilous Poole,
That called was the *Whirlepoole of decay,*
In which full many had with haplesse doole
Beene suncke, of whom no memorie did stay;
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
Like to a restlesse wheele, still running round,
Did covet, as they passed by that way,
To draw their boate within the utmost bound
Of his wide *Labyrinth,* and then to have them dround.

But th'heedfull Boateman strongly forth did stretch
His brawnie armes, and all his body straine,
That th'utmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,
Whiles the dred daunger does behind remaine.
Suddeine they see from midst of all the Maine,
The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
And the great sea puft up with proud disdaine,
To swell above the measure of his guise,
As threatning to devoure all, that his powre despise.

22

The waves come rolling, and the billowes rore
Outrageously, as they enraged were,
Or wrathfull *Neptune* did them drive before
His whirling charet, for exceeding feare;
For not one puffe of wind there did appeare,
That all the three thereat woxe much afrayd,
Unweeting what such horrour straunge did reare.
Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd,
Of huge Sea monsters such as living sence dismayd.

23

Most ugly shapes, and horrible aspects,
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
Or shame that ever should so fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escaped bee,—
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee,—
Spring-headed *Hydraes*, and sea-shouldring Whales,
Great whirlpooles, which all fishes make to flee,
Bright Scolopendraes, arm'd with silver scales,
Mighty *Monoceros*, with immeasured tayles.

The dreadfull Fish, that hath deserv'd the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew,
The griesly Wasserman, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnesse to pursew,
The horrible Sea-satyre, that doth shew
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme,
Huge *Ziffius*, whom Mariners eschew
No lesse then rockes (as travellers informe),
And greedy *Rosmarines* with visages deforme.

25

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,
With dreadfull noise, and hollow rombling rore,
Came rushing in the fomy waves enrold,
Which seem'd to fly for feare, them to behold.
Ne wonder, if these did the knight appall;
For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall.

26

Feare nought, (then said the Palmer well aviz'd)
For these same Monsters are not these in deed,
But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
By that same wicked witch, to worke us dreed,
And draw from on this journey to proceede.
Tho lifting up his vertuous staffe on hye,
He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,
And all that dreadfull Armie fast gan flye
Into great *Tethys* bosome, where they hidden lye.

Quit from that daunger, forth their course they kept,
And as they went, they heard a ruefull cry
Of one, that wayld and pittifully wept,
That through the sea the resounding plaints did fly;
At last they in an Island did espy
A seemely Maiden, sitting by the shore,
That with great sorrow and sad agony,
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
And lowd to them for succour called evermore.

28

Which *Guyon* hearing, streight his Palmer bad,
To stere the boate towards that dolefull Mayd,
That he might know, and ease her sorrow sad;
Who him avizing better, to him sayd,
Faire Sir, be not displeasd, if disobayd,
For ill it were to hearken to her cry;
For she is inly nothing ill apayd,
But onely womanish fine forgery,
Your stubborne hart t'affect with fraile infirmity.

29

To which when she your courage hath inclind
Through foolish pitty, then her guilefull bayt
She will embosome deeper in your mind,
And for your ruine at the last awayt.
The knight was ruled, and the Boateman strayt
Held on his course with stayed stedfastnesse,
Ne ever shruncke, ne ever sought to bayt
His tyred armes for toylesome wearinesse,
But with his oares did sweepe the watry wildernesse.

And now they nigh approched to the sted,
Where as those Mermayds dwelt: it was a still
And calmy bay, on th'one side sheltered
With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill,
On th'other side an high rocke toured still,
That twixt them both a pleasaunt port they made,
And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill.
There those five sisters had continuall trade,
And usd to bath themselves in that deceiptfull shade.

31

They were faire Ladies, till they fondly striv'd
With th'*Heliconian* maides for maistery;
Of whom they over-comen, were depriv'd
Of their proud beautie, and th'one moyity
Transform'd to fish, for their bold surquedry;
But th'upper halfe their hew retained still,
And their sweet skill in wonted melody;
Which ever after they abusd to ill,
T'allure weake travellers, whom gotten they did kill.

32

So now to *Guyon*, as he passed by,
Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus applide:
O thou faire sonne of gentle Faery,
That art in mighty armes most magnifide
Above all knights that ever battell tride,
O turne thy rudder hither-ward a while.
Here may thy storme-bet vessell safely ride;
This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worlds sweet In, from paine and wearisome turmoyle.

33

With that the rolling sea resounding soft,
In his big base them fitly answered,
And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft,
A solemne Meane unto them measured,
The whiles sweet *Zephirus* lowd whisteled
His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony;
Which *Guyons* senses softly tickeled,
That he the boateman bad row easily,
And let him heare some part of their rare melody.

34

But him the Palmer from that vanity,
With temperate advice discounselled,
That they it past, and shortly gan descry
The land, to which their course they leveled;
When suddeinly a grosse fog overspred
With his dull vapour all that desert has,
And heavens chearefull face enveloped,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great Universe seemd one confused mas.

35

Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
How to direct their way in darkenesse wide,
But feard to wander in that wastfull mist,
For tombling into mischiefe unespide.
Worse is the daunger hidden, then descride.
Suddeinly an innumerable flight
Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering, cride,
And with their wicked wings them oft did smight,
And sore annoyed, groping in that griesly night.

Even all the nation of unfortunate
And fatall birds about them flocked were,
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate,
The ill-faste Owle, deaths dreadfull messengere,
The hoars Night-raven, trump of dolefull drere,
The lether-winged Bat, dayes enimy,
The ruefull Strich, still waiting on the bere,
The Whistler shrill, that who so heares doth dy,
The hellish Harpies, prophets of sad destiny.

37

All those, and all that else does horrour breed,
About them flew, and fild their sayles with feare;
Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th'one did row, and th'other stifly steare;
Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
And the faire land it selfe did plainly show.
Said then the Palmer, Lo where does appeare
The sacred soile, where all our perils grow;
Therefore, Sir knight, your ready armes about you throw.

38

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
The whiles the nimble boate so well her sped,
That with her crooked keele the land she strooke,
Then forth the noble *Guyon* sallied,
And his sage Palmer, that him governed;
But th'other by his boate behind did stay.
They marched fairly forth, of nought ydred,
Both firmely armd for every hard assay,
With constancy and care, gainst daunger and dismay.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
As if that hungers point, or *Venus* sting
Had them enraged with fell surquedry:
Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
Untill they came in vew of those wild beasts,
Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their upstarting crests,
Ran towards to devoure those unexpected guests.

40

But soone as they approcht with deadly threat,
The Palmer over them his staffe upheld,—
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat.
Eftsoones their stubborne courages were queld,
And high advaunced crests downe meekely feld;
In stead of fraying, they them selves did feare,
And trembled, as them passing they beheld.
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
All monsters to subdew to him, that did it beare.

41

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
Of which *Caduceus* whilome was made,
Caduceus the rod of *Mercury*,
With which he wonts the *Stygian* realmes invade,
Through ghastly horrour, and eternall shade.
Th' infernall feends with it he can asswage,
And *Orcus* tame, whom nothing can perswade,
And rule the *Furyes*, when they most do rage;
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer sage.

Thence passing forth, they shortly do arrive,
Whereas the Bowre of *Blisse* was situate;
A place pickt out by choice of best alive,
That natures worke by art can imitate,
In which what ever in this worldly state
Is sweet, and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may dayntiest fantasie aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

43

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
As well their entred guestes to keepe within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin—
Nought feard their force that fortilage to win,
But wisedomes powre, and temperaunces might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin.
And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,
Rather for pleasure, then for battery or fight.

44

Yt framed was of precious yvory,
That seemd a worke of admirable wit;
And therein all the famous history
Of *Jason* and *Medæa* was ywrit;
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fit,
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed faith, and love too lightly flit,
The wondred *Argo*, which in venturous peece
First through the *Euxine* seas bore all the flowr of *Greece*.

Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry
Under the ship, as thorough them she went,
That seemd the waves were into yvory,
Or yvory into the waves were sent;
And other where the snowy substaunce sprent
With vermell, like the boyes bloud therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent,
And otherwhiles, with gold besprinkeled,
Yt seemd th'enchaunted flame, which did *Creüsa* wed.

46

All this, and more might in that goodly gate
Be red; that ever open stood to all,
Which thither came; but in the Porch there sate
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblaunce pleasing more then naturall,
That travellers to him seemd to entize:
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
Not fit for speedy pace or manly exercize.

47

They in that place him *Genius* did call—
Not that celestiall powre, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, pertaines in charge particulare,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And straunge phantomes doth let us oft forsee,
And oft of secret ill bids us beware—
That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in him selfe it well perceive to bee.

Therefore a God him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good *Agdistes* call.
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good envyes to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall,
Through guilefull semblaunts, which he makes us see.
He of this Gardin had the governall,
And Pleasures porter was devizd to bee,
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

49

With diverse flowres he daintily was deckt,
And strowed round about, and by his side
A mighty Mazer bowle of wine was set,
As if it had to him bene sacrifide;
Wherewith all new-come guests he gratifide.
So did he eke Sir *Guyon* passing by;
But he his idle curtesie defide,
And overthrew his bowle disdainfully,
And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants sly.

50

Thus being entred, they behold around
A large and spacious plaine, on every side
Strowed with pleasauns, whose faire grassy ground
Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
With all the ornaments of *Floraes* pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne,
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early morne.

Thereto the Heavens alwayes Joviall,
Lookt on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate
T'afflict the creatures, which therein did dwell;
But the milde aire with season moderate
Gently attempred, and disposd so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and holesome smell.

52

More sweet and holesome then the pleasaunt hill
Of *Rhodope*, on which the Nimphe that bore
A gyaunt babe, her selfe for griefe did kill;
Or the Thessalian *Tempe*, where of yore
Faire *Daphne Phœbus* hart with love did gore;
Or *Ida*, where the Gods lov'd to repaire,
When ever they their heavenly bowres forlore;
Or sweet *Parnasse*, the haunt of Muses faire;
Or *Eden* selfe, if ought with *Eden* mote compaire.

53

Much wondred *Guyon* at the faire aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect,
But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
Bridling his will, and maistering his might,
Till that he came unto another gate—
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With boughes and braunches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

So fashioned a Porch with rare device,
Archt over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bounches hanging downe seemed to entice
All passers by to tast their lushious wine,
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered,—
Some deepe empurpled as the *Hyacint*,
Some as the Rubine, laughing sweetly red,
Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet well ripened.

55

And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art, to beautifie the rest,
Which did themselves emongst the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the vew of covetous guest,
That the weake bowes, with so rich load opprest,
Did bow adowne, as over-burdened.
Under that Porch a comely dame did rest,
Clad in faire weedes, but fowle disordered,
And garments loose, that seemd unmeet for womanhed.

56

In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
Into her cup she scruzd with daintie breach
Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,
That so faire wine-presse made the wine more sweet.
Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each
Whom passing by she happened to meet.
It was her guise, all Straungers goodly so to greet.

So she to *Guyon* offred it to tast;
Who taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in peeces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor stained all the lond.
Whereat *Excesse* exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
But suffered him to passe, all were she loth;
Who nought regarding her displeasure forward goth.

58

There the most daintie Paradise on ground,
It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does others happinesse envye:
The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hye,
The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
The trembling groves, the Christall running by;
And, that which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

59

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)
That nature had for wantonesse ensude
Art, and that Art at nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the others worke more beautifie;
So diff'ring both in willes, agreed in fine,—
So all agreed through sweete diversitie,
This Gardin to adorne with all varietie.

And in the midst of all, a fountaine stood,
Of richest substaunce that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious imageree
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd with lively jollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whilest others did them selves embay in liquid joyes.

61

And over all of purest gold was spred
A trayle of yvie in his native hew;
For the rich mettall was so coloured
That wight who did not well avis'd it vew,
Would surely deeme it to be yvie trew;
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowres they tenderly did steepe,
Which drops of Christall seemd for wantones to weepe.

62

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a little lake it seemd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with Jaspar shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

63

And all the margent round about was set
With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames, which on the billowes bet,
And those which therein bathed, mote offend.
As *Guyon* hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing seemed to contend
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde
Their dainty parts from vew of any which them eyde.

64

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
Above the waters, and then downe againe
Her plong, as over maistered by might,
Where both awhile would covered remaine,
And each the other from to rise restraine;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
So through the Christall waves appeared plaine;
Then suddeinly both would themselves unhele,
And th'amarous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele.

65

As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare;
Or as the *Cyprian* goddesse, newly borne
Of th'Oceans fruitfull froth, did first appeare,—
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Christalline humour dropped downe apace.
Whom such when *Guyon* saw, he drew him neare,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace,
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrace.

The wanton Maidens him espying, stood
Gazing a while at his unwonted guise;
Then th'one her selfe low ducked in the flood,
Abasht, that her a straunger did avise;
But th'other rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all that might his melting hart entise
To her delights, she unto him bewrayd:
The rest hid underneath, him more desirous made.

67

With that, the other likewise up arose,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
Up in one knot, she low adowne did lose;
Which flowing long and thick, her cloth'd arownd,
And th'yvorie in golden mantle gownd,
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that, which reft it, no lesse faire was fownd;
So hid in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

68

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.
Now when they spide the knight to slacke his pace,
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secret signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton meriments they did encreace,
And to him beckned to approch more neare,
And shewd him many sights, that courage cold could reare.

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,
He much rebukt those wandring eyes of his,
And counseld well, him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the *Bowre of blis*
Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis.
When thus the Palmer: Now, Sir, well avise,
For here the end of all our travell is;
Here wonnes *Acrasia*, whom we must surprise,
Else she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

70

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere.
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare
To read what manner musicke that mote bee;
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonee,
Birdes, voyces, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

71

The joyous birdes shrouded in chearefull shade,
Their notes unto the voyce attempred sweet;
Th'Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th'instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

There, whence that Musick seemed heard to bee,
Was the faire Witch her selfe now solacing,
With a new Lover, whom through sorceree
And witchcraft, she from farre did thither bring.
There she had him now layd a-slombering,
In secret shade, after long wanton joyes,
Whilst round about them pleasauntly did sing
Many faire Ladies and lascivious boyes,
That ever mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

73

And all that while, right over him she hong,
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine, whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight;
And oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rewd.

74

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay:
Ah see, who so faire thing doest faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day;
Ah see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modestee,
That fairer seemes, the lesse ye see her may;
Lo see soone after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display;
Loe see soone after, how she fades, and falles away.

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre;
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That earst was sought to decke both bed and bowre,
Of many a Ladie, and many a Paramowre:
Gather therefore the Rose, whilest yet is prime,
For soone comes age, that will her pride deflowre:
Gather the Rose of love, whilest yet is time,
Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime.

76

He ceast, and then gan all the quire of birdes
Their diverse notes t'attune unto his lay,
As in approvance of his pleasing words.
The constant paire heard all, that he did say,
Yet swarved not, but kept their forward way,
Through many covert groves and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton Ladie, with her lover lose,
Whose sleepie head she in her lap did soft dispose.

77

Upon a bed of Roses she was layd,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
All in a vele of silke and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alablaster skin,
But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:
More subtile web *Arachne* cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see
Of scorched deaw, do not in th'aire more lightly flee.

Her snowy brest was bare to readie spoyle
Of hungry eies, which n'ote therewith be fild,
And yet through languour of her late sweet toyle,
Few drops, more cleare then Nectar, forth distild,
That like pure Orient perles adowne it trild,
And her faire eyes sweet smyling in delight
Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thrild
Fraile harts, yet quenched not—like starry light
Which sparckling on the silent waves, does seeme more bright.

79

The young man sleeping by her seemd to bee
Some goodly swayne of honorable place,
That certes it great pittie was to see
Him his nobilitie so foule deface;
A sweet regard, and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sternesse did appeare
Yet sleeping, in his well proportiond face,
And on his tender lips the downy heare
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossomes beare.

80

His warlike armes, the idle instruments
Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree,
And his brave shield, full of old moniments,
Was fowly ra'st, that none the signes might see;
Ne for them, ne for honour cared hee,
Ne ought, that did to his advauncement tend,
But in lewd loves, and wastfull luxuree,
His dayes, his goods, his bodie he did spend:
O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend!

The noble Elfe, and carefull Palmer drew
So nigh them, minding nought, but lustfull game,
That suddein forth they on them rusht, and threw
A subtile net, which onely for the same
The skilfull Palmer formally did frame.
So held them under fast, the whiles the rest
Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.
The faire Enchauntresse, so unwares opprest,
Tryde all her arts, and all her sleights, thence out to wrest.

82

And eke her lover strove, but all in vaine;
For that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile, nor force might it distraine.
They tooke them both, and both them strongly bound
In captive bandes, which there they readie found.
But her in chaines of adamant he tyde;
For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound;
But *Verdant* (so he hight) he soone untyde,
And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applyde.

83

But all those pleasant bowres and Pallace brave,
Guyon broke down, with rigour pittilesse;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse;
But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse.
Their groves he feld, their gardins did deface,
Their arbers spoyle, their Cabinets suppresse,
Their banket houses burne, their buildings race,
And of the fairest late, now made the fowlest place.

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad.
The way they came, the same retourn'd they right,
Till they arrived, where they lately had
Charm'd those wild-beasts, that rag'd with furie mad.
Which now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad;
But them the Palmer soone did pacify.
Then *Guyon* askt, what meant those beastes, which there did ly.

85

Said he, These seeming beasts are men indeed,
Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed thus,
Whylome her lovers, which her lusts did feed,
Now turned into figures hideous,
According to their mindes like monstrous.
Sad end (quoth he) of life intemperate,
And mournefull meed of joyes delicious;
But Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
Let them returned be unto their former state.

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Streightway he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,
And streight of beasts they comely men became;
Yet being men they did unmanly looke,
And stared ghastly, some for inward shame,
And some for wrath, to see their captive Dame;
But one above the rest in speciall,
That had an hog beene late, hight *Grille* by name,
Repined greatly, and did him miscall,
That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

Said *Guyon*: See the mind of beastly man,
That hath so soone forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth, with vile difference,
To be a beast, and lacke intelligence.
To whom the Palmer thus: The donghill kind
Delights in filth and foule incontinence;
Let *Grill* be *Grill*, and have his hoggish mind,
But let us hence depart, whilest wether serves and wind.

A Letter of the Author Expounding His whole intention in the course of this worke: which for that it giveth great light to the Reader, for the better understanding is hereunto annexed.

To the Right noble, and Valorous, Sir Walter Raleigh knight, Lo. Wardein of the Stanneryes, and her Majesties liefe-tenaunt of the County of Cornewayll.

Sir: knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I have entituled the Faery Queene, being a continued Allegory, or darke conceit, I have thought good as well for avoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded) to discover unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes or by-accidents therein occasioned. The generall end therefore of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline: which for that I conceived shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter, then for profite of the ensample: I chose the historye of king Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of envy and suspition of present time. In which I have followed all the antique Poets historicall, first Homere, who in the Persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good governour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis; then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Aeneas; after

him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando; and lately Tasso dissevered them againe, and formed both parts in two persons, namely that part which they in Philosophy call Ethice, or vertures of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo; The other named Politice in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellente Poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private morall vertues, as Aristotle hath devised, the which is the purpose of these first twelve bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encoraged to frame the other part of polliticke vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king. To some I know this Methode will seeme displeasaunt, which had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegoricall devises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their showes, and nothing esteemed of that is not delightfull and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one in the exquisite depth of his judgement formed a Commune welth such as it should be, but the other in the person of Cyrus and the Persians fashioned a governement such as might best be: so much more profitable and gratious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So have I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure; whome I conceive after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to have seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queen, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seeke her out, and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon throughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faerye land. In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glo-

rious person of our soveraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet in some places els, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautiful Lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphœbe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia (Phœbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana). So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular, which vertue for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthure applyable to that vertue which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertues, I make xii. other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history; of which these three bookes contayn three: the first of the knight of the Redcrosse, in whome I expresse Holynes; the seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth Temperaunce; the third of Britomartis, a Lady knight, in whome I picture Chastity. But because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights severall adventures. For the Methode of a Poet historicall is not such as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions, but a Poet thrusteth into the middest, even where it most concerneth him, and there recoursing to the thinges forepaste, and divining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all. The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer, should be the twelfth booke, which is the last, where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaste xii. dayes, uppon which xii. severall dayes the occasions of the xii. severall adventures hapned, which being undertaken by xii.

severall knights, are in these xii. books severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented himselfe a tall clownishe younge man, who, falling before the Queene of Faeries, desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that hee might have the atchievement of any adventure which during that feaste should happen; that being graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen Castle, who thence suffred them not to yssew; and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that exployt. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure; whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him that unlesse that armour which she brought would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul v. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise; which being forthwith put upon him with dewe furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in all that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And eftsoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge Courser, he went forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth the first booke, vz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne, &c.

The second day ther came in a Palmer bearing an infant with bloody hands, whose Parents he

complained to have bene slayn by an Enchaunteresse called Acrasia; and therfore craved of the Faery Queene to appoint him some knight, to performe that adventure, which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same Palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in a Groome, who complained before the Faery Queene that a vile Enchaunter called Busirane had in hand a most faire Lady called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour, the lover of that Lady, presently tooke on him that adventure. But being unable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his love.

But by occasion hereof, many other adventures are intermedled, but rather as Accidents then intendments. As the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphœbe, the lasciviousnes of Hellenora, and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I have briefly overronne to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the History, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seeme tedious and confused. So humbly craving the continuaunce of your honorable favour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leave.

23. January. 1589.
Yours most humbly affectionate.
Ed. Spenser.

NOTES [1]

P. 2 5: *late age.* The age only recently past.

P. 2 6: *th'Indian Peru. I.e.,* Peru of the (West) Indies, as North and South America were then frequently called.

P. 2 8: *The Amazons huge river now found trew.* Spenser is probably thinking of the fact that before Pizarro and Orellana discovered the Amazon River (1540-1541), they and all Europe had heard rumors of "Eldorado," a marvelous country in the interior of South America, full of gold, silver, precious stone, and spices; and Pizarro and Orellana were searching for this fabulous country when they followed down the course of the Amazon. Orellana heard of a powerful tribe of women in that country, hence the name Amazon (in reference to the Amazons of classic legend), and Spenser's reference to "the Amazons huge river." Possibly Spenser's interest in the Amazon came through Sir Walter Raleigh, who, five years after these lines were published, embarked on the first of his two expeditions to discover "Eldorado" and explore Guiana.

P. 4 5: *fine footing.* Very small, delicate tracks or footprints.

I 1 1-3: *That cunning Architect of cancred guile,*
Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands
For falsed letters and suborned wile.
Archimago, who, in the last canto of

[1] The numbers to the left of the notes refer respectively to *Canto, Stanza, Line.*

Book I, tried to break up the Red-Cross Knight's marriage with Una, was discovered in spite of his disguise, and was imprisoned by Una's father.

I 1 *7: caytives hands.* The phrase is meaningless as it stands, since Archimago has been imprisoned by a righteous king. Some editors conjecture "caytive bands."

I 2 *5: Sith Una now he algates must forgoe.* Since he (the Red-Cross Knight) must now wholly leave Una. At the end of Book I the Red-Cross Knight has to leave his bride, since he had sworn to return to the Faerie Queene after achieving his victory.

I 2 *7: native.* Editions of 1596 and 1609 read "natives."

I 3 *1: Him.* The Red-Cross Knight. *his.* Archimago's.

I 4 *6, 7:* In 1596 and 1609 these two lines are transposed.

I 5 *2: win occasion to his will.* Find the right circumstances to further his purpose.

I 6 *8-9:*

Sir Huons hand,
When with king Oberon he came to Faerie land.

Spenser is referring to Sir Huon of Bordeaux, hero of an old French *chanson de geste,* for whom Oberon, king of the fairies, has affection, and whom he makes his heir.

I 8 *5: with faire.* 1596 reads "with a faire."

I 9 *5: his percing speach gan paint.* Began to give a false coloring to his heart-piercing speech.

I 13 *9: blubbered.* The verb "blubber" had in Spenser's time no ridiculous or contemptuous connotations.

I 16 *6: but doth the ill increase.* A curious and awkwardly contracted transition.

Spenser obviously means that weeping and wailing not only are useless (boot not), but also increase the evil.

I 18 *9: quartred all the field.* Divided the surface of the shield into quarters. "Quartering" (dividing the shield into quarters) is a common basis for designs on the field or escutcheon of a coat of arms.

I 19 *8: Th'adventure of the Errant damozell.* Cf. Spenser's letter to Sir Walter Raleigh on page 239. This adventure is that of the Red-Cross Knight and Una, the subject of the First Book.

I 22 *6-7: Sith her Prince Arthur of proud ornaments*
And borrow'd beautie spoyld.
In Canto VIII of Book I, Prince Arthur rescues the Red-Cross Knight from the castle of the giant Orgoglio. Duessa, then the mistress of Orgoglio, is stripped of her beautiful clothing by Arthur, whereupon she appears as a loathsome old hag.

I 23 *8-9: Against his praise to stirre up enmitye*
Of such, as vertues like mote unto him allye.
To make hostile against the Red-Cross Knight's reputation such persons as would otherwise combine (in friendship) with him virtues like his own.

I 24 *9: travell.* Spenser's age did not differentiate in spelling between "travel," wandering, and "travail," labor, but used both spellings indiscriminately for either word. Only the context, then, can determine which meaning either spelling has.

I 25 *5: dearely do him rew.* Make him heartily repent.

I 27 *8: his steede could stay uneath.* Could scarcely stop his steed.

I 28 *7: that heavenly Mayd.* The Faerie Queene.

I 31 *1: turn his earnest unto game.* Turn his serious speech into joking.

I 31 *2: handling.* 1596 reads "handing."

I 31 *7: Faire.* 1596 reads "faire."

I 33 *7: Well mote ye thee.* Well may you prosper.

I 33 *8: thrise.* 1590, 1596, and 1609 all read "these." List of *Faults Escaped* in 1590 corrects to "thrise."

I 36 *4: bound by them to live in lives despight.* Forced by fate ("carelesse heavens") to live in scorn of life (*i.e.*, though scorning life).

I 39 *4: dolour.* 1596 and 1609 read "labour."

I 40 *4: gore.* So the 1590 edition. 1596 and 1609 read "gold," which would give an interesting sense to the line, if one could imagine that gold could be called purple.

I 43 *7: shop.* Spenser thinks of the body, or vital organs, as the place where life carries on its work or functions.

I 47 *9: Take not away now got, which none would give to me.* Do not take away that which I have now obtained (*i.e.*, death), and which no one would give to me.

I 52 *5: liefest.* Dearest. 1596 and 1609 read "lifest."

I 53 *3: And thrise three times had fild her crooked hornes. I.e.,* the moon had become full nine times.

I 53 *5: Lucina.* The Roman goddess who presides over child-birth.

I 58 *4: frize.* 1590, 1596, 1609 all have "fry." Church first suggested "frize."

Spenser is obviously contrasting heat and cold, not melting and frying.

I 58 *8: Reserve her cause.* Set apart her case; *i.e.*, reserve your judgment of her act.

I 59 *1: equall.* 1596 and 1609 read "evill."

I 59 *6: teene.* Spenser seems here to use the word in the sense of "bestow upon," "allot to." No other example of the word used in this sense has been found.

I 59 *8-9:*

For all so great shame after death I weene,
As selfe to dyen bad, unburied bad to beene.

An obscure passage; probably "dyen" is used transitively—"selfe to dyen" meaning "to kill oneself"; "bad" seems to mean "sinfully." The lines probably, then, mean: For I judge it to be as great a shame after death to be sinfully unburied (or "unburied in sin") as sinfully to kill oneself.

I 60 *9: aye.* Ever, at any time. "Aye" ordinarily means "at all times," "forever." Spenser's is either a rare or a mistaken use of the word.

I 61 *2: all their heare.* The hair of each.

II 4 *3: lieu.* Church conjectures "in love of," which makes better sense. The original reading, however, is not entirely meaningless.

II 5 *1: at gaze.* In bewilderment.

II 7 *5: Dan Faunus.* The Roman god of the land and agriculture, corresponding to the Greek god Pan.

II 7 *7: chace.* The word does not rhyme as it should in the stanza. Spenser makes this error a number of times in the *Faerie Queene.* Some editors conjecture that Spenser intended to write "pray."

II 9 *1: whose.* 1596 and 1609 read "those."

II 10 *8: to minde revengement.* To bring to mind the necessity of revenge.

II 12 *2: algates mote he soft himselfe appease.* Nevertheless he had to calm himself quietly (or, resignedly).

II 17 *5: errant armes to sew.* To perform deeds of knightly adventure. "Sew" is the obsolete spelling of "show."

II 17 *8-9: Sterne melancholy did his courage pas, And was for terrour more, all armd in shyning bras.*
His stern melancholy surpassed his courage—and, to cause the more terror in his enemies, he was all armed, etc. There is an almost complete break in thought between the two lines.

II 21 *1: cald.* 1596 and 1609 read "calth."

II 22 *5: As when a Beare and Tygre being met In cruell fight on lybicke Ocean wide,* etc.
"Lybicke" means "of Libya," the ancient name of a large country in the north of Africa. "Ocean" means simply a boundless expanse, plain, or desert. Spenser perhaps had in mind some story told in a traveler's account of Africa; but the source is not yet found.

II 22 *7: with feet surbet.* Foot-sore.

II 23 *2: boldly.* 1596 reads "bloudy."

II 28 *2: champions.* 1596 and 1609 read "champion."

II 29 *2: Erinnys.* The name of one of the classical Furies; often (as here) used as a general term for "Fury."

II 30 *1: there.* 1590 and 1596 read "their."

II 30 *3: bloud guiltinesse.* 1590 reads "blood-guiltnesse," 1596 reads "bloud guiltnesse."

II 34 *9: thought their.* 1590 has "though ther." The editors of the Oxford Spenser suggest as a questionable emendation "thought her."

II 37 *1: Fast.* 1590, 1596, and 1609 all read "First." Corrected in *Faults Escaped,* 1590.

II 44 *1: faire Phoebe with her silver face.* The moon.

II 44 *4: introld.* 1590 has "entrold." Both words seem meaningless. Some editors conjecture "enrold."

II 46 *1-3:*

in Ocean deepe
Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
His flaming head did hasten for to steepe.

To an observer looking at the southward sky from London, the constellation of Orion, as it sets, appears to be flying from the constellation Hydra (the water-snake).

III 4 *5: vaine . . vaine.* Spenser's pun is apparent if one gives the first "vain" its modern spelling of "vein."

III 5 *9: cast t'avaunce his first degree.* Planned to take his first step toward realizing his ambition.

III 8 *9: cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee.* Terms referring to the feudal system. "Liege" means "feudal lord." To "hold in fee" means to possess (land, property, or as here, life) on condition of homage and service to a superior feudal lord. Trompart, in other words, declares himself the subject, or vassal, of Braggadochio.

III 9 *7: From.* 1596 reads "For."

III 11 *8: in one consent.* In agreement of feelings, in mutual harmony.

III 12 *6: through hard assay forgone.* Lost in (repelling) a difficult assault.

III 12 *9: That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grone.* That spear is enough for him to make a thousand (foes) groan.

III 18 *6: device.* 1596 and 1609 read "advise."

III 22 *4: goodly mixture of complexions dew.* Medieval physiology considered the human body to be composed of four humours or complexions—blood, bile, phlegm, and black bile. The perfectly normal human body, according to the theory, had these complexions mixed in due proportions. Abnormalities arose from an overplus of one or another complexion. The mixture of humours itself, or its result, was also called the "complexion"; and this use of the word is more common than Spenser's.

III 28 *7: play.* This is one of several examples in the *Faerie Queene* of a failure to rhyme where the stanza form requires it. Some editors conjecture that Spenser meant to write "sport."

III 30 *1: like golden wyre.* Medieval lovers habitually compared their ladies' beautiful hair to golden wires. Cf., for a satiric reference to the convention, Shakespeare's 130th sonnet.

III 31 *2: Eurotas.* A Greek river rising in Arcadia. *Cynthus.* A mountain of Delos, supposed to have been the birthplace of Apollo and Diana.

III 31 *5-6: Queene of Amazons.* Penthesilea. The usual form of the legend Spenser refers to states that Penthesilea was killed by Achilles. Spenser follows the account in Dares Phrygius (ch. 36), which gives Pyrrhus as her

slayer. Pyrrhus was Achilles' son, noted for his fierceness and cruelty.

III 33 *6: Sith earst.* Since first.

III 33 *7-8: But mote thy goodlyhed forgive it mee*
To weet—
But may your excellency forgive me for wishing to know, etc. Equivalent to: "But . . . begging your pardon—may I know, etc."

III 40 *6-7: But who his limbs with labours, and his mind*
Behaves with cares—
But he who regulates (*i.e.*, trains) his limbs with labors, and his mind with cares.

III 43 *6: Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vaine.* *I.e.*, he did not care for her presence, since it was useless to him.

III 45 *4: one.* 1590 and 1596 read "on."

IV Arg. *4: Strife.* 1590 and 1596 read "strife."

IV 1 *2: I know not what great difference.* A great difference, but one the exact nature of which I do not know.

IV 1 *3: the vulgar and the noble seed.* Low birth and noble birth.

IV 1 *4: which.* Refers to "noble seed."

IV 8 *6: his.* Furor's.

IV 10 *4: He is not.* 1590, 1596, and 1609 read "He is no." Corrected in *Faults Escaped*, 1590.

IV 12 *4: Would she stent.* She would not cease.

IV 22 *6: whom I had to me assynd.* Whom I had chosen for myself.

IV 26 *5: Claribell.* Phedon's lady.

IV 27 *3-4: to me the treachour did remove*
His craftie engin . . .
The treacherous man turned his crafty plot in my direction.

IV 28 *8: ten thousand deathes priefe.* The experience of ten thousand deaths.

IV 34 *1: Most.* 1590 and 1596 read "most."

IV 36 *2: into.* 1596 reads "unto."

IV 37 *8: bashed not.* Did not shrink out of shame; was not abashed.

IV 40 *4: his chaunce t'abye.* To abide, or take his chance. "Abye," meaning "to atone" or "to pay a penalty," was often in Spenser's day confused with "abide" in the sense of "wait for" or "endure."

IV 41 *2: Pyrochles.* 1590, 1596, and 1609 read "Pyrrhochles" here and elsewhere where the name occurs. The spelling is corrected in *Faults Escaped,* 1590.

IV 41 *7-8: Phlegeton . . . Herebus.* Erebus and Night were in Greek mythology the son and daughter of Chaos. Phlegeton is a flaming river in Hades, but is also referred to, by Virgil, as a person.

IV 42 *3: Drad for his derring do.* Feared for his daring actions. Spenser took the phrase, *derring do,* from Chaucer, and made it into a substantive. In Chaucer it means "daring to do."

IV 42 *8: fly this fearefull stead anon.* Fly at once from this dangerous place.

IV 46 *1: thrillant.* Spenser frequently uses the obsolete suffixes "-ant" or "-and" as participial endings, where modern usage has "-ing."

V Arg. *4: Atin Cymochles.* 1596 reads "Attin Gymochles."

V 3 *8: It booted nought.* It was of no use.

V 5 *3: Disleall.* To strike an enemy's horse was against the laws of chivalry. Guyon does so accidentally, but Py-

rochles of course accuses him of doing so purposely.

V 6 *5: were not his targe.* If it had not been for his shield.

V 12 *7-9:*
do me not dye,
Ne deeme thy force by fortunes doome unjust,
That hath (maugre her spight) thus low me laid in dust.
Do not kill me, nor estimate your own strength according to this unjust decision of fortune, who has (curse her spite!) thus laid me low in dust.

V 19 *4: shee.* 1590 and 1596 read "hee."

V 24 *2: him dight.* Array, or arm, himself.

V 27 *3: her.* 1596 reads "his."

V 31 *2ff: the stately tree,* etc. The poplar is sacred to Hercules, the oak to Jove; but neither tree is connected with Nemea. Perhaps Spenser refers to the wild olive, from which Hercules cut his famous staff in the Nemean forest. The "goodly victoree" is Hercules' slaying of the Nemean lion, the first of his famous twelve labors.

V 34 *8: So them deceives.* 1590 and 1596 read "So he them deceives."

V 34 *9: deare voluptuous receipt.* Made from a precious, sense-stimulating formula.

V 35 *5: In which. I.e.,* into which. *That manly person. I.e.,* Cymochles. Atin is accusing Cymochles of having faded into a shadow of his recent self.

VI 1 *5: covets faine.* Desires eagerly.

VI 3 *4: that nigh her breth was gone.* So 1596. The 1590 edition has an interesting earlier reading: "as merry as Pope Jone."

VI 5 *6: cut away.* Made off, with also a shadow of "cut" in its literal sense—*i.e.,* the boat cut the waves.

VI 5 *7: Ne cared she her course for to apply.* Nor did she care to steer the boat on a definite course.

VI 9 *4: cot.* An Irish term; one of the numerous passages in *The Faerie Queene* which reflect Spenser's acquaintance with Ireland.

VI 13 *1-4: No tree, whose braunches did not bravely spring;*
No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not sit:
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing;
No song but did containe a lovely dit:—
This interlocking of lines by using the second term of one line as the first term of the next is a fairly common artistic device of the time. Cf. Sir Philip Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella,* Sonnet 1.

VI 17 *6: What bootes it.* What is it worth?

VI 26 *3: thewed ill.* Ill-mannered.

VI 26 *7: her desired to depart.* Asked her to let him depart.

VI 27 *4: Gan him avize.* Began to bethink himself, or, to consider.

VI 27 *9: there.* 1590 and 1596 read "their."

VI 29 *2: importune.* 1596 reads "importance."

VI 32 *3: at their feet her selfe most humbly feld.* Threw herself . . . at their feet.

VI 34 *3: the which doe men in bale to sterve.* Which cause men to die in misery.

VI 34 *5: Such cruell game my scarmoges disarms.* Such cruel sport makes my skirmishes (*i.e.,* of love) powerless.

VI 35 *2: shend.* 1596 reads "shent."

VI 35 *7-9: Mars is Cupidoes frend,*
And is for Venus loves renowmed more

Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of yore.

Mars, the god of war, was in love with Venus, and Phædria, at least, thinks that love affair more famous than Mars' war-like exploits.

VI 37 *3: light did pas.* Cared little.

VI 38 *8: There by.* 1590 and 1596 read "Thereby."

VI 39 *5: tracted forth some salvage beastes trade.* Followed up some savage beast's tracks.

VI 42 *3: beducked.* 1596 reads "beduked."

VI 43 *6: Harrow now out, and well away.* "Harrow" was a cry of distress or alarm, used even up into the nineteenth century.

VI 45 *3: Burning.* 1596 reads "But."

VI 49 *2: at earst.* Recently.

VI 50 *3: livers.* 1609 reads "liver"; but since perhaps Spenser consciously used the plural to mean "vital parts," this edition retains the reading of 1596.

VI 50 *9: Phlegeton.* In Greek mythology, a river of fire in Hades.

VII 5 *4: Mulcibers devouring element.* Fire, the *"elementum ignis,"* presided over by Mulciber, or Vulcan. Mulciber, "the Soother," is a surname attached to Vulcan probably by way of propitiating the ravaging force of fire.

VII 16 *9: The measure of her meane.* The proper limit of her moderation between two extremes.

VII 23 *6: Celeno.* One of the Harpies mentioned by Virgil (Aeneid III 245): *"Celæno, infelix vates."*

VII 28 *3: From whose rough vaut the ragged breaches hong.* Apparently the *breaches,* or fissures in the rocky vault, were veins of precious metal,

which, by reason of their breadth and conformation, gave the illusion of rich hangings along its sides.

VII 43 *8: titles vaine.* Titles of vanity, *i.e.*, of social rank.

VII 49 *1: Philotime.* A name suggested by Aristotle's φιλοτιμία, "love of honor," "ambition."

VII 52 *9: Critias, his dearest Belamy.* Spenser has apparently confused Critias, one of the thirty tyrants and an enemy of Socrates, with his friend Crito who was present at his death. Critias did administer a draft of hemlock to Theramenes, who is reported to have drunk it with the words, "I drink this to the health of fair Critias."

VII 54 *6: Atlas daughters.* The eleventh of the labors of Hercules was to obtain the golden apples from Mount Atlas where they were guarded by the Hesperides. According to one account, these maidens were the daughters of Atlas and Hesper. In mythological geography, the garden of the Hesperides is not far from that of Proserpine; Spenser combines the two.

VII 54 *8: th'Eubœan young man.* Hyppomenes or Meilanion of Eubœa. Atalanta, the swiftest of mortals, desiring to remain a virgin, made it the sole condition of marriage that her suitor outrun her. Hyppomenes received from Aphrodite three golden apples which he cast before her as they ran. Thrice she stopped to pick them up, and was beaten.

VII 55 *2: With which Acontius got his lover trew.* Acontius took a citron from the garden of Venus and inscribed on

the rind, "By Artemis I will marry Acontius." Then he threw it in the way of Cydippe, who read the inscription aloud, thus unwillingly making a vow which the goddess compelled her to fulfill.

VII 55 *4: that famous golden Apple.* Eris (discord)—not Ate—being excluded from the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis, threw among the goddesses a golden apple inscribed "to the fairest." The arbitration of the ensuing dispute was left to Paris, a shepherd on Mount Ida—hence Spenser's term "Idæan ladies." Paris adjudged the prize to Venus, who offered him Helen of Troy for his wife.

VII 56 *8: Cocytus.* The "river of wailing" in Epirus which was supposed to be connected with the lower world and so came to be described as a river *in* the lower world.

VII 59 *5: Lo Tantalus.* Spenser alludes to the story in which Jove condemned Tantalus to be eternally *tantalized* with food and drink because he once feasted the gods on the flesh of his own son.

VII 59 *9: Of grace.* For kindness' sake.

VII 62 *8: in purity.* In absolving myself from blame.

VIII 5 *4: equal peares.* Those of his own age.

VIII 9 *5: his charge behight.* The charge intrusted to him.

VIII 13 *7: sleeping fame.* The reputation of one who sleeps.

VIII 17 *7: so farre space.* At such a distance.

VIII 17 *9: Lybian.* See note II 22 5.

VIII 19 *3: him that afford.* Make use of that.

VIII 20 *5: Medœwart.* Merlin, the magician, who watches over the affairs of the

Prince, follows a classic formula in making the enchanted sword Morddure ("the hard-biter"): first the metal was mixed with medæwart, or meadow-sweet; then it was wrought at Vulcan's forge in the flames of Ætna; and finally it was tempered by being dipped seven times in the waters of the Styx.

VIII 24 *3: her fatal date expyre.* Fill out her destined term.

VIII 27 *7: debate the chalenge.* Not to discredit your claim; not to make an issue of your rights in this matter.

VIII 29 *3: But from the grandsyre to the Nephewes sonne.*
Exodus xx: 5; Deuteronomy v: 9.

VIII 30 *4: Termagaunt.* Pyrochles is swearing by Saracen gods. See also 33 *3*.

VIII 34 *3: His single speare.* His spear alone.

VIII 35 *3: traverse wide.* To shift his ground repeatedly; in boxing terms, to use foot-work.

VIII 40 *4: so wisely as it ought.* The 1590 edition reads "so well as he it ought," *i.e.*, "as well as he *who owned* it." In the 1596 reading, given in the text, which appears to be a Spenserian correction, "it" refers to "right hand."

VIII 48 *8: Prince Arthur.* 1590 and 1596 read "Sir Guyon."

VIII 51 *5: dismall day.* (*Dies mali*) unpropitious day.

VIII 55 *9:* The line is unfinished.

IX Arg. *4: flight.* 1596 reads "fight."

IX 2 *5: with gentle court did bord.* Accosted with courteous address.

IX 2 *6: mote of . . . read.* May I understand, by your courtesy, why . . .

IX 4 *5: my liege.* The one to whom I owe allegiance.

IX 6 *6: knights of Maydenhed.* Spenser's name for the knighthood that serves the Faerie Queene.

IX 6 *9: Arthegall.* The hero of Book V, "the legend of Arthegall or Justice." Sophy is not elsewhere mentioned by Spenser.

IX 7 : This is a reference to Book I 9 13-14:

For-wearied with my sports, I did alight
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd;
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
The pillow was my helmet faire displayd:
Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
So faire a creature yet saw never sunny day.

Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
She to me made, and bad me love her deare,
For dearely sure her love was to me bent,
As when just time expired should appeare.
But whether dreams delude, or true it were,
Was never hart so ravisht with delight,

Ne living man like words did ever heare,
As she to me delivered all that night;
And at her parting said, She Queene of Faeries hight.

IX 8 *1: famous chevisaunce.* Pursuit of fame.

IX 15 *3: Capitaine.* 1596 reads "Captaine."

IX 16 *2: fennes of Allan.* The great bog of Allen, a little west of Dublin.

IX 21 *3: fensible.* 1596 reads "sensible."

IX 21 *6: king Nine.* King Ninus, the mythical founder of Nineva, whom Spenser regards also as the builder of "Babell towre." The scriptural builder of the tower is Nimrod, the founder of Babylon.

IX 22 *:* Dodge gives the following interpretation of this stanza: "The circle is the head; the triangle the legs (the ground forming the base). The circle includes the greatest, the triangle the least space, among plane figures; hence 'the first and last.' The circle has, of course, been always used as a symbol of perfection, immortality, etc.; the triangle is here interpreted as the antithesis; the masculine, the nobler quality, is of the former, against the feminine of the latter. The 'quadrate,' or rectangle, is the body, in proportion nine long by seven broad. This length, nine, is equal to the circumference of the circle, the head."

IX 24 *3: Marble far from Ireland brought.* "Ireland yields excellent marble near Dublin, Kilkenny, and Cork."—(Fynes Moryson.)

IX 26 *7: as beseemed right.* As was right seemly.

IX 29 *7: Mongiball.* Mongibello, another name for Ætna.

IX 32 *8: Port Esquiline.* The notoriously unsanitary Campus Esquilinus, near the gate of Rome, where refuse of all kinds is dumped.

IX 37 *7: ill afraid, (evil apayed).* Ill requited.

IX 38 *2: mood.* 1596 reads "word." Corrected by Morris.

IX 40 *7: the bird.* The owl.

IX 45 *7: In Thebes, which Alexander did confound.* Cadmus was the mythical founder of Thebes. In one of his earliest campaigns (335 B.C.) Alexander razed the city, sparing only the house of the poet, Pindar.

IX 47 *7: But three the chiefest.* The three ventricles into which medieval physiology divided the brain—the front ventricle which received sensations, the middle which transformed them into imagination and reason, the third which garnered them in memories. Spenser alters these functions to correspond to the faculties of imagination, judgment, and memory.

IX 48 *4: Pylian syre.* Nestor, king of Pylos. He joined forces with the Greeks in the siege of Troy.

IX 49 *4: reason.* 1596 reads "season." Corrected by Collier.

IX 52 *8: with ill disposed skyes.* Under ill-omened stars.

IX 52 *9: When oblique Saturne sate in the house of agonyes.* The twelfth "house," or astrological division of the heavens, is that of affliction, misery, and suffering. Furthermore, Saturn is of all planets the most malignant, and most influentially so, of course, when he is oblique—that is, in the ascendant.

To be born, then, "when oblique Saturne sate in the house of agonyes" is to be predestined to the extremest possible degree of malignancy.

IX 56 *9: Assaracus.* A mythical king of Troy. *Inachus.* A river god who gives his name to the river Inachus. The point of these allusions is that no mythological information, however trivial or recondite, was wanting.

IX 59 *6: Briton moniments. Monumenta Britannica,* or a fabulous chronicle of the earliest times in Britain, compiled by Geoffrey of Monmouth, which is Spenser's chief source for Canto X, though he makes use also of the chronicles of Hardynge, Holinshed, and Stow. His object is, of course, to compliment his Queen by tracing the mythical ancestry of the Tudors.

X 1 *7: needes me.* Is needful to me.

X 3 *1: Mœonian quill.* The pen of Homer.

X 4 *3: Who.* 1596 reads "Whom." Corrected in *Faults Escaped,* 1590.

X 5 *9: Celticke mayn-land.* France.

X 7 *7: liveden.* 1596 reads "lived then"; this reading is taken from the edition of 1590.

X 9 *3: their owne mother.* The earth.

X 9 *5: All were they.* Although they were.

X 9 *8: fatall error.* Wandering ordained by fate.

X 10 *7: westerne Hogh.* The hoe, or cliff, at Plymouth.

X 12 *1: In meed of.* As a reward for.

X 24 *8: Scuith guir ich.* Welsh for "green shield."

X 24 *9: y Scuith gogh.* "The red shield."

X 26 *4: quick Brimston.* Live, *i.e.,* burning sulphur.

X 30 *9: his cheare empayrd.* Reduced his comforts.

X 40 *3: That sacked Rome.* The Romans broke faith with their conquerors, who thereupon sacked the city.

X 42 *8: Aegerie, that Numa taught.* One of the Camenæ, or goddesses of prophecy, who instructed Numa.

X 42 *9: Mertian lawes.* The usual spelling is Mercia.

X 49 *8: defrayd.* 1596 reads "did defray"; this reading, required by the rhyme, is from the edition of 1590.

X 56 *2-4: Semiramis, Hypsiphil', Thomiris.* Three queens memorable for their virtues: Semiramis, the wife of Ninus, for her beauty and bravery; Hypsiphil', who saved her father from the murderous women of Lemnos; Thomiris, who, according to Herodotus, defeated Cyrus.

X 60 *3: fet.* So 1596. Previous modern editors, even those who print variant readings, seem to have overlooked this fact, and read "set."

X 61 *9: with easie hand.* Easily.

X 65 *1: Capitains.* 1596 reads "Captains."

X 72 *8: Cleopolis.* Spenser's name for London, "the city of fame."

X 75 *1: Elficleos.* Henry VII, "the elf of fame."

X 75 *6: Elferon.* Prince Arthur, the first-born son of Henry VII.

X 75 *8: Oberon.* Henry VIII.

X 76 *4: Tanaquill.* Queen Elizabeth.

XI 1 *9: Sinfull vellenage.* Bondage to sin.

XI 7 *2: the five great Bulwarkes, i.e.,* the five senses.

XI 11 *4: dismayd.* Jortin conjectures that this is a misprint for "mismade." It may

be an intentional Spenserian affectation, dis-made—that is, misformed.

XI 13 *8: feeling pleasures.* Tactual pleasures, pleasures of the sense of touch.

XI 19 *9: Such as Laomedon of Phœbus race did breed.* By a command of Zeus, Phœbus was compelled to serve as herdsman to Laomedon, the founder of Ilium.

XI 21 *8: there.* 1596 reads "their" in both cases.

XI 21 *9: so inly . . . tine.* So deeply did they inflame inwardly.

XI 23 *8: support.* 1596 reads "disport."

XI 28 *4: cast her to restrain.* Went about to restrain her.

XI 28 *6: her attaching.* Taking her prisoner.

XI 29 *5: lode upon him layd.* Belabored him with blows.

XI 30 *8: so nearly drive.* Pressed him so hard.

XI 34 *9: fild his place.* Measured his length.

XI 35 *9: sundry way.* Parting of the way.

XI 39 *7: wandring ghost, that wanted funerall.* A reference to the belief that a spirit could not find rest in the underworld until its body was buried.

XI 39 *9: divelish science.* Black magic.

XI 43 *1: Joves harnesse-bearing Bird.* Jove's armor-bearing bird, the eagle, which carries his thunder-bolts in its claws.

XI 46 *5: taking his full course.* Reckoning the total distance.

XI 49 *7: despoyled easily.* Gently relieved him of his armor.

XII 4 *2: Magnes stone.* Magnet stone, loadstone.

XII 11 *3: seeming now and then.* Appearing here and there.

XII 13 *4: Latona.* On the island of Delos she was delivered of twins, Artemis and Apollo—and hence is called by

Spenser the mother of Night and Day.

XII 16 *2: purpose diversly.* Talk of this and that.

XII 21 *3: utmost sandy breach.* The broken water mixed with sand at the edge of the sandbank.

XII 21 *8: the measure of his guise.* Its accustomed level.

XII 23 *6: Spring-headed Hydraes.* Sea-monsters having heads that sprang forth from their bodies, whence previous ones had been decapitated. These sea-monsters are drawn from Elizabethan natural history.

XII 23 *9: Monoceros.* Cambridge edition adopts Child's correction and reads "Monoceroses."

XII 24 *2: Death.* The Mors, probably the same as the Rosmarine (sea-horse), a creature of extraordinary ferocity, which was reputed to destroy men even when they were on the seashore.

XII 26 *9: Tethys.* A sea-goddess, the wife of Oceanus.

XII 31 *2: Heliconian maides.* The Muses.

XII 32 *4: That.* 1596 reads "Thou."

XII 44 *3: admirable wit.* Marvelous intelligence, genius.

XII 44 *8: wondred Argo.* Wonderful ship of the Argonauts.

XII 45 *6: boyes bloud.* Medea murdered the children she had borne to Jason when he deserted her to marry Creusa. As a wedding gift, she gave her rival an enchanted robe which burst into flame and destroyed her when she donned it.

XII 49 *9: charmed semblants sly.* Raised magic phantasms.

XII 52 *9: Or.* 1596 reads "Of"; this reading follows the edition of 1609.
XII 53 *4: forward right.* Straight ahead.
XII 57 *9: nought.* 1596 reads "not"; this reading follows 1609.
XII 65 *1: that faire starre.* Lucifer.
XII 65 *3: Cyprian goddesse.* Aphrodite.
XII 71 *4: respondence meet.* Answer or response which was in accord with them.
XII 71 *7: with difference discreet.* With a perceptible and becoming variation.
XII 74 *2: doest faine.* Art glad.
XII 81 *4: for that same.* For that very purpose.
XII 83 *7: spoyle.* 1596 reads "spoyld."
XII 85 *5: like monstruous.* Similarly gross.

SUMMARIES OF BOOKS I, III, IV, V, VI, AND VII OF THE FAERIE QUEENE

Book I.—The First Book of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* devotes itself to the subject of *Holiness*, its alliance with Truth, and its struggles against various forms of error, worldliness, and superstition. Holiness and Truth are, perhaps, ideally one for all the universe; but men's ideas concerning them vary widely, and each individual thinker describes them as, with his prejudices and living at the time he does, he sees them. So Spenser finds Holiness and Truth combined only in the Protestant religious dogmas of Elizabethan England; and the great struggle between Holiness and the incarnation of wrong he finds typified in the struggle between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic Churches. One may decline to identify Holiness with Spenser's Protestant faith, and the incarnation of evil with the Roman Church; but even so, one may still respond to Spenser's brilliant representation of those universal abstract qualities in action.

As the Book opens, the Red-Cross Knight, champion of Holiness, is spurring his steed over the plain—

"A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine"

accompanied by Una, or Truth, and by her servant, a Dwarf. Helped by Una's advice, he conquers and slays the monster, Error. But he is soon after deceived, by the machinations of Archimago (arch-villain of *The Faerie Queene*), into believing Truth to be Falsehood; he separates from Una, and continues his journey with only the Dwarf for his companion. Since he has rejected Truth as Falsehood, he soon inevitably receives Falsehood as Truth—Duessa (False Faith) attaches herself to him after he has slain her former companion, Sansfoy (Religious Infidelity). She

leads him to the House of Intellectual Pride, where he fights, beats, but cannot slay Sansjoy (Joylessness), brother to the slain Sansfoy. Leaving the House of Pride, the Red-Cross Knight, while weakened by drinking water from a magic fountain, is attacked by the giant Orgoglio (Carnal, or Physical, Pride), seized, and put into a dungeon, Duessa characteristically joining herself to the giant.

Meanwhile Truth is seeking to rejoin Holiness. On her search she is protected by a lion (Natural Instinct), who defends her against Corceca and Abessa (Blind Superstition), but who is finally slain by Sansloy (Lawlessness), brother to Sansfoy and Sansjoy. In danger from Lawlessness, Una is rescued and held for a time as queen by a savage band of fauns and satyrs, *i.e.*, the common people; she finds another temporary defender in Satyrane (Natural Morality), a forest-bred but honorable knight; and finally meets Prince Arthur, who slays Orgoglio, strips Duessa of her false beauty, delivers the Red-Cross Knight from his dungeon, and so reunites Truth and Holiness.

Depressed and weakened by his imprisonment, the Red-Cross Knight meets with Despair, and is almost persuaded to kill himself. Truth prevents him from this folly, and leads him to the House of Holiness, where by repentance, rest, and self-discipline he recovers his former strength and courage. He proceeds to his severest struggle, fights three days with the great Dragon (the Devil, incarnation of wrong and untruth), kills him, and delivers Una's parents from his power. He is betrothed to Una in spite of an abortive attempt by Archimago to break up the union, but goes forth again to serve his Faerie Queen six years more before returning to marry his betrothed.

Book III.—The Third and Fourth Books of *The Faerie Queene,* entitled *Chastity* and *Friendship,* respectively, are devoted in the largest sense

to the subject of human affection. The love of man and woman, which is the theme of Book III, is conceived as an aspect of the broader theme of friendship, as both are but manifestations of an ultimate disposition in the human heart toward love of others. Chastity, as Spenser imagines it, is not the cloistered asceticism of the Middle Ages, but love seeking marriage—love in the semblance of a militant British Maid, who has had a vision of the knight to whom her life is to be linked, and who is riding through the world to find him. Although these are the principals—Britomart and her knight Sir Artegall, the hero of the Book of Justice—various aspects and gradations of the virtue of Chastity are presented in other figures—in the grace and tenderness of Amoret and the shadowy evanescence of Florimell. Yet all are conceived with one purpose: the revelation of a natural purity of mind which is attained only through perfect marriage.

Book IV.—The Fourth Book, the book of *Friendship,* is an amplification of this theme and, as such, carries over many of the principal characters of Book III. As chastity is conceived to be rather a comparative capacity than an absolute condition, so friendship manifests itself in varying degrees of potentiality. There are pragmatic alliances; there are presumptuous ones; there are those which are quite deceitful; there are also such natural incentives as kinship and brotherhood; but the perfection of the virtue Spenser reveals in his completion of Chaucer's unfinished tale of Cambuscan. Here, in the midst of a deadly conflict, the adversaries perceive in each other a similar perfection and, through the recognition of it, attain to ultimate concord.

"Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of love together meet,
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,

Whether shall weigh the balance downe; to weet:
The deare affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to woman kind,
Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet.
But of them all the band of vertuous mind
Me seemes the gentle hart should most assured bind."

And this bond between human beings, which is the realization of a susceptible resemblance in each other's minds, is beautifully resolved in the last canto through the completion of a theme carried over from Book III, the nuptials of Florimell and Marinell. If friendship is virtue apprehending itself in another mind, then its perfection is in marriage; and the Book of Friendship is concluded with a triumphant procession of all the rivers of England to the wedding of Florimell and Marinell under the prolific sea.

Book V.—A similar unity of theme is apparent between the conceptions of *Justice* and *Courtesy*, the subjects of Books V and VI. Love is the force which seeks unity in friendship and marriage; Justice is the power that assures it. For the object of all human experience is accord and serenity, and these are possible only through the ministrations of justice, and its higher form, courtesy. It is not insignificant, therefore, that Britomart, the champion of Chastity, should seek union with Artegall, the champion of Justice—Artegall, the son of Astræa, the Goddess of Justice, last of the celestials to quit the earth in the Iron Age.

The crusade of Artegall is directed against a giant, Grantorto (Wrong), who keeps Irené (Peace—εἰρήνη) from her heritage. The champion is assisted by a groom, left on earth by his mother:

"His name was Talus, made of yron mould,
Immoveable, resistlesse, without end.
Who in his hand an yron flale didhould,
With which he thresht out falshood, and did truth unfould."

These two apostles of truth, with a severity that suggests Sir Guyon and his Palmer in Book II, beat down the forces of error in the world, and finally slay Grantorto and liberate his captive. But one enemy eludes them—the Blatant Beast of Slander.

Book VI.—The Sixth Book, the Book of *Courtesy,* is concerned with the suppression of the Blatant Beast. For the province of formal justice is limited: there are aberrations so subtle that society is unable to prescribe for them: yet they must be controlled. To the end that they may be, a more personal enforcement of justice is necessary, which is courtesy. As the enemy of Artegall is manifest wrong in the semblance of an aggressive giant, the crusade of Sir Calidore is directed against the Blatant Beast—a symbol of evil, in the form not of militant wrong-doing, but of slanderous unkindness. The captive of Grantorto is Irené, Peace; but the victim of Slander is Serena, Peace of Mind. And though Wrong is righted when it is removed, the evil of Slander is more insidious; Serena, who has been infected by the poisonous tooth of the Blatant Beast, must abide her convalescence with a good Hermit who administers not medicines but good counsel:

"Give salves to every sore, but counsel to the mind."

The mission of Sir Calidore, the hero of Book VI, is the liberation of the human mind from the bondage of meanness and selfishness; and, significantly, the Knight of Courtesy becomes enamored

of a rural maiden, Pastorella, who is eventually discovered to be of noble birth. Ultimately Calidore captures the Blatant Beast and leads it muzzled and in chains through Faeryland; but Spenser reports, at the close of the book, that it has since escaped into the world again.

It is biographically interesting that in this Book the poet eulogizes his wife in one of the most glorious passages he ever wrote.

Book VII.—Only a few cantos of the *Book of Mutability* remain—too few to suggest the nature of its conception, or even to indicate whether Spenser definitely intended it as the Seventh Book. The other five Books of *The Faerie Queene,* as originally planned, were never executed.

1552(?). Spenser born.
1558. Beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign.
1569, May 20. Spenser enters Cambridge University, Pembroke Hall.
1569. Van der Noote's *Theater of Voluptuous Worldlings* published, to which Spenser contributes translations.
1570, November. Gabriel Harvey, Spenser's friend and later correspondent, comes to Pembroke Hall as Fellow.
1573. Spenser obtains B.A. at Cambridge.
1576. Spenser obtains M.A. at Cambridge.
1577. Spenser perhaps with Sir Henry Sidney in Ireland.
1578. Spenser secretary to Bishop Young of Rochester.
1579, Autumn. Spenser in household of Leicester.
1579. Publication of *Shepherds' Calendar*.
1580, August 12. Spenser goes to Ireland as secretary to Lord Grey.
1581, March. Spenser appointed Registrar of the Faculties in the Court of Chancery, Ireland.
1582, August. Lord Grey leaves Ireland; Spenser remains.
1586. Death of Sir Philip Sidney.
1588. Spenser resigns position as Registrar at Dublin, is appointed Clerk of the Council of Munster, and goes to live at the castle of Kilcolman.
1588. Defeat of the Spanish Armada.
1589, Summer. Spenser visited by Sir Walter Raleigh. Raleigh sees MS. of *Faerie Queene*.
1589, Autumn. Spenser and Raleigh go to England with MS.
1590, Spring. First three Books of *Faerie Queene* published.
1591, Spring. Volume of *Complaints* published.

1591, February. Spenser granted by Elizabeth a pension of fifty pounds a year.
1591. *Daphnaida* published.
1591, Spring. Spenser returns to Ireland.
1593, *app.* Spenser disposes of Clerkship of Council of Munster.
1594, June 11. Spenser marries Elizabeth Boyle.
1595, Spring. *Amoretti* and *Epithalamion* published.
1595-6, Winter. *Colin Clout's Come Home Again,* and *Astrophel,* published.
1596, Spring. Remaining Books of *Faerie Queene* published. By January 20 Spenser is in London.
1596, Autumn. *Four Hymns,* and *Prothalamion,* published.
1596 or 1597. Spenser returns to Ireland.
1598, September 30. Spenser appointed Sheriff of Cork.
1596 or 1598. *View of Present State of Ireland* written; not printed till 1633.
1598, October. Revolt breaks out in Munster, Spenser's castle pillaged, Spenser and family escape to Cork, then to London.
1599, January 13. Spenser dies.

LIST OF ALLEGORICAL CHARACTERS IN BOOK II

Acrasia. Incontinence, indulgence in sensual pleasures. Canto 1 and others, especially Canto 12.

Alma. The soul. Canto 9.

Amavia. Example of excess in grief. Canto 1.

Anamnestes. See *sages, the three.*

angel, the (who guards Guyon's unconscious body). A "guardian angel," *i.e.*, divine care, which watches over mankind and steps in to help when earthly powers fail. Canto 8.

Archimago. The arch-villain of the whole *Faerie Queene;* seems to represent primarily hypocrisy. Canto 1 and others.

Artegal. The champion of Justice, hero of Book V of *The Faerie Queene.* Canto 9.

Arthur. "Magnificence," (see Spenser's letter to Raleigh, page 239 of this volume); nobility of spirit. Canto 8.

Atin. Strife. Canto 4 and others.

babe, the. See *Ruddymane.*

Belphœbe. Queen Elizabeth in her personal character of "a most vertuous and beautifull lady," (see Spenser's letter to Raleigh, page 239). Canto 3.

Braggadocchio. Boasting cowardice. Canto 3.

Castle of Temperance, the. Man's body. Cantos 9, 11.

Cymochles. One type of intemperate anger, others being his brother Pyrochles, and Furor, *q.v.* Cymochles' name signifies passion restless like the sea-waves. Canto 5 and others.

Duessa. Falsehood (especially in religion); the villainess of the First Book. Canto 1.

Elissa. "Too little," *i.e., sullenness.* Elissa and her sisters, Perissa and Medina (*q.v.*), represent the two extremes and the "golden mean" of conduct. Canto 2.

Eumnestes. See *sages, the three.*

Faerie Queene, the. Glory. (See Spenser's letter to Raleigh, page 239 of this volume.) Canto 1 and others.

Furor. Violent fury stirred up by some specific cause or occasion (see *Occasion*). Canto 4.

Garden of Proserpina. Worldly success. Canto 7.

Grylle. One example of the degrading effects of sensual indulgence. Canto 12.

Guyon. Champion of Temperance, hero of the Second Book.

Hudibras. Represents in masculine conduct what Elissa does in feminine (see *Elissa*). Canto 2.

Idle Lake, the. Idleness, the most direct route to excess in sensual pleasures. Cantos 6, 11.

Islands, the Wandering. See *Wandering Islands, the.*

Maleger (and his rout). Maleger is the incarnation of the evil and intemperate desires and passions which assault the human body. His twelve troops are the seven deadly sins and the sins of the five senses. Canto 11.

Mammon. The god of wealth. Canto 7.

Medina. The "golden mean" of temperance in conduct. See also *Elissa* and *Perissa.* Canto 2.

Mordant. An example of the effects of excess in sensual pleasures. Canto 1.

Morddure. The word means "hard-biting"; Arthur's sword. See also note. Canto 8.

Occasion. Cause of fury. See also *Furor.* Canto 4.

palmer, the. Wisdom. His staff represents the power of wisdom to direct and aid. Canto 1 and others.

Perissa. "Too much," *i.e.,* over-exuberance, effusiveness. Perissa and her sisters, Elissa and Medina (*q.v.*), represent the two extremes and the "golden mean" of conduct. Canto 2.

Phœdria. Immodest Mirth. Cantos 6, 12.

Phantastes. See *sages, the three.*

Phedon. Example of a man carried away by violent fury, or Furor (*q.v.*). Canto 2.

Philotime. Love of honor. Canto 7.

Proserpina, Garden of. See *Garden of Proserpina.*

Pyrochles. One type of intemperate anger, others being his brother Cymochles, and Furor, *q.v.* Pyrochles' name signifies passion raging and burning like fire. Pyrochles and Cymochles are different from Furor, in that Furor represents anger stirred up by some specific cause; Pyrochles and Cymochles, anger without cause.

Queene, the Faerie. See *Faerie Queene, the.*

Red-Cross Knight. Champion of Holiness, hero of the First Book.

Ruddymane. A reminder to Guyon—and a symbol—of the effects of excessive sensual pleasure and excessive grief. Cantos 1, 2.

sages, the three, in the turret of the Castle of Temperance. Three functions of the human brain: (1) Phantastes, the imagination; (2) a nameless sage, the reason; (3) Eumnestes, the memory, with his attendant, Anamnestes, the reminder. See also note. Canto 9.

Sansloy. Lawlessness, especially in religion; is more important in Book I than Book II. Canto 2.

sea, the, (through which Guyon and the palmer pass). Probably to be identified with the Idle Lake, *q.v.* Canto 12.

Sophy. Kitchin suggests that Sophy may be the hero of one of the later unwritten books of *The Faerie Queene.* Canto 9.

squire, the. An example of the possibility that noble-spiritedness itself may in need be helped by humbler virtue. Critics have suggested Raleigh or Leicester as being meant in particular. Canto 11.

staff, the palmer's. See *palmer, the.*

Temperance, the Castle of. See *Castle of Temperance, the.*

Trompart. "The deceiver." Canto 3.

Una. Truth; one of the principal characters of Book I. Canto 1.

Verdant. Example of an inexperienced youth led into sensual excess. Canto 12.

Wandering Islands, the. Types of unstable resting-places in the sea of idleness. Canto 12.

abace: *lower,* i. 26. *7*
abated: *diminished,* x. 30. *9*
abie: *expiate,* viii. 28. *8*
able: *likely,* v. 3. *5*
abusd: *deceived,* i. Arg. *1*
abusions: *deceptions,* xi. 11. *9*
accloyes: *clogs,* vii. 15. *9*
accourage: *encourage, hearten,* ii. 38. *7*
accoyld: gathered, ix. 30. *6*
accuse: *find fault with,* vii. 18. *9*
achates: *provisions,* ix. 31. *4*
acquight: *deliver,* xii. 3. *3*
admirable: *marvelous,* xii. 44. *2*
admire: *be surprised,* Prol. 4. *3*
advize: *consider,* Prol. 2. *1; perceive,* ix. 38. *3*
advizement: *counsel,* ix. 5. *3*
affection: *feeling or emotion, as opposed to reason,* i. 42. *8;* iv. 34. *2*
afford: *make use of,* viii. 19. *3*
affrap: *strike,* i. 26. *6*
against: *in preparation for the time when,* ix. 27. *4*
aggrace: *good will,* viii, 56. *8; add grace to,* xii. 58. *8*
aggrate: *gratify, please,* v. 33. *2*
agree: *bring into harmony,* iv. 3. *4*
agrize: *terrify,* vi. 46. *7*
aguisd: *attired, dressed, arrayed,* i. 21. *9*
algates: *by all means, whatever might happen,* v. 20. *2; surely, beyond doubt,* vi. 51. *9*
all: *although,* xii. 57. *8*
als: *also,* i. 7. *1*
amate: *dismay, daunt,* i. 6. *4; keep company,* ix. 34. *4*
amenage: *domesticate, tame,* iv. 11. *2*
amenance: *proper behavior,* ix. 5. *7*
amenaunce: *bearing,* viii. 17. *8*
amend: *restore,* xii. 57. *8*
ample: *large,* xii. 62. *3*
anon: *at once,* iv. 42. *8*
antickes: *fantastic traceries,* iii. 27. *5*

apaid: *requited,* ix. 37. *7*
appeached: *impeached, informed against,* viii. 44. *2*
Arachne: *the spider,* vii. 28. *7*
aread (or areed): *tell, inform,* iii. 14. *8; declare, make known,* v. 16. *8*
arraught: *seized by violence,* x. 34. *8*
arret: *intrust, assign,* viii. 8. *1*
assay: *experience,* iv. 40. *6*
assayes: *trials, experiences that test valor or endurance,* i. 35. *2*
assot: *besot,* x. 8. *3*
assoyled: *released,* v. 19. *2*
astonishment: *loss of wits, mental disturbance,* vi. 49. *4*
attempred: *blended,* xi. 2. *9*
attend: *remain,* x. 68. *5*
attonce: *at once,* xi. 18. *1*
attone: *together,* i. 42. *4*
atweene: *between (i.e., between himself and the dart),* iv. 46. *6*
aumayld: *enameled,* iii. 27. *5*
avale: *descend,* ix. 10. *7*
avizd: *observed,* i. 31. *6*
avize: *consider,* x. 31. *1; look at,* xii. 66. *4*
avoided: *ejected,* ix. 32. *9*
aye: *ever, at any time; see also notes,* i. 60. *9;* ix. 53. *9*
aygulets: *spangles, or, sometimes, shining pendants attached to the cloth,* iii. 26. *7*
bale: *woe, grief,* ii. 45. *3*
balefull: *unhappy, miserable,* ii. 2. *2*
band: *bondage,* xi. 30. *5*
bane: death, xi. 29. *9*
banket: *banquet,* xi. 2. *8*
barbes: *protective or ornamental coverings for the horse's breast and flanks,* ii. 11. *7*
Barbican: *watch-tower,* ix. 25. *1*
base: *bass,* xii. 33. *2*
bashed: *be abashed,* iv. 37. *8*
bate: *obsolete past tense of "bite,"* v. 7. *8*
bauldricke: *ornamental leather belt, worn hanging from one shoulder, crossing the breast and underneath the opposite arm,* iii. 29. *5*

bayt: *rest,* xii. 29. *7*
beckes: *beaks,* xi. 8. *3*
bedight: *arrayed,* i. 14. *2; abused, maltreated,* vi. 50. *2*
behight: *vowed,* iii. 1. *7; ordered,* iv. 43. *5; intrusted,* viii. 9. *5*
Belamoure: *loved one, paramour,* vi. 16. *7*
Belamy: *fair friend; see also note,* vii. 52. *9*
belgards: *kind or loving looks,* iii. 25. *3*
bendes: *bands or ribbons,* iii. 27. *4*
bereave: *steal,* vii. 19. *3*
beseemes: *suits,* ix. 37. *9*
besides: *by the side of,* x. 54. *9*
besits: *beseems,* vii. 10. *1*
bested (or bestad): *situated,* i. 30. *4;* i. 52. *7*
bestow: *dispose,* ix. 28. *3*
bet: *obsolete past participle of "beat,"* ii. 22. *4;* iv. 3. *8*
beteeme: *intrust,* viii. 19. *6*
betidd: *befallen,* viii. 24. *2*
bevers: *movable face-guards of a helmet; in Spenser's time identical with the visor of the helmet,* i. 29. *2*
bewrayd: *revealed,* xii. 66. *8*
Bittur: *bittern,* viii. 50. *2*
blazon: *proclaim,* x. 3. *9*
blent: *blinded,* iv. 7. *7; disconcerted, foiled,* iv. 26. *3; cheated, foiled,* v. 5. *7; blemished,* xii. 7. *9*
blive: *quickly, eagerly,* iii. 18. *1*
blubbered: *flooded (with tears); see also notes,* i. 13. *9*
booted: *was of use,* v. 3. *8*
bord: *accost, address,* ii. 5. *1*
bordragings: *raids,* x. 63. *4*
boulted: *sifted (the flour from the chaff, the truth from the falsehood),* iv. 24. *2*
bountie: *virtue, goodness,* iii. 4. *2*
bourne: *seemingly used in sense of "bound," "limit," with also a shadow of "bourne," (modern Scottish "burn") meaning "stream of water,"* vi. 10. *9*
boy: *used here contemptuously, in sense of "rogue,"* ii. 18. *3*
boyes: *children's; see also note,* xii. 45. *6*
brake: *fern, bracken,* xi. 22. *7*
brayes: *breathes forth with a harsh cry of pain,* i. 38. *9*
breach: *squeeze,* xii. 56. *4*

breaded: *twisted,* ii. 15. *8*
brent: *burned,* vi. 49. *7*
brim: *edge,* vi. 2. *4*
brond: *brand, torch,* ii. 29. *3*
brood: *extraction, nativity,* vii. 8. *8*
bug: *bugbear, hobgoblin,* iii. 20. *5*
Bunduca: *the common form is Boadicea,* x. 54. *6*
burganet: *helmet,* viii. 45. *3*
but: *unless,* vii. 54. *4*
by and by: *immediately,* vi. 5. *5; presently,* vii. 20. *5*
bylive: *quickly,* viii. 18. *1*
bynempt: *uttered on oath,* i. 60. *9*
cabinets: *summer-houses, bowers,* xii. 83. *7*
Camus: *light, loose dress,* iii. 26. *4*
can: *began,* i. 31. *1; has knowledge of, is able to do. "Can" was formerly used as an independent as well as an auxiliary verb,* iii. 16. *8*
card: *chart,* vii. 1. *6*
cardes: *combs out wool, etc., for spinning,* vi. 16. *8*
carefull: *full of care,* vi. 47. *9*
carle: *churl,* vii. 43. *2*
cast: *planned,* iii. 5. *9; went about,* xi. 28. *4*
castory: *a color (red?),* ix. 41. *7*
caytive: *wretch,* viii. 37. *6*
Celtica, *France,* x. 29. *5*
certes: *certainly,* i. 17. *6*
cesure: *formal stop,* x. 68. *3*
chaffar: *exchange,* or *bandy,* v. 3. *2*
chalenge: *when hounds bay at finding the scent of the hunted animal, they are said to "challenge,"* i. 12. *9*
charet: *chariot,* xii. 22. *4*
chauffed: *chafed, vexed, irritated,* iv. 32. *7*
chaunge, *change,* vi. 10. *8*
cheare: *countenance,* vi. 10. *8*
chevisaunce: *pursuit,* ix. 8. *1*
cleeped (or cleped): *called,* iii. 8. *9*
clew: *ball of yarn, or thread; i.e., the thread from which Archimago weaves his web,* i. 8. *3*
close: *secret,* v. 34. *7*
coast: *terms,* iii. 17. *3*
combrous: *harassing,* ix. 17. *5*

comely: *fitting,* ix. 31. *2*
commoned: *joined,* ix. 41. *1*
compacture: *union of parts,* ix. 24. *8*
companing: *cohabiting,* x. 8. *6*
compasse: *proportion,* ix. 24. *8*
comportance: *behavior, bearing,* i. 29. *3*
comprize: *comprehend, understand,* ix. 49. *5*
conceipt: *imagination, or, perhaps, perception,* v. 34. *6*
conge: *to "take conge" is to take leave, or go; to "give conge" is to bid farewell,* i. 34. *1*
consent: *agreement,* iii. 11. *8*
cordwaine: *Spanish leather, made originally at Cordova. The modern term is "cordovan,"* iii. 27. *3*
cot: *small boat; see also notes,* vi. 9. *4*
counterfetted: *false,* vii. 45. *5*
countervayld: *resisted,* vi. 29. *4*
courage: *affection,* xii. 29. *1*
courages: *spirits,* xii. 40. *4*
courd: *sheltered,* viii. 9. *8*
couth: *could,* vii. 58. *9*
covert: *secret,* Prol. 5. *2*
crakes: *vaunts, boasts,* xi. 10. *7*
cremosin: *crimson,* xi. 3. *1*
crime: *sin,* xii. 75. *9*
crisped: *curled, formed into ringlets; see also notes,* iii. 30. *1*
culver: *dove,* vii. 34 *6*
darraine: *engage in, set in array. The word literally means "to vindicate a right" in law or in battle,* ii. 26. *2*
daunt: *subdue, overcome,* iii. 13. *3*
dayes-man: *arbitrator,* viii. 28. *2*
deadly: *mortal,* vii. 66. *9*
deare: *preciously,* vii. 43. *7; dearly,* viii. 28. *8*
dearely: *heartily,* i. 25. *5*
dearnly: *dismally,* i. 35. *7*
debatefull: *contentious,* vi. 35. *1*
debatement: *contention,* vi. 39. *2*
decretals: *decrees,* ix. 53. *7*
deface: *put out of countenance,* vii. 41. *8; discredit,* viii. 25. *9; defeat,* xi. Arg. *4*
defame: *disgrace,* v. 26. *8*

delay: *become quenched, or stopped from their usual growth,* iv. 35. *6*
delices: *delights, especially sensual delights,* v. 28. *6*
delve: *cave,* vii. Arg. *1*
demaine: *demeanor,* viii. 23. *7*
dempt: *deemed,* vii. 55. *7*
depainted: *depicted, painted,* v. 11. *8*
depart: *separate,* x. 14. *5*
depasturing: *feeding on, consuming,* xii. 73. *4*
der-doing: *doing daring deeds,* vii. 10. *1*
derring: *daring,* iv. 42. *3*
deserve: *need,* x. 6. *1*
destraine: *pull off or apart,* xii. 82. *3*
dew: *duty,* viii. 56. *6*
diapase: *diapason, i.e., harmony, concord,* ix. 22. *9*
dide: *dyed,* i. 39. *9*
dight: *equipped with harness, armor, etc.,* iii. 4. *8; rubbed, smeared,* iv. 38. *8; prepare,* vii. 42. *5*
discure: *disclose,* ix. 42. *8*
disease: *make uncomfortable,* ii. 12. *4; wantonness,* x. 17. *5*
disleall: *disloyal; see also notes,* v. 5. *3*
dismal: *unpropitious,* viii. 50. *5*
dismayd: *deformed; see also note,* xi. 11. *4*
dismayld: *divested of mail or armor,* vi. 29. *5*
dispainted: *painted diversely,* ix. 50. *1*
dispence: *hospitality,* ix. 29. *1; liberality,* xii. 42. *8*
display: *extend,* v. 30. *7; spread out,* x. 15. *7; descry,* xii. 76. *7*
displayd: *lying stretched out,* v. 32. *1*
dispred: *extend,* iii. 24. *2; placed,* ix. 27. *2*
dispredden: *spread out,* ii. 40. *8*
distent: *cast,* vii. 5. *5*
dit: *ditty—i.e., the songs had lovely verses to which the music was set,* vi. 13. *4*
ditty: *theme,* x. 50. *7*
do: *make,* i. 25. *5; actions,* iv. 42. *3*
doen: *make,* iii. 12. *9*
doole: *dole, grief,* xii. 20. *3*
doome: *judgment—here referring to the last judgment at the end of the world,* i. 58. *8; here signifying "fate" or "sentence of judgment,"* i. 59. *1; decision,* vii. 62. *5*

drad: *feared,* iv. 42. *3*
drapets: *cloths,* ix. 27. *3*
draught: *stratagem,* x. 51. *7*
dread: *fearsomeness,* v. 16. *9*
dreadlesse: *without fear of mistake,* v. 17. *1*
drent: *drowned,* vi. 49. *7; submerged,* vii. 61. *2*
dressing: *being dressed,* xi. 49. *9*
drift: *plan, design,* xii. 69. *9*
due: fitting, i. 22. *9*
earst: *a short while since,* i. 2. *6;* iii. 32. *8;* vi. 49. *2; first,* i. 29. *7*
Easterland: *lands in the East,* x. 41. *3*
eath: *easy,* iii. 40. *5*
efforce: *break into,* vii. 30. *2*
efforced: *uttered with effort,* viii. 4. *3*
eft: *afterwards,* iii. 21. *1; again, moreover,* iv. 18. *4*
eftsoones: *presently,* vii. 17. *7*
eke: *also,* ii. 34. *2; here seems to have sense of "still,"* iv. 44. *3*
eld: *old age,* iii. 16. *3*
embace: *deprecate,* ix. 43. *7*
embatteiled: *prepared for battle,* v. 2. *3*
embay: *bathe,* i. 40. *7*
embayd: *suffused,* viii. 55. *2*
embayld: *wrapped, encased,* iii. 27. *2*
emboyling: *boiling with rage,* iv. 9. *6*
embrave: *adorn,* i. 60. *3*
Eme: *uncle,* x. 47. *1*
empeach: *impair, mar,* vii. 15. *6*
empight: *fixed itself in,* iv. 46. *5*
emprise: *enterprise, undertaking,* iv. 12. *1*
empty: *incorporeal,* ix. 15. *8*
encheason: *reason, occasion,* i. 30. *2*
engine: *plot, device,* i. 23. *7*
engrost: *made dense, or thick,* vi. 46. *7*
enhaunce: *exaggerate,* vii. 44. *9*
enhaunst: *lifted up,* vi. 31. *1*
ensude: *followed, imitated,* xii. 59. *3*
entayld: *ornamented, embroidered,* iii. 27. *4; cut,* vi. 29. *7*
entayle: *carving,* vii. 4. *5*
enterpris: *take upon himself,* i. 19. *7*

enterprize: *take in hand, receive as a guest,* ii. 14. *9*
entrall: *entrails, interior,* xii. 25. *9*
entrayld: *entwined, interlaced,* iii. 27. *7*
entreat: *occupy oneself in,* vii. 53. *6*
envies: *denies,* xii. 48. *4*
envy: *grudge,* vii. 8. *4*
erne: *long, desire,* iii. 46. *9*
error: *wandering,* x. 9. *8*
erst: *once,* iv. 39. *3*
estate: *worldly prosperity, fortune,* vii. 8. *6*
Evangely: *gospel,* x. 53. *5*
exanimate: *lifeless,* xii. 7. *5*
expell: *send forth, shoot,* xi. 24. *9*
experiment: *experience,* vii. 1. *7*
expyre: *fill out,* viii. 24. *3*
faild: *disappointed in his expectation,* v. 11. *1*
faine: *feign,* iii. 20. *6;* vi. 6. *4*
faire: *clever,* v. 11. *1*
faitour: *impostor,* i. 30. *3*
falsed: *broken,* xii. 44. *7*
fast: *faced,* xi. 12. *4*
fatall: *boding ruin,* xii. 36. *2*
faund: *affected a servile fondness,* ix. 35. *6*
feculent: *foul,* vii. 61. *4*
fee: *inherited right or possession,* ii. 13. *4*
feld: *laid back, lowered,* xii. 40. *5*
felly: *terribly,* vi. 50. *9*
felnesse: *fierceness,* viii. 37. *5*
fensible: *strong, fortified, defensible,* ix. 21. *3*
fet: *fetch,* ix. 58. *3; fetched; see also notes,* x. 60. *3*
fetch: *reach,* xii. 21. *3*
fine: *small, delicate,* Prol. 4. *5; end or result,* xii. 59. *7*
firmes: *fixes,* vii. 1. *6*
fit: *crisis,* vii. 66. *9*
flit: *swift,* iv. 38. *7*
flowre-deluce: *fleur-de-lis, iris,* vi. 16. *2*
foyle: *repulse, defeat,* iii. 13. *3; overthrow,* x. 48. *9*
fond: *foolish,* i. 30. *2;* xi. 11. *9; found,* xii. 57. *4*
fone: *foes,* viii. 21. *3*
foolhardize: *foolhardiness,* iv. 42. *9*
footing: *footprints,* Prol. 4. *5*

for: *forasmuch as,* x. 20. *1*
fordonne: *ruined,* i. 51. *4; killed,* ii. 44. *9*
foreby: *beside,* x. 16. *2*
forgone: *lost,* iii. 12. *6*
forlore: *left, forsaken,* iii. 31. *3*
forlorne: *meager,* vii. 18. *3; lost,* x. 36. *5*
formally: *expressly,* xii. 81. *7*
forthy: *therefore,* i. 14. *5*
fortilage: *small fort, enclosure,* xii. 43. *5*
forwasted: *utterly destroyed, despoiled,* x. 52. *8*
fouldring: *flashing, or thundering (from Old French fouldre, a thunderbolt),* ii. 20. *9*
found: *devised,* x. 42. *5*
foy: *money paid as a mark of fealty,* x. 41. *4*
foyle: *repulse, defeat,* x. 48. *9*
foynd: *lunged,* v. 9. *1*
frame: *prepare, make,* xii. 81. *7*
franion: *gallant, paramour,* ii. 37. *4*
fraying: *frightening,* xii. 40. *6*
fret: *eat, or gnaw, away,* ii. 34. *8*
frigot: *light, swift boat,* vi. 7. *9*
fry: *boil, seethe,* xii. 45. *1*
geare: *jeer,* vi. 21. *7*
german: *brother,* viii. 46. *1*
gest: *deed, exploit,* ii. 16. *7*
gestes: *gestures,* ix. 26. *9; deeds of war,* ix. 53. *3*
ghastlinesse: fearsomeness, iii. 44. *9*
ghost: *spirit, soul,* viii. 26. *2*
giambeaux: *usually spelled "jambeux"; leggings,* vi. 29. *9*
glitterand: *glittering,* vii. 42. *1*
godheades: *godhood's,* vii. 9. *6*
Gondelay: *gondola, small flat-bottomed boat,* vi. 2. *7*
governall: *management,* xii. 48. *7*
governance: *control,* iv. 7. *2*
grace: *generosity,* xii. 79. *5*
graces: *favor,* vii. 8. *4*
grate: *grate upon,* i. 56. *6*
gree: *favor,* iii. 5. *8*
griesly: *grisly, horrible,* vi. 18. *7; forbidding,* vii. 3. *5*
grudge: *murmur, complain,* xi. 32. *4*
grutch: *complain, murmur,* ii. 34. *6*

gryde: *pierce,* viii. 36. *5*
grysie: *grim, horrible,* xi. 12. *3*
guerdon: *recompense,* i. 61. *8*
guilefull: *deceptive,* xii. 48. *6*
guise, *behavior,* ix. 31. *2*
guize: *custom,* vi. 21. *1; appearance,* xii. 66. *2*
Gyeld: *meeting place of a religious fraternity or guild,* vii. 43. *4*
gyre: *turning around, circling,* v. 8. *7*
haberjeons: *sleeveless coats or jackets of mail or scale armor,* vi. 29. *5*
habiliments: *attire,* i. 22. *9*
habitaunce: *dwelling-place,* vii. 7. *2*
hacqueton: *jacket worn under the mail,* viii. 38. *7*
ham: *thigh,* iii. 27. *1*
happily: *by chance,* Prol. 3. *8*
hardly: *strongly, stiffly,* v. 22. *9*
harrow: *see notes,* vi. 43. *6*
hart-thrilling: *heart-piercing,* viii. 41. *8*
hauberk: *coat of mail,* viii. 44. *6*
haughtie: *lofty,* viii. 33. *6; high,* x. 1. *2*
hayld: *dragged along,* iv. 14. *7*
heben: *ebony,* viii. 17. *6*
hent: *took, seized,* ii. 1. *4*
herbars: *arbors,* ix. 46. *2*
herried: *honored,* xii. 13. *9*
hew: *complexion,* vii. 3. *5; form,* xii. 31. *6*
hight: *is named,* i. 18. *5; was named,* ii. 35. *1; am named,* iv. 36. *7*
Hippodames: *sea-horses,* ix. 50. *8*
hire: *reward,* viii. 15. *7*
his: *its, modifying well head,* vii. 15. *8*
Hogh: *cliff,* x. 10. *7*
hold: *property, possessions. Cf. modern "household,"* ii. 44. *5*
hore: *ancient,* vii. Arg. *2*
hoyes: *boats,* x. 64. *8*
husbandmans: *farmer's,* xi. 18. *7*
hyacine: *hyacinth; a precious stone, possibly sapphire,* xii. 54. *7*
idle: *ineffective,* vii. 9. *7; empty, incorporeal,* ix. 15. *8*

ill-faste: *ill-faced; cf.* vii. 23. *3;* xii. 36. *4*
illude: *trick, deceive,* v. 9. *9*
impatient: *intolerable,* i. 44. *5*
importable: *not to be borne,* viii. 35. *2*
importune: *importunate, persistent,* vi. 29. *2*
Infant: *a youth of gentle birth,* viii. 56. *1*
ingoes: *ingots,* vii. 5. *6*
inquire: *name,* x. 12. *9*
inspyre: *blow through,* iii. 30. *3*
introld: *see notes,* ii. 44. *4*
irrenowmed: *unrenowned,* i. 23. *4*
Joviall: *under the influence of Jupiter, regarded as the source of joy and happiness,* xii. 51. *1*
just: *true, correct,* Prol. 1. *5*
kend: *knew,* i. 3. *7*
kesars: *Kaisers, emperors,* vii. 5. *9*
kestrell: *a kestrel is a species of small hawk. The word was frequently used to indicate contempt, as here—probably contrasting the kestrel with the eagle,* iii. 4. *4*
kind: *nature,* iii. 4. *4;* v. 28. *2*
kinred: *kinship,* x. 35. *2*
langourous: *sorrowful, distressful,* i. 9. *7*
larumbell: *alarum bell; a summons to arms, signal of danger,* ix. 25. *7*
late ygoe: *recently,* i. 2. *7*
laver: *basin,* xii. 62. *3*
layes: *laws,* x. 42. *5*
leasings: *falsehoods,* ix. 51. *9*
least: *last,* x. 68. *5*
leav'd: *levied,* x. 31. *8*
lemans: *beloved's,* v. 28. *2*
let: *hinder, stand in the way of,* i. 47. *7*
lets: *leaves,* vi. 16. *9*
leveled: *aimed,* xii. 34. *4*
libbard: *leopard,* iii. 28. *8*
liefe: *dear, beloved,* i. 16. *1*
liege: *feudal lord; see also notes,* iii. 8. *9*
liegeman: *a vassal sworn to the service and support of his superior lord,* viii. 51. *7*
list: *desired,* vi. 26. *8; please,* vii. 18. *6*
lively: *life-like,* ix. 2. *9*

loose: *disunited,* x. 37. *6*
losell: *scoundrel, worthless person (etymologically, "one who is lost"),* iii. 4. *1*
loup: *hole,* ix. 10. *9*
louting: *bowing,* iii. 13. *4*
lugs: *units of measure, about 16 feet each,* x. 11. *3*
lust: *desire—without the specific sexual connotation which the word has in more modern parlance,* ii. 39. *3; choose,* vii. 11. *9*
luxuree: *(luxuria) lust,* xii. 80. *7*
Magnes: *magnet,* xii. 4. *2*
maine: *strength,* ix. 14. *5*
make: *give, provide; see also notes,* ii. 42. *6*
marle: *ground,* xi. 33. *9*
maugre: *see notes,* v. 12. *9*
Mazer: *drinking bowl made of hard wood, properly maple,* xii. 49. *3*
meane: *tenor or alto,* xii. 33. *4*
meawes: *a kind of gull,* xii. 8. *4*
medling: *mixing,* i. 61. *3*
meed: *reward,* iii. 14. *6*
meeds: *reward, wages,* ii. 31. *7*
meet: *suitable,* vii. 11. *3*
memoriall: *memory,* x. 76. *3*
menage: *manage,* iv. 1. *9*
mesprise: *contempt,* vii. 39. *8; mistake,* xii. 19. *4*
mew: *place of concealment,* vii. 19. *8*
mewed: *concealed,* iii. 34. *3*
mickle: *much,* i. 6. *6*
mineon: *jade—a contemptuous use of the word, which originally meant "favorite," "beloved person," etc.,* ii. 37. *2*
miscreate: *unlawful ruler,* x. 38. *2*
miscreated: *misshapen,* vii. 42. *9*
miscreaunce: *false faith,* viii. 51. *6*
misers: *wretched, miserable persons,* i. 8. *9*
misweene: *have a wrong opinion,* Prol. 3. *4*
moe: *more,* vii. 63. *1*
molt: *obsolete past tense of "melt,"* v. 8. *5*
moniment: *stamp,* vii. 5. *7; record,* x. 36. *8*
monstruous: *gross,* xii. 85. *5*

mote: *must*, i. 29. *5*; *may*, i. 33. *7*; *had to*, vi. 24. *1*; *might*, ix. 9. *4*
moyity: *half*, xii. 31. *3*
munifience: *defence*, x. 15. *9*
muse: *wonder*, i. 19. *1*
nathelesse: *none the less, nevertheless*, i. 22. *7*
nathemoe (or nathemore): *none the more*, iv. 8. *4*; xi. 37. *9*
niceness: *false delicacy*, ix. 28. *9*
n'ill: *do not wish*, vii. 33. *1*
no'te: *does not know (how to)*, Prol. 4. *5*; *might not*, vii. 39. *7*
nought: *valueless*, ix. 32. *5*
Noyes: *Noah's*, x. 15. *5*
noyous: *harmful*, ix. 32. *5*
occasions: *considerations, possible causes*, v. 21. *7*
ods: *strife, difference*, v. 14. *6*
offall: *worthless piece of refuse*, iii. 8. *7*
offend: *oppose; i.e., where each might most effectively oppose his own portion of the adversary*, xi. 6. *3*
off-spring: *origin*, ix. 60. *4*
ofspring: *pedigree*, x. 69. *2*
oppresse: *fall upon*, x. 35. *8*
oppressed: *surprised*, xii. 81. *8*
orders: *ranks*, ix. 14. *7*
ordinance: *ordnance, i.e., a discharge of artillery*, xi. 14. *3*
overhent: *overtook*, x. 18. *9*
painted: *variegated*, viii. 5. *8*
parentage: *parents, parent*, x. 27. *9*
parts: *capacities, personal characteristics*, ii. 37. *5*
pas: *care*, vi. 37. *3*
patronage: *defence*, viii. 26. *9*
paysd: *poised*, x. 5. *5*
peece: *structure*, xi. 14. *9*
penon: *long narrow flag or streamer, usually attached to the head of a knight's lance*, iii. 30. *4*
perdy: *a mild oath or asseveration; etymologically, "By God,"* iv. 40. *5*
persant: *piercing*, iii. 23. *4*
personage: *personality*, ix. 54. *7*

Phlegræan: *so called from his victory over the giants of Phlegra,* x. 3. *4*
pight: *placed,* vii. 35. *4*
pitifull: *compassionate,* v. 24. *4*
pleasauns: *pleasances—secluded parts of a garden laid out ornamentally,* xii. 50. *3*
plesh: *pool,* viii. 36. *9*
plight: *pleat,* iii. 26. *5; plaited,* vi. 7. *5*
poinant: *piercing,* viii. 36. *3*
point: *pang,* xii. 39. *3*
portaunce: *carriage, bearing, or, in general, conduct,* iii. 5. *7*
practick: *practised, skilled,* i. 3. *6*
preace: *crowd,* x. 25. *7*
preaced: *crowded,* vii. 44. *3*
prejudize: *prognostication,* ix. 49. *7*
prest: *ready,* viii. 28. *3*
pretence: *intention, purpose,* iv. 1. *4*
pretend: *attempt,* xi. 15. *8*
pricke: *pitch, point,* xii. 1. *3*
pride: *ostentation,* vii. 12. *4*
priefe: *experience, trial,* i. 48. *6; examination,* vi. 51. *3*
prime: *(prima hora) sunrise,* ix. 25. *9*
principality: *rank, preëminence,* vii. 8. *5*
privie: *secret,* i. 4. *3*
proper: *own; belonging exclusively to the person mentioned,* iv. 28. *3*
prowest: *bravest, most valiant,* iii. 15. *6*
pumy stones: *pumice-stones,* v. 30. *3*
purfled: *fringed, bordered,* iii. 26. *5*
pursuivant: *attendant,* viii. 2. *4*
purvay: *provide,* vii. 11. *4*
puttockes: *kites, buzzards,* xi. 11. *5*
pyonings: *excavations,* x. 63. *7*
qualifyde: *made less painful or severe,* vi. 51. *8*
quarrell: *square-headed arrow,* xi. 24. *8*
quart: *quarter,* x. 14. *4*
queint: *quenched, extinguished,* v. 11. *4*
queld: *killed,* vii. 40. *9; subdued,* xii. 40. *4*
quell: *kill,* x. 11. *7*
quick: *live,* x. 26. *4;* x. 71. *2*

quilted: *padded,* v. 4. *5*
race: *raze,* xii. 83. *8*
raine: *realm,* vii. 21. *4*
rancke: *proudly,* iii. 6. *7*
raskall: *base,* xi. 19. *2*
rast: *erased,* xii. 80. *4*
raught: *obsolete past participle of "reach,"* iii. 2. *6*
raunges: *stoves,* vii. 35. *4*
rayle: *flow,* viii. 37. *3*
read: *reckon, judge to be,* i. 17. *7; declare, explain,* i. 18. *2*
reædefye: *rebuild,* x. 46. *4*
reare: *set going, carry on,* vi. 21. *2*
reave: *deprive, bereave,* viii. 15. *7*
recoyle: *drag back,* xii. 19. *9*
recured: *restored to health,* iv. 16. *7*
red: *known, discerned,* Prol. 2. *2,* see also "read"; *explained,* i. 30. *5*
reedes: *considers,* vii. 2. *7*
reft: *taken away,* xii. 67. *6*
regard: *look,* xii. 79. *5*
regardes: *considerations,* vii. 33. *5*
regiment: *rule,* x. 30. *3*
Regiments: *kingdoms, domains,* ix. 59. *8*
remercied: *thanked,* xi. 16. *8*
rencounter: *engage in fight,* i. 26. *5*
renfierst: *made more fierce,* viii. 45. *1*
renowmed: *renowned,* iv. 41. *2*
repine: *complain,* xii. 59. *4*
repriefe: *disgrace,* iv. 28. *9*
reprive: *rescue from bondage,* i. 55. *2*
reprize: *take again,* xi. 44. *9*
reseized: *reinstated,* x. 45. *3*
respire: *rest, enjoy relief from suffering,* vi. 44. *5; breathe again,* viii. 7. *9*
respondence: *response,* xii. 71. *4*
retrate: *portraiture, pictures,* iii. 25. *3*
revest: *reclothe,* i. 22. *9*
rift: *fragment (of rock),* xii. 4. *5*
rigour: *violence,* xii. 83. *2*
rive: *split,* iii. 20. *9*

rooke: *a bird, similar to a crow,* xi. 22. *3*
Rosiere: *rose-tree,* ix. 19. *9*
roundly: *thoroughly; or, perhaps, plainly,* ii. 15, *7*
rowze: *ruffle,* iii. 35. *9*
rubins: *rubies,* iii. 24. *8*
sacred: *(sacer) accursed,* xii. 37. *8*
sacrifide: *sacrifice,* xii. 49. *4*
sad: *dismal,* vii. 23. *1; heavy,* viii. 30. *5; sober, grave,* ix. 36. *8*
saliaunce: *assault, sally,* i. 29. *6*
salued: *saluted,* viii. 23. *2*
salved: *see salving*
salving: *clearing (from disgrace),* i. 20. *7*
sanguine: *blood-red,* i. 39. *9*
scarmoges: *skirmishes,* vi. 34. *5*
scath: *harm, hurt,* v. 18. *4*
scatterlings: *rovers,* x. 63. *5*
science: *(scientia) knowledge,* x. 25. *9*
sclave: *slave,* vii. 33. *9*
scolopendræs: *fabulous fish,* xii. 23. *8*
scorse: *exchange,* ix. 55. *8*
scrine: *chest,* ix. 56. *6*
scruzed: *squeezed,* xi. 46. *2*
sea-shouldring: *with shoulders that displace the sea as they swim,* xii. 23. *6*
seely: *helpless, pitiable,* iii. 6. *7*
seemely: *comely,* xii. 27. *6*
sell: *saddle,* ii. 11. *6;* v. 4. *5*
semblance: *resemblance,* x. 23. *3*
semblaunt: *appearance,* ix. 2. *9;* xii. 48. *6*
serv'd: *hurled at,* x. 55. *7*
sew: *perform,* ii. 17. *5; follow,* vii. 9. *1*
shamefast: *modest,* ix. 43. *9*
shard: *gap—i.e., the lake considered as a gap to be passed in the journey,* vi. 38. *9*
sheene (or shene): *beautiful,* i. 10. *5; resplendent, beautiful,* ii. 40. *4*
shend: *disgrace,* vi. 35. *2*
shent: *disgraced,* i. 11. *2; reproached, reviled,* v. 5. *2*
sheres: *cleaves,* vi. 5. *2*
shew: *pretence,* vii. 45. *5*

short: *speedy, immediate,* i. 18. *3*
shrights: *shrieks,* vii. 57. *5*
shrowd: *conceal,* i. 25. *3*
siege: *seat. The word is used especially to denote a seat of honor or distinction,* ii. 39. *9*
sight: *sighed,* i. 47. *2; countenance, aspect,* vii. 3. *5*
sith: *since,* Prol. 1. *6*
sithens: *since,* vi. 48. *8*
skill: *reason, power of discrimination,* i. 54. *4*
skippet: *skiff,* xii. 14. *9*
sleights: *tricks, artifices,* i. 3. *7*
slight: *sleight, trickery,* i. 4. *8;* v. 11. *1*
slouth: *slothfulness,* i. 23. *3*
slug: *to lie lazily,* i. 23. *3*
smart: *pain,* i. 44. *5*
snags: *knots, stumps,* xi. 23. *7*
soft: *quietly, resignedly,* ii. 12. *2*
souse: *swoop,* xi. 36. *7*
sovenaunce: *remembrance,* vi. 8. *3*
sowne: *sound,* vi. 47. *7*
spalles: *shoulders,* vi. 29. *6*
sped: *succeeded,* viii. 37. *7*
spials: *spies,* i. 4. *3*
spill: *mar, spoil,* ix. 37. *6*
spirit: *breath,* xii. 51. *9*
sprent: *sprinkled,* xii. 45. *5*
spright: *sprite, spirit,* vii. 32. *1*
squire: *square, the instrument for measuring exact angles, etc.,* i. 58. *1*
stales: *lures, baits, decoys,* i. 4. *1*
starke: *hard, rigid; i.e., his heart froze within him,* i. 42. *2*
stay: *pause,* iv. 22. *9; wait for,* iv. 40. *9; stop,* vi. 33. *5*
stayd: *paused,* vi. 33. *6*
stayed: *composed, controlled,* v. 1. *6*
stead: *help,* ix. 9. *4; place,* ix. 46. *3*
stealth: *rapine,* x. 39. *5*
steedie: *steady,* i. 34. *6*
stent: *cease,* iv. 12. *4*
sterve: *die,* vi. 34. *3*
still: *always,* vi. 37. *5*
stire: *steer,* i. 7. *4; stir, rouse,* v. 2. *9*

stockes: *stalks, branches,* xi. 19. *4*
stomachous: *angry,* viii. 23. *4*
stomacke: *arrogance,* vii. 41. *3*
stonds: *stands, defences,* xi. 15. *2*
stound: *low,* viii. 32. *6*
stoure: *conflict, fighting,* vi. 16. *4*
stowre: *crisis, moment of stress,* iii. 34. *6; violence,* v. 10. *3*
straine: *grasp tightly,* vii. 21. *7*
strakes: *streaks,* iv. 15. *5*
streightly: *strictly, rigorously,* viii. 29. *6*
stressed: *distressful,* x. 37. *3*
strew: *strewed,* xi. 28. *1*
strich: *screech-owl, and omen of death,* xii. 36. *7*
stryfull: *strifefull, contentious,* viii. 11. *4*
sty: *ascend, climb,* vii. 46. *8*
styre: *stir,* ix. 30. *4*
successe: *succession,* x. 45. *7*
suit: *pursuit,* vii. 10. *2*
sundry: *parting,* xi. 35. *9*
suppresse: *push over, knock down,* xii. 83. *7*
surbet: *sore, tired,* ii. 22. *7*
surquedry: *presumption,* xii. 31. *5; boldness, ferocity,* xii. 39. *4*
swayne: *youth,* xii. 79. *2*
swinck: *toil,* vii. 8. *7*
targe: *shield,* v. 6. *5*
teene: *affliction, suffering,* i. 15. *8*
that: *that which, what,* vii. 38. *2*
thee: *prosper,* i. 33. *7*
then: *than,* vi. 1. *2*
thereto: *besides,* xi. 22. *4*
thewed: *reared, brought up,* vi. 26. *3*
thewes: *customs, habits,* i. 33. *9*
tho: *then,* i. 26. *4;* vi. 38. *1*
thorough: *through,* i. 38. *5*
thrild: *pierced,* xii. 78. *7*
thrillant: *piercing; see also notes,* iv. 46. *1*
thristy: *thirsty,* v. 30. *6*
tine: *inflame,* xi. 21. *9*
to-feare: *together,* x. 64. *4*
told: *counted,* vii. 4. *7*

tort: *wrong (used in sense of something illegal; here meaning an act contrary to the laws of chivalry)*, v. 17. *2*
tortious: *illegal, i.e., not according to the laws of chivalry*, ii. 18. *8*
touzd: *harassed*, xi. 33. *3*
toyes: *sports*, xii. 60. *8*
tract: *follow up*, i. 12. *7*
trade: *tracks*, vi. 39. *5*
traine: *trail, drag*, iii. 27. *1*
tramels: *plaits, braids*, ii. 15. *8*
transmewed: *transmuted, changed*, iii. 37. *4*
travell: *labor, travail; see also notes*, i. 24. *9*; xi. 44. *2*
traverse: *shift ground*, viii. 35. *3*
treachetour: *traitor*, x. 51. *3*
treachour: *treacherous one, deceiver*, i. 12. *6*
treague: *truce*, ii. 33. *3*
tride: *refined*, vii. 35. *9*
trild: *trickled*, xii. 78. *5*
troncheon: *a short club*, viii. 38. *5*
trouth: *troth*, vii. 50. *6*
trow: *believe*, v. 13. *7*
Troynovant: *London*, x. 46. *5*
truth: *trustfulness*, vii. 16. *3*
tynd: *kindled*, viii. 11. *5*
uncouth: *unknown, strange*, i. 8. *2*
undefide: *i.e., before the challenge had been given and accepted*, viii. 31. *7*
uneath: *scarcely*, i. 27. *8*
unfortunate: *ill-omened*, xii. 36. *1*
unhele: *uncover*, xii. 64. *8*
unkindly: *unnatural*, x. 9. *4*
unlast: *unlaced*, i. 24. *7*
unmanurd: *untilled*, x. 5. *4*
unreproved: *innocent*, vii. 16. *3*
unwonted: *unfamiliar*, xii. 66. *2*
upbray: *upbraid*, iv. 45. *3*
upstanding: *unbending, erect*, v. 14. *2*
upstarting: *rising, bristling*, xii. 39. *8*
uptyde: *fastened up, brought to a fitting conclusion*, ii. 1. *3*
urchin: *hedgehogs*, xi. 13. *4*
usaunce: *usage*, vii. 7. *4*

use: *custom,* v. 19. *3*
utmost: *last,* i. 49. *4; extreme,* vi. 2. *4*
utter: *outer,* ii. 34. *8*
valiaunce: *valor,* ix. 5. *2*
value: *valor,* vi. 29. *4*
varlet: *servant, attendant on a knight,* iv. 37. *2*
vaunter: *boaster,* iv. 1. *9*
vaut: *vault,* vii. 28. *3*
vele: *veil,* Prol. 5. *2*
vellenage: *bondage,* xi. 1. *9*
vermell: *crimson,* xii. 45. *6*
vertue: *power,* viii. 21. *1*
vertuous: *potent,* xii. 26. *6*
villein: *low-born, base person,* iv. 17. *9*
vowes: *wishes, desires,* xi. 18. *8*
wan: *obsolete past participle of "win,"* ii. 17. *4*
wanted: *lacked,* iii. 12. *4*
wanting: *lacking,* viii. 34. *2*
wanton: *amorous,* xii. 60. *8*
wants: *lacks,* i. 59. *7*
ward: *guard,* vii. 25. *2*
war-hable: *capable of bearing arms,* x. 62. *1*
warrayd: *made war against,* x. 50. *8*
wastfull: *desolate,* vii. 2. *8*
wawes: *waves,* xii. 4. *9*
wayment: *wail,* i. 16. *5*
weed: *garment,* iii. 27. *1*
weeke: *wick,* x. 30. *2*
weene: *think, surmise,* i. 29. *9*
weet: *know,* i. 29. *5*
weetlesse: *unknowing, unconscious,* v. 36. *5*
weft: *sailed over—i.e., started to sail Guyon across,* vi. 18. *9*
weld: *govern,* ix. 56. *6*
wexe: *grow,* i. 42. *2*
whelming: *engulfing, ruining. "To fall into the lap of" was a phrase used occasionally in the sense of "come into the power of,"* iv. 17. *5*
whilome: *formerly,* vii. 30. *8*
whot: *hot,* i. 58. *3*
whyleare: *some time ago,* ii. 11. *5*

wield: *manage, guide,* i. 18. *6*
wight: *creature, being,* iii. 34. *9*
will: *desire,* xii. 53. *5*
wist: *knew,* ii. 46. *9*
wite: *chide, censure,* xii. 16. *8*
withhault: *withheld,* xi. 9. *5*
withstood: *denied,* vii. 38. *9*
wittily: *with intelligence,* ix. 53. *9*
woe: *sad,* viii. 53. *4*
wonne: *dwelling-place,* vii. 20. *3*
wonnes: *dwells,* iii. 18. *4*
wonted: *accustomed,* xii. 31. *7*
wontes: *is accustomed to,* ii. 42. *6*
wood: *insane, mad,* iv. 11. *8; mad,* viii. 40. *9*
wote: *know,* Prol. 1. *1*
woxe: *grew,* viii. 9. *3*
wreake: *avenge, punish,* iii. 14. *9; give vent to,* iv. 30. *5*
wrest: *wrist,* iii. 1. *9; wrench, twist,* xi. 42. *7*
writ: *dawn,* viii. 43. *3*
wroke: *avenged,* v. 21. *3*
wrote: *wrought (?)* x. 3. *4*
yblent: *blinded, obscured,* vii. 1. *4*
ydred: *afraid,* xii. 38. *7*
yeed: *go,* iv. 2. *3*
yfere: *in company together,* i. 35. *1*
ygoe: see "late ygoe."
yode: *went,* vii. 2. *6*
yond: *furious,* viii. 40. *9*
ywis: *assuredly, certainly,* i. 19. *5*

III

Braggadocio
Belphoebe
Prompart. decuner
Furor
Hag = occasion

Hubert Cary
on Spencer

* Archimago - Arch-villain
* (Una) Truth
* Palmer - Wisdom
* Guyon - Hero - Champ. of Temp
* Duessa - Falsehood
* Redcross - Champ of Holiness
* Mordant Ex. effects sexual pleasure
* Amavia Excess in grief
* Babe Reminder of 2 above
Acrasia - Indulg in sens. pleasures

3 8 / 4 6 / 8 1

II

* Medina - golden mean of conduct
* Elissa - sullenness
* Perissa - over exuberance
* Huddibras - like Elissa
* Cansloy - lawlessness, up-relig
~~Bragg~~